





ROWLEY'S
POEMS
&C.







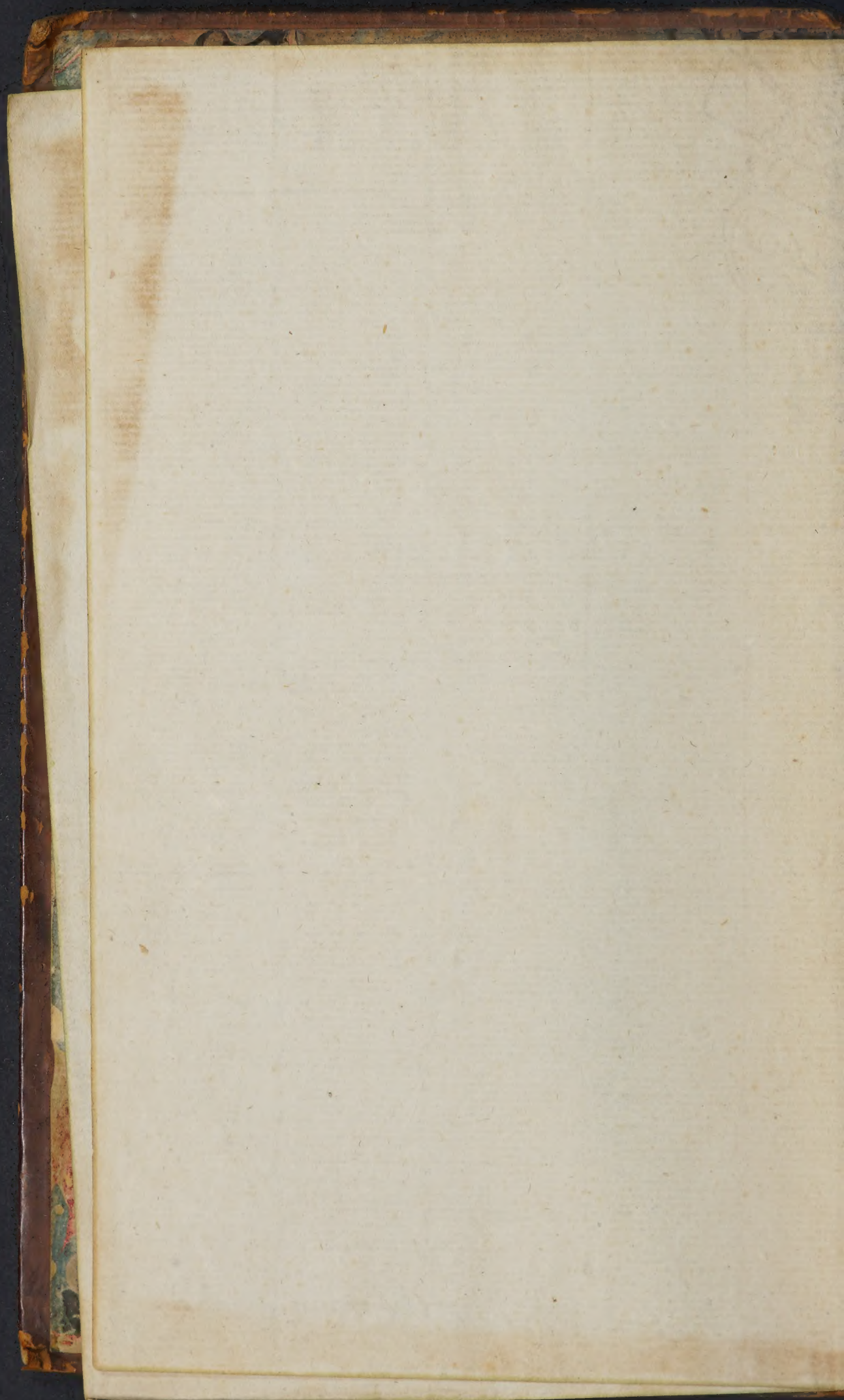


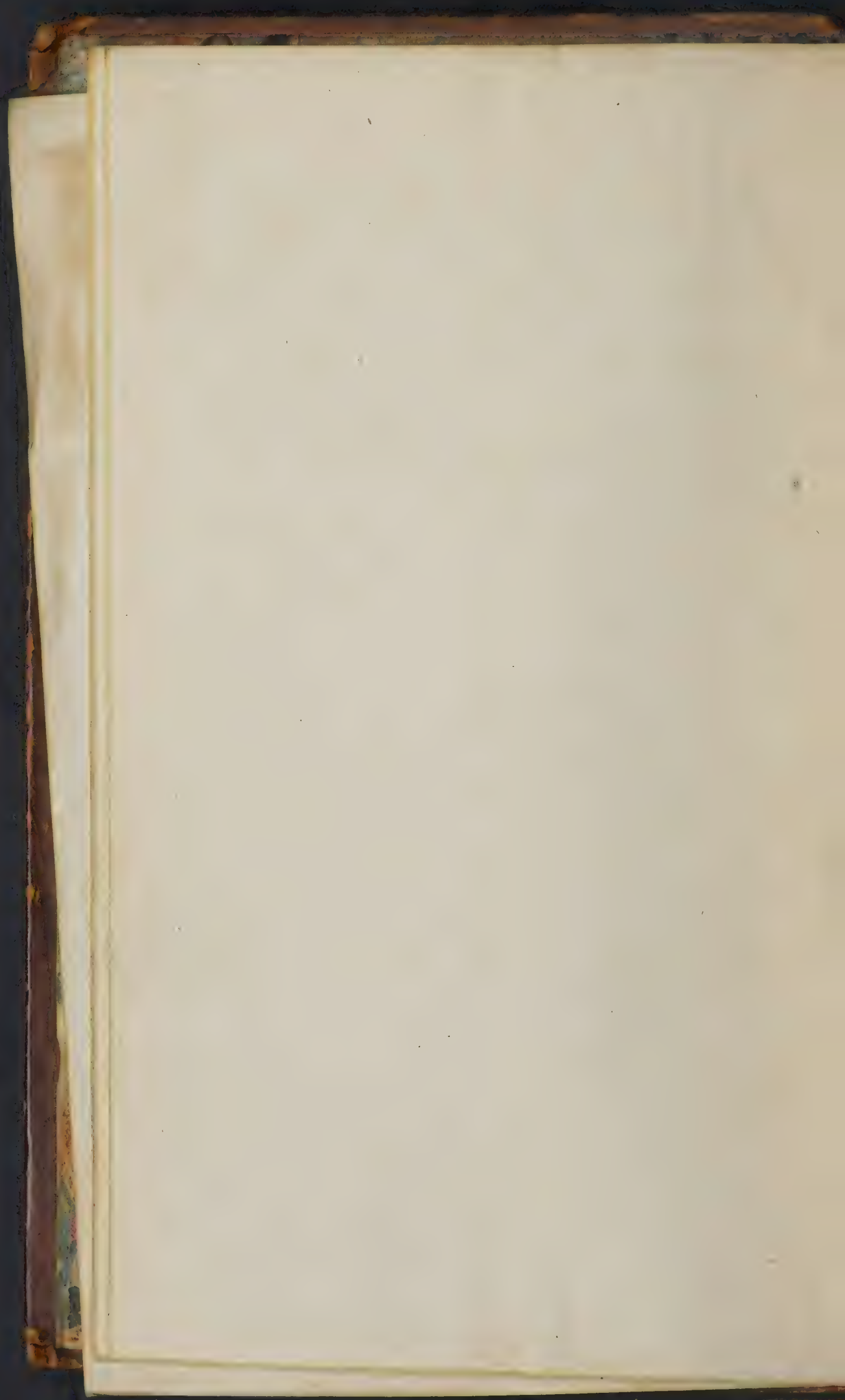


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errata p. 307

by Chatterton
S.





M^{ss} Holland Griffith
Carreglunyd
P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY;

THE GREATEST PART NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE MOST
AUTHENTIC COPIES, WITH AN ENGRAVED SPECIMEN
OF ONE OF THE MSS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A P R E F A C E,

AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE
SEVERAL PIECES,

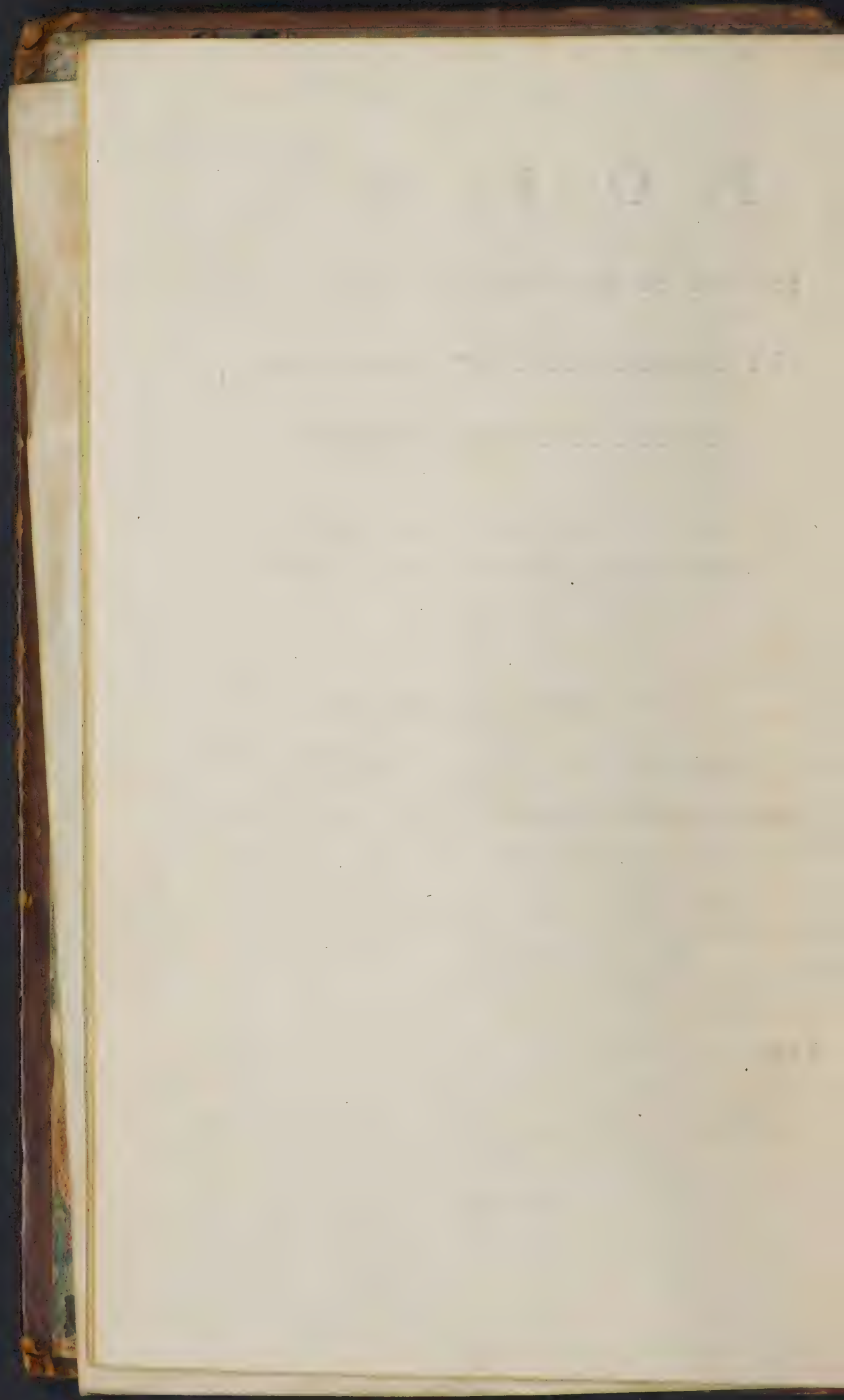
AND

A G L O S S A R Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,
at the MEWS-GATE.

MDCCCLXXVII.



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P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this:

“ The first discovery of certain MSS having been
“ deposited in Redcliff church, above three cen-
“ turies ago, was made in the year 1768, at the
“ time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and
“ was owing to a publication in *Farley’s Weekly*
“ *Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Ac-*
“ *count of the ceremonies observed at the opening of*
“ *the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a
“ very antient MS. This excited the curiosity
“ of some persons to enquire after the original.
“ The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no ac-
“ count of it, or of the person who brought the
“ copy; but after much enquiry it was disco-
“ vered, that the person who brought the copy
“ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age,
“ whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and
“ whose

“ whose family had been sextons of Redclift
 “ church for near 150 years. His father, who
 “ was now dead, had also been master of the
 “ free-school in Pile-street. The young man was
 “ at first very unwilling to discover from whence
 “ he had the original ; but, after many promises
 “ made to him, he was at last prevailed on to
 “ acknowledge, that he had received this, *toge-*
 “ *ther with many other MSS,* from his father,
 “ who had found them in a large chest in an
 “ upper room over the chapel on the north side
 “ of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his ac-
 quaintance with young Chatterton *, and, partly
 as

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with
 that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be
 too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short
 life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and edu-
 cated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where no-
 thing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts.
 At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney,
 with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse.

Other

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city.

Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol,

city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "*The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On*

Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he

the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288.

Two

he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in

Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

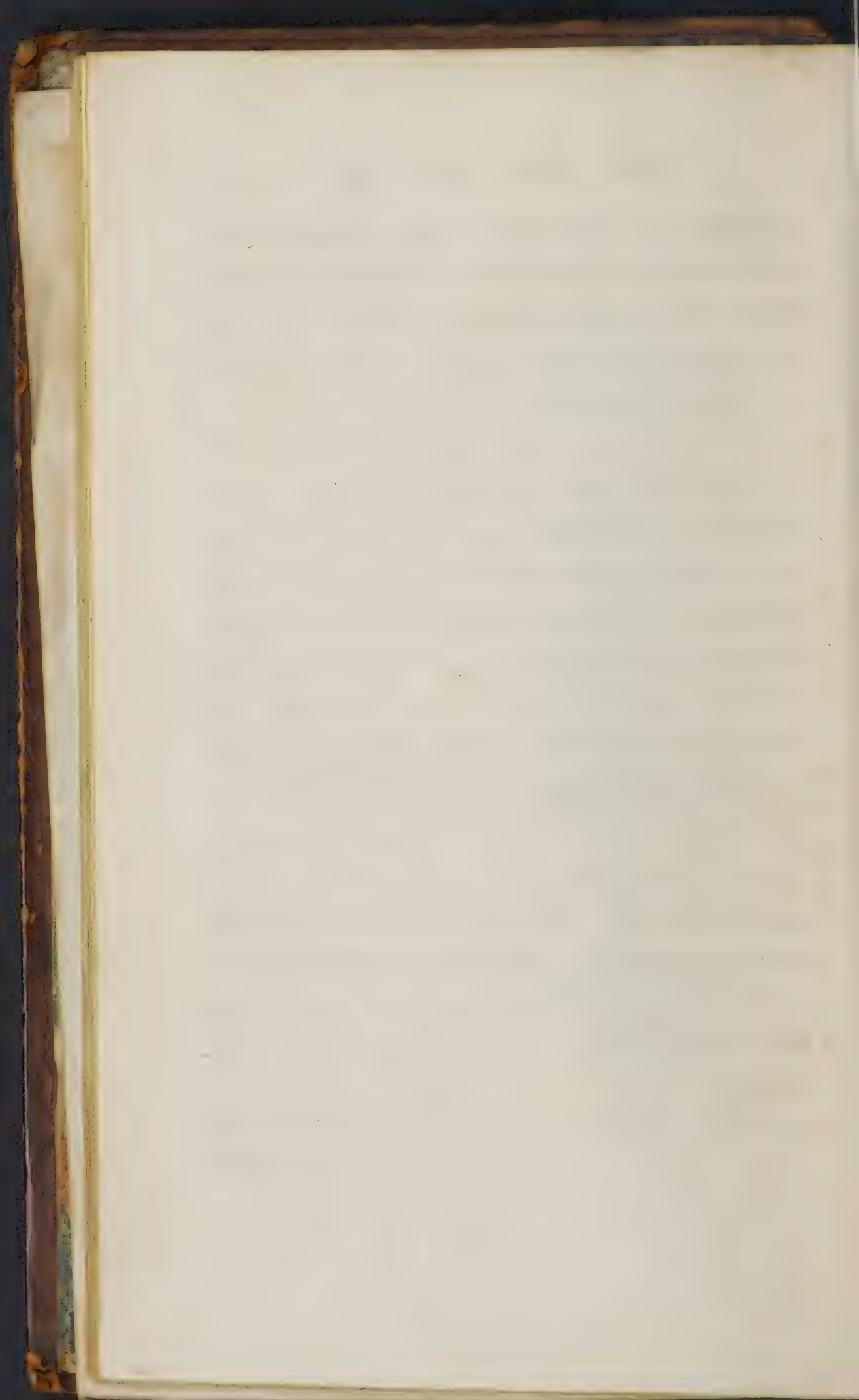
it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him,
and

and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRO-



INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT
OF THE
S E V E R A L P I E C E S
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 3
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. “ *Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*”

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of “ *Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*” which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
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This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, “ *Elinoure*
and

and Jaga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest." And it has the following subscription ; " D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication ; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.	p. 23
SONGE TO ÆLLA.	Ibid.
LYDGATE'S ANSWER.	26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below *.

THE

* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*

3. for *bec*, r. *goc*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

Songe

THE TOURNAMENT,

p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—" *Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore*." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastyng*, r. *burstyng*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *brouded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncynge*. — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: “ And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastryngs of Hastryngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treesons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c.” If the commission fate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn’s execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin’s church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“ Item *for washyng the church payven ageyns* } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude. p. 65.

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entreductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “ Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE. p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ To

“ To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible ; the Sentiment, Description, and Ver-
fication, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N^o 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title ;
“ *Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeſte of St. Johns in the city of Briſtol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards preſt by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at laſt ſaid, that he wrote this poem himſelf for a friend ; but that he had another,
the

the copy of an original by Rowley : and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N^o 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title ; “ *Battle of Hastings by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*” The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett’s repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275

ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton’s hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, “ *A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*” See the Preface, p. xi. n. *.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset' Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolytbe* by Bishop Carpenter on

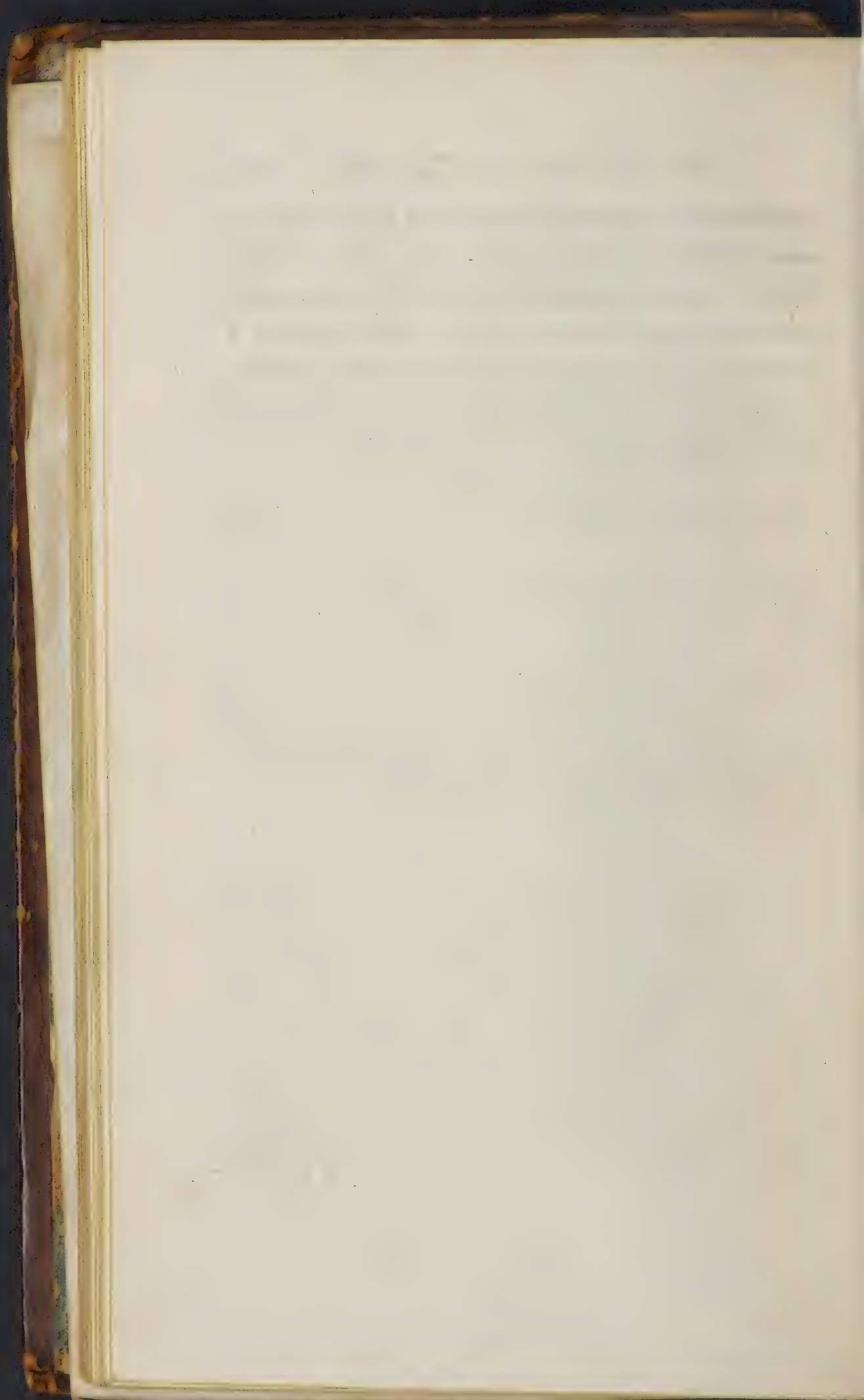
19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286
 ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.
 THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287
 THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

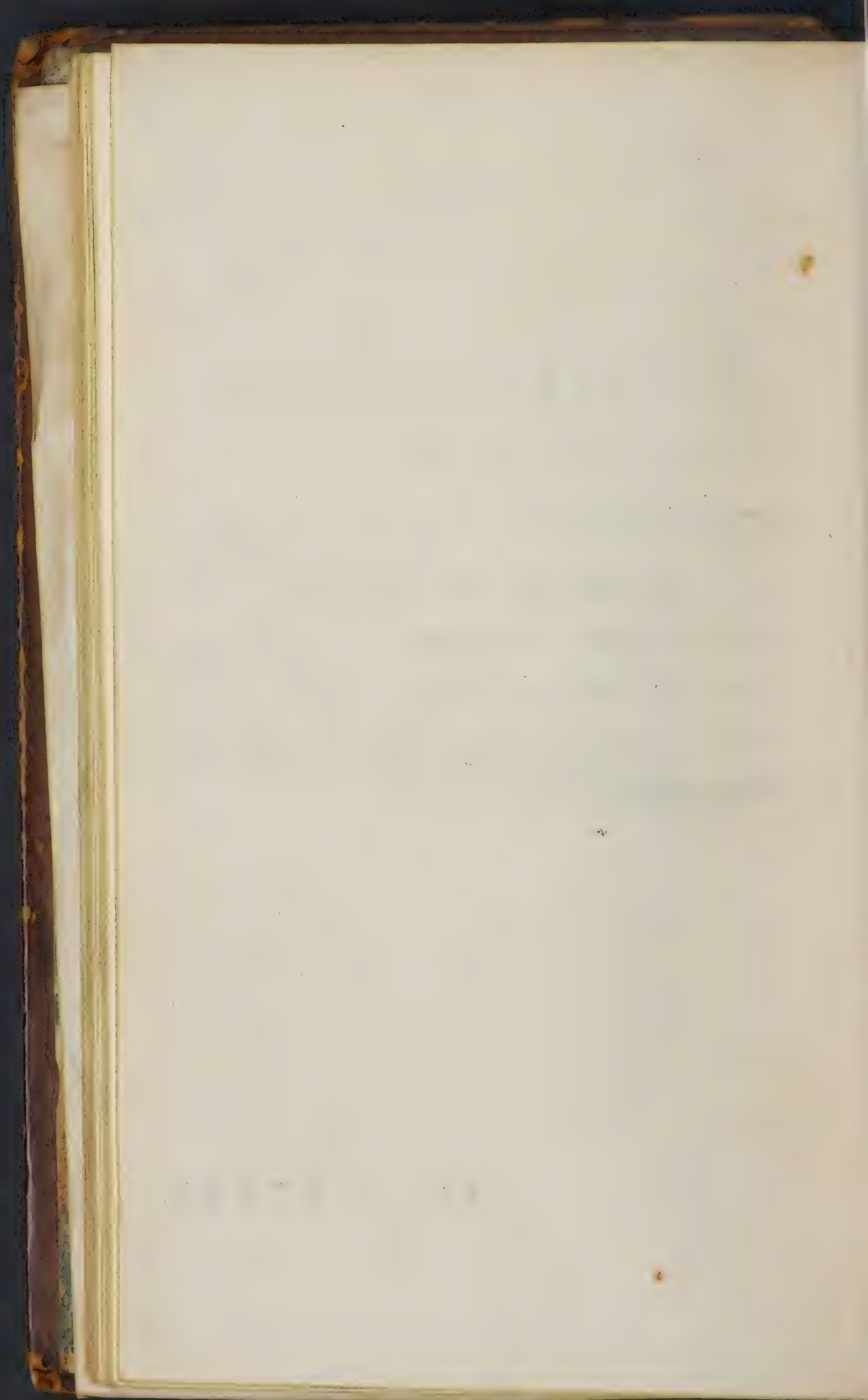
With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an ancient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared
 above

above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, “*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*” which had been pawned to him for £.160.



ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Reader is desired to observe,
that the notes at the bottom of the
several pages, throughout the following
part of this book, are all copied from
MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas
Chatterton.*



P O E M S, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge¹ from her
 lethal² wounde,
 From her galled necke dyd twytte³ the chayne
 awaie,
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote⁴ graie, 5
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres⁵ dyd abrodden⁶ flie,
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie⁷),
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

¹ *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the oꝛal as above. ² deadly. ³ pluck or pull. ⁴ *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. ⁵ shepherds. ⁶ abruptly; so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne. ⁷ affright.

2 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wylle oure pace fweste as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
 I haveth lyff, bott have escaped foe,
 That lyff ytsel mie Senfes doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull¹⁰ dome of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus¹¹ mote¹² telle.
 Swote¹³ flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes
 dygne¹⁴;
 Gravots¹⁵ far-kend¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets¹⁷ cell;

⁸ Added. ⁹ sad. ¹⁰ woeful, lamentable. ¹¹ the Devil. ¹² might.
¹³ sweet. ¹⁴ good, neat, genteel. ¹⁵ groves, sometimes used for a
 coppice. ¹⁶ far-seen. ¹⁷ Hermit.

The

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The fwote ribible ¹⁸ dynning ¹⁹ yn the dell ; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie ²⁰ courte ;
 Eke ²¹ the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte ²² :
 Impestering ²³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ²⁴ the aye ²⁵ encreafynge
 dome: 30

R O B E R T E.

Oh ! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees ²⁶,
 Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ²⁷, and embodyde ²⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ²⁹, far spreedynge to the fyghte;
 Mie cuyen ³⁰ kyne ³¹, mie bullockes stringe ³² yn
 fyghte; 35
 Mie gorne ³³ emblaunched ³⁴ with the comfreie ³⁵
 plante,
 Mie floure ³⁶ Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the bleffynge Heaven can grant:

¹⁸ violin. ¹⁹ founding. ²⁰ inn, or public-house. ²¹ also. ²² pleasure. ²³ annoying. ²⁴ to keep off. ²⁵ ever, always. ²⁶ meadows.
²⁷ grafted trees. ²⁸ thick, stout. ²⁹ liberty of pasture given to the
 Parker. ³⁰ tender. ³¹ cows. ³² strong. ³³ garden. ³⁴ whitened.
³⁵ cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. ³⁶ marygold.

4 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

I amme düreffed ³⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
Ihanten'd ³⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie ³⁹ untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel ⁴⁰ tree,
Whyche fleaeth ⁴¹ everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre ⁴².
I to bement ⁴³ haveth moe cause than thee; 45
Sleene in the warre mie boolie ⁴⁴ fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,
And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked ⁴⁵ from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte ⁴⁶ of mie hartes castile stede. 50

R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome ⁴⁷ shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn ⁴⁸, ystorven ⁴⁹ ys;

³⁷ hardened. ³⁸ accustomed. ³⁹ abide. This line is also wrote,
"Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized.
⁴⁰ deadly. ⁴¹ destroyeth, killeth. ⁴² grow. ⁴³ lament. ⁴⁴ much-
loved, beloved. ⁴⁵ cast out, ejected. ⁴⁶ alluding to the portcullis,
which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castile. ⁴⁷ fate.
⁴⁸ my only son. ⁴⁹ dead.

Here

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 5

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;

A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges ⁵⁰ fledden is felynefs ⁵¹, 55

Mynsterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte ;

Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ⁵⁵,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with
bloude. 60

⁵⁰ cottages. ⁵¹ happinefs. ⁵² monasterys. ⁵³ only. ⁵⁴ holy.
⁵⁵ complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES ¹ of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle ſed,
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce ² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede ³ ſea doe the banners gleme ⁴;
 The amenuſed ⁵ nationnes be aſton ⁶, 5
 To ken ⁷ ſyke ⁸ large a flete, ſyke fyne, ſyke breme ⁹.
 The barkis heafods ¹⁰ coupe ¹¹ the lymed ¹² ſtreme;
 Oundes ¹³ ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake ¹⁴
 rieſe;

The water flughornes ¹⁵ wythe a ſwotye ¹⁶ cleme ¹⁷
 Conteke ¹⁸ the dynnyng ¹⁹ ayre, and reche the ſkies. 10
 Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones ²⁰ aſtedde ²¹;
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

¹ Spirits, ſouls. ² pleaſure. ³ broad. ⁴ ſhine, glimmer. ⁵ di-
 miniſhed, leſſened. ⁶ aſtoniſhed, confounded. ⁷ ſee, diſcover, know.
⁸ ſuch, ſo. ⁹ ſtrong. ¹⁰ heads. ¹¹ cut. ¹² glaſſy, reflecting.
¹³ waves, billows. ¹⁴ oak. ¹⁵ a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a haut-
 boy. ¹⁶ ſweet. ¹⁷ ſound. ¹⁸ confuſe, contend with. ¹⁹ ſounding.
²⁰ thrones. ²¹ ſeated.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 7

The gule²² depeyncted²³ oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn²⁴ wyth fonnes²⁵ rare, doe shemrynge²⁶ ryse;
 Upfwalynge²⁷ doe heie²⁸ shewe ynne drierie pryde,¹⁵
 Lyche gore-red estells²⁹ in the eve³⁰-merk³¹ skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted³² shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche³³ talle roshes on the water fyde;
 Alenge³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte sheene³⁵
 flyes;

Sweft-kerv'd³⁶ delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleafaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte : he doethe feere,
 That Englonde's brondeous³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth³⁸ here and there,²⁵
 Onknowlachynge³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie⁴⁰.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mittee⁴¹ crosse Jerusolim ys seene;

²² red. ²³ painted. ²⁴ carved. ²⁵ devices. ²⁶ glimmering.
²⁷ rising high, swelling up. ²⁸ they. ²⁹ a corruption of *espoile*, Fr. a
 star. ³⁰ evening. ³¹ dark. ³² rebus'd shields; a herald term, when
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. ³³ like.
³⁴ along. ³⁵ shine. ³⁶ short-lived. ³⁷ furious. ³⁸ runneth. ³⁹ not
 knowing. ⁴⁰ abide. ⁴¹ mighty.

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie ⁴²,
 In balefull ⁴³ dole their faces be ywreene ⁴⁴. 30
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottes ⁴⁵, foe fwyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the fydes of everich bark appere;
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftsoones ⁴⁶ hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shieldees doe shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne;
 The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeynge gif ⁵¹ to dare,
 Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ fwerde, theie seche to fraie ⁵⁴,
 theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarafyns to fyghte;
 Kyng Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

⁴² affright. ⁴³ woeful. ⁴⁴ covered. ⁴⁵ different kinds of boats.
⁴⁶ full soon, presently. ⁴⁷ glitter. ⁴⁸ united, assembled. ⁴⁹ running.
⁵⁰ foes. ⁵¹ if. ⁵² make ready. ⁵³ dark. ⁵⁴ engage. ⁵⁵ cease, stand
 still. ⁵⁶ a young lion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
dyghte ⁵⁹, 45

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Amenge the drybblett ⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte ;

Syke funnys wayne ⁶¹ wyth amayl'd beames doe barr

The blaunchie ⁶³ mone or estells ⁶⁴ to gev lyghte. 50

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte ⁶⁵ affraie ⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red
die,

Terroure, emburled ⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsumme ⁶⁸ flie, 55

Enchafynge ⁶⁹ echone champyonne war to wage.

Speeres bevyll ⁷⁰ speres ; fwerdes upon fwerdes en-
gage ;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde ;

⁵⁷ flaming. ⁵⁸ a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire ; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. ⁵⁹ deckt. ⁶⁰ small, insignificant. ⁶¹ carr. ⁶² enameled. ⁶³ white, silver. ⁶⁴ stars. ⁶⁵ distracting. ⁶⁶ affright. ⁶⁷ armed. ⁶⁸ terribly. ⁶⁹ encouraging, heating. ⁷⁰ break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. ⁷¹ founds.

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable ⁷² all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles ⁷³ hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, ⁶⁵
 And beereth meynthe ⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys fleene ⁷⁵;
 The waylynge ⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys sonne;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene ⁷⁷,
 Doeynge fyke marvels ⁷⁸, strongers be aston ⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys ⁸⁰, 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ⁸¹;

⁷² blacken. ⁷³ waves. ⁷⁴ many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ slain. ⁷⁶ decreasing. ⁷⁷ glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ wonders. ⁷⁹ astonished. ⁸⁰ certainly. ⁸¹ brow.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte⁸² into lovyng arms, and feasted eft⁸³;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere⁸⁴,
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte. 80

Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea
 The upswol⁸⁵ fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge
 proove.

⁸² plucked, pulled. ⁸³ often. ⁸⁴ grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ swollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better
parte?

Goe, ferche the logges ¹ and bordels ² of the hynde ³;

Gyff ⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem ⁵ you see the blakied ⁶ forme of kynde ⁷.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge ⁸ of a mynde? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote ⁹ bee?

Woulde ytte here phrase of the vulgar from the
hynde,

Withoute wiseegger ¹⁰ wordes and knowlache ¹¹ free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge ¹²
pende;

Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

¹ lodges, huts. ² cottages. ³ servant, slave, peasant. ⁴ if. ⁵ a contraction of *them*. ⁶ naked, original. ⁷ nature. ⁸ liking. ⁹ might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state. ¹⁰ wise-egger, a philosopher. ¹¹ knowledge. ¹² sporting.

M A N N E.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele ¹⁴ hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Rogerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke ¹⁵ and we'lle fynge, and wylle drenche ¹⁶
of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie sommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ answered. ¹⁴ aid, or help. ¹⁵ work. ¹⁶ drink.

14 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnē the Chyrche
 With birlette ¹⁷ golde,
 Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ stronge ontolde;
 What was shee moe than me, to be foe?

25

M A N N E.

I kennē Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea;
 Ich ask whie the loverds ²⁰ fori
 Is moe than mee.

30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltrie ²¹ sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ²²;
 From everich beme a feme ²³ of lyfe doe falle;
 Swythyn ²⁴ seille ²⁵ oppe the haie uponne the playne;
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ²⁶ talle.
 Thys ys alychē oure doome ²⁷; the great, the smalle;
 Moste withe ²⁸ and bee forwyned ²⁹ by deathis darte.
 See! the fwote ³⁰ flourette ³¹ hathe noe fwote at alle;
 Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle ³² parte.

¹⁷ a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. ¹⁸ gilded.
¹⁹ borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. ²⁰ lord.
²¹ fultry. ²² car. ²³ feed. ²⁴ quickly, presently. ²⁵ gather.
²⁶ grow. ²⁷ fate. ²⁸ a contraction of wither. ²⁹ dried. ³⁰ sweet.
³¹ lower. ³² equal.

The

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 15

The cravent ³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente ³⁴,
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente ³⁵.40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon ³⁶, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
 Bye yer preestfchype nowe faye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than mee
 Bee moe greate, 45
 Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne ³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie ³⁸ loke arounde the chaper ³⁹ delle ⁴⁰;
 An answere to thie barganette ⁴¹ here see,
 Thys welked ⁴² flourette wylle a lefon telle: 50
 Arist ⁴³ it blew ⁴⁴, itte florished, and dyd welle,
 Lokeynge ascaunce ⁴⁵ upon the naighboure greene;
 Yet with the deigned ⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome ⁴⁷ felle,
 Eftsoones ⁴⁸ ytte shronke upon the daie-brente ⁴⁹ playne,

³³ coward. ³⁴ ceased, dead, no more. ³⁵ lament. ³⁶ a manner of asking a favour. ³⁷ turn. ³⁸ carefully, with circumspection. ³⁹ dry, sun-burnt. ⁴⁰ valley. ⁴¹ a song, or ballad. ⁴² withered. ⁴³ arisen, or arose. ⁴⁴ blossomed. ⁴⁵ disdainfully. ⁴⁶ disdained. ⁴⁷ glory. ⁴⁸ quickly. ⁴⁹ burnt.

16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke⁵⁰ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds⁵¹ ente⁵²
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea⁵³;
Gyf thou has ethe⁵⁴, the shadowe of contente;
Beleive the trothe⁵⁵, theres none moe haile⁵⁶ yan
thee. 60

Thou wurchest⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled⁵⁸ of foughlys⁵⁹ fee,
Thou wouldst eftsoones⁶⁰ fee trothe ynne whatte I
saie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

M A N N E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne⁶¹;
And eere mie wurch is don
I synge a songe or twayne⁶². 70

⁵⁰ such. ⁵¹ lord's. ⁵² a purse or bag. ⁵³ slay. ⁵⁴ ease. ⁵⁵ truth.
⁵⁶ happy. ⁵⁷ worketh. ⁵⁸ the hidden or secret part of. ⁵⁹ souls.
⁶⁰ full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ car. ⁶² two.

I followe

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 17

I followe the plough-tayle,
 Wythe a longe jubb ⁶³ of ale;
 Botte of the maydens, oh!
 Itte lacketh notte to telle;
 Syr Preeſte mote notte crie woe; 75
 Culde hys bull do as welle.
 I daunce the beſte heideyynes ⁶⁴,
 And foile ⁶⁵ the wyfeſt feygnes ⁶⁶.
 On everych Seynctes hie daie
 Wythe the mynſtrelle ⁶⁷ am I ſeene; 80
 All a footeynge it awaie,
 Wythe maydens on the greene.
 But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,
 In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle, 85
 Whoſe unliſte ⁶⁸ braunces ⁶⁹ rechen far toe fyghte;
 Whan fuiſed ⁷⁰ unwers ⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,
 Itte ſhaketh deere ⁷² yn dole ⁷³ and moke affryghte.

⁶³ a bottle. ⁶⁴ a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.
⁶⁵ battle. ⁶⁶ a corruption of *feints*. ⁶⁷ a minſtrel is a muſician.
⁶⁸ unbounded. ⁶⁹ branches. ⁷⁰ furious. ⁷¹ tempeſts, ſtorms. ⁷² dire.
⁷³ diſmay.

18 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Whylest the congeon ⁷⁴ flowrette abessie ⁷⁵ dyghte ⁷⁶,
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁷ bie the storme: 90
 Syke is a picte ⁷⁸ of lyffe: the manne of myghte
 Is tempest-chast ⁷⁹, hys woe greate as hys forme,
 Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
 Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste
 mounte.

⁷⁴ dwarf. ⁷⁵ humility. ⁷⁶ decked. ⁷⁷ unhurt. ⁷⁸ picture:
⁷⁹ tempest-beaten.

ELINOURE

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne¹ bank twa pynynge May-
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the watérre cleére;

Echone bementynge² for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge³
speare:

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed⁵ the quyvrynge
brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie⁶ plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte⁷ in stele;

O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte wathe Syrre Roberte
wele.

Moke moe tharne deathe in phantasie I feele;

¹ Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. ² lamenting. ³ murdering. ⁴ faintly. ⁵ glistened. ⁶ sad complaint. ⁷ arrayed, or cased.

See! fee! upon the ground he bleedyng lies;
 Inhild⁸ some joice⁹ of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

J U G A.

Systers in forrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
 Lyche levynde¹⁰ okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forletten¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gastlie mitches¹² holde the traine of fryghte¹³, 20
 Where lethale¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette¹⁵ shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie; 25
 I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

⁸ infuse. ⁹ juice. ¹⁰ blasted. ¹¹ forsaken. ¹² ruins. ¹³ fear.
¹⁴ deadly or deathboding. ¹⁵ a small bagpipe. ¹⁶ in a confined
 fence, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. 21

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche¹⁷ glebe wyll
goe,

And to the passante Spryghtes lecture¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden²⁰ Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selynes²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a
spryte

Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
thoughte. 35

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed²² ryver, on thie linche²³ maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres
flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

¹⁷ church-yard. ¹⁸ relate. ¹⁹ black. ²⁰ decreasing. ²¹ happiness.

²² glassy. ²³ bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the
plain.

Soe fayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees²⁴, 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were
flayne,
Distraughte²⁵ theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, fonke ynn the waves, and
dyde.

²⁴ meeds. ²⁵ distracted.

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyngge matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyngge of ould friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd finalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlyngge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyngge to posteritye.

24 S O N G E T O Æ L L A .

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde
hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng wythe the morning dwe,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore ;

Than dyddst thou furioyse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thoufandes of Dacyanns went ;

Brystowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delygteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne ;

Orr

Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede,
 Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure ftaulke arounde
 Embattel'd Bryftowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle fteeres;

Orr fierye round the mynfterr glare;
 Lette Bryftowe ftyle be made thie care;
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & confumynge fyre;
 Lyche Avones ftreme enfyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN
LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe*
of *Ælla*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee fende,
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,
And thus an anfwerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Aled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
 Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes ; the hāmmerrs
founde ;

The courferrs lyffe ¹ about the menfuredd ² fielde ;

The fhemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde ;

Quayntyffed ³ fons ³ depictedd ⁴ onn eche sheelde.

The feerie ⁵ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ^{6,5}

Supportes the rampyng lyoncell ⁷ orr beare,

Wythe ftraunge depyctures ⁸, Nature maie nott
yeelde,

Unfeemelie to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte ⁹ to menne, who thyncke and have a
fpryte ¹⁰,

Makes knowne thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

¹ sport, or play. ² bounded, or measured. ³ curiously devised.
³ fancies or devices. ⁴ painted, or displayed. ⁵ fiery. ⁶ ornamented,
enameled. ⁷ a young lion. ⁸ drawings, paintings. ⁹ that. ¹⁰ foul.

THE TOURNAMENT. 29

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer ¹¹ of her joies,
 Muste fwythen ¹² goe to yeve ¹³ the speeres arounde,
 Wythe advantayle ¹⁴ & borne ¹⁵ I meynthe ¹⁶ emploie,
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde; ¹⁵
 Soe the neshe ¹⁷ flowerr grees ¹⁸ ynne the woodeland
 shade.

The worlde bie diffrance ys ynne orderr founde;
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.
 As ynn the bowke ¹⁹ nete ²⁰ alleyn ²¹ cann bee donne,
 Syke ²² ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
 onne. ²⁰

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde ²³, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁴ hath grete mie fyghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. ²⁵
 I lacke a Guid ²⁵, a Wyllyamm ²⁶ to entylte.

¹¹ dispenser. ¹² quickly. ¹³ give. ¹⁴ armer. ¹⁵ burnish.
¹⁶ many. ¹⁷ young, weak, tender. ¹⁸ grows. ¹⁹ body. ²⁰ nothing.
²¹ alone. ²² so. ²³ herald. ²⁴ a contraction of *them*. ²⁵ *Guie de*
Santo Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age. ²⁶ William Rufus.

To

30 THE TOURNAMENT.

To reine²⁷ anente²⁸ a fele²⁹ embodiedd knyghte;
Ytt gettes ne rennome³⁰ gyff hys blodde bee spylte;
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle³¹ thus to wielde the speare. 30

HERA W D E.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes³² dynn³³ fromm
farre.

B O U R T O N N E.

Ah! fwythenn³⁴ mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee
bounde³⁵.

Eftsoones³⁶ behefte³⁷ mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

HERA W D E.

This valourous actes woulde meinte³⁸ of menne
astounde; 35

Harde bee yer shappe³⁹ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

²⁷ run. ²⁸ against. ²⁹ feeble. ³⁰ honour, glory. ³¹ useless. ³² a kind of claryon. ³³ found. ³⁴ quickly. ³⁵ ready. ³⁶ soon. ³⁷ command. ³⁸ most. ³⁹ fate, or doom.

Anenst

THE TOURNAMENT. 31

Anenst ⁴⁰ all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴¹.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴² eche
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR
 KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND
 SERVYTOURS ⁴³.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁴³; yee mynstrelles tune the ftrynge,
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now fynge.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie ⁴⁴ hadd knite ⁴⁵,

⁴⁰ against. ⁴¹ pitched, or bent down. ⁴² drink. ⁴³ servants, at-
 tendants. ⁴³ song, or ballad. ⁴⁴ activity. ⁴⁵ .

32 THE TOURNAMENT.

Snett⁴⁶ oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
 aborne⁴⁷, 45
 Behefteynge⁴⁸ all hys hommageres⁴⁹ to fyghte.
 Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted⁵⁰ denne,
 Lett thie floes⁵¹ drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
 Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd⁵²
 plies⁵³; 50
 Loude dynns⁵⁴ the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eare;
 Hee ryfeth battent⁵⁵, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
 Forflagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,
 Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-
 drenn flea.

Throwe the merke⁵⁶ shade of twiftynde trees hee
 rydes; 55
 The flemed⁵⁷ owlett⁵⁸ flappsherr eve-speckte⁵⁹ wynges;
 The lordynge⁶⁰ toade ynn all hys passies bides;
 The berten⁶¹ neders⁶² att hymm darte the flynge;

⁴⁶ bent. ⁴⁷ burnished. ⁴⁸ commanding. ⁴⁹ servants. ⁵⁰ hidden.
⁵¹ arrows. ⁵² worked with iron. ⁵³ bends. ⁵⁴ sounds. ⁵⁵ loudly.
⁵⁶ dark, or gloome. ⁵⁷ & ⁵⁸ frighted owl. ⁵⁹ marked with evening
 dew. ⁶⁰ standing on their hind legs. ⁶¹ venomous. ⁶² adders.

THE TOURNAMENT. 33

Styll, styll, hee passēs onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie ⁶³ countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn ⁶⁴ doth rayse hymselfe dis-
traughte ⁶⁵,
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, flicke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65
Lette thie floes ⁶⁶ drenche the blood of anie thyng botte
menn.

Wythe passent ⁶⁷ steppē the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlyngē ⁶⁸ thonderr
stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthē fendes. 70
Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle ⁶⁹ drie fromm blodde of odherr
menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers ⁷⁰ as sweste doe afterr flie.

⁶³ hot, sultry. ⁶⁴ found, noise. ⁶⁵ distracted. ⁶⁶ arrows. ⁶⁷ walk-
ing leisurely. ⁶⁸ rolling. ⁶⁹ arrow. ⁷⁰ horse courfers.

34 THE TOURNAMENT.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
 Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones ⁷¹ doth die.
 Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
 Lett thie flos drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe
 alyne ⁷².

The stagge ys ouch'd ⁷³ wythe crownes of lillie
 flowerrs. 80

Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe en-
 twyne;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrrs.

Forslagenn wyth thie flos lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeft thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn
 flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie ⁷⁴; who wylle fyrste
 affraie ⁷⁵? 85

⁷¹ full soon. ⁷² acrofs his shoulders. ⁷³ garlands of flowers being
 put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a
 chain, worn by earls round their necks. ⁷⁴ Turnament. ⁷⁵ fight, or
 encounter.

H E.

THE TOURNAMENT. 35

HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁷⁶ honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake ⁷⁷ thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁷⁸ onn mie gaberdyne⁷⁹.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull ⁸⁰ challenge, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁸¹,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde.90

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville tylte.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*:

Loverdes, how doughtilie ⁸² the tylterrs joyne!

⁷⁶ that. ⁷⁷ dispute. ⁷⁸ glove. ⁷⁹ a piece of armour. ⁸⁰ lawful:
⁸¹ worthy. ⁸² furiously.

36 THE TOURNAMENT.

Yee champyones, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd ⁸³, affayle ⁸⁴ hymm, yee
knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

Iwylle anente⁸⁵ hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; ⁹⁵
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁸⁶ scethe ⁸⁷
Before I doe departe the liffedd ⁸⁸ fielde,
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe ⁸⁹.
Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ⁹⁰.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie
foe.

100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
smethe ⁹¹;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ⁹².

⁸³ vanquished. ⁸⁴ oppose. ⁸⁵ against. ⁸⁶ much. ⁸⁷ damage, mischief. ⁸⁸ bounded. ⁸⁹ bleed. ⁹⁰ easy. ⁹¹ smoke. ⁹² hurt, or damage.

THE TOURNAMENT. 37

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.

Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede. 105

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.

Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede⁹³;

Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie⁹⁴;

Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,

Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere, 110

Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,

De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende⁹⁵; I doe thee fie⁹⁶.

Lyche forreying⁹⁷ levynn⁹⁸, schalle mie tylte-launce
flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

⁹³ reward. ⁹⁴ fight or engage. ⁹⁵ attend or wait. ⁹⁶ defy.

⁹⁷ & ⁹⁸ destroying lightening.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure⁹⁹ thie beeveredd¹⁰⁰
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este¹⁰¹ doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne¹⁰² begynne, and wrynn¹⁰³ thie shappe¹⁰⁴
orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wyllle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120
Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous¹⁰⁵
heie¹⁰⁶,

Ytt welle beseies¹⁰⁷ to yeve¹⁰⁸ hemm ryghte of
fraie¹⁰⁹.

⁹⁹ turn. ¹⁰⁰ beaver'd. ¹⁰¹ again. ¹⁰² quickly. ¹⁰³ declare.
¹⁰⁴ fate, ¹⁰⁵ worthy. ¹⁰⁶ they. ¹⁰⁷ becomes. ¹⁰⁸ give. ¹⁰⁹ fyght.

THE TOURNAMENT. 39

FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme¹²⁵
The rennome¹¹⁰ ynn thys Tourneie¹¹¹ forr to tylte ;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents¹¹² owre goode
name,
Bewrynnynge¹¹³ thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortefie, these straungerrs, faie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? ¹³⁰
[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,
and bee everichone¹¹⁴ overthrowne.

BOURTONE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the felde
Ycrafedd¹¹⁵ speres and helmetts bee besprente¹¹⁶,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd¹¹⁷
sheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
stente¹¹⁸,

¹¹⁰ honour. ¹¹¹ Tournament. ¹¹² cowards. ¹¹³ declaring ¹¹⁴ every
one. ¹¹⁵ broken, split. ¹¹⁶ scatter'd. ¹¹⁷ broken, or pierced through
with darts. ¹¹⁸ stained.

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes ¹¹⁹ of fyre ybrente ¹²⁰,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹²¹ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹²² hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Scyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall
fall

Anethe ¹²³ the stronge push of mie straught ¹²⁴ out
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie ¹²⁵ chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹²⁶ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹²⁷; I champyonn ¹²⁸ you to
warre.

Sounde, founde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm
farre, 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

¹¹⁹ flames. ¹²⁰ burnt. ¹²¹ healm. ¹²² beneath. ¹²³ against.
¹²⁴ stretched out. ¹²⁵ holy. ¹²⁶ faithfully. ¹²⁷ ready. ¹²⁸ challenge.

THE TOURNAMENT. 41

K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, fongs of achments ¹²⁹
fyng;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente ¹³⁰;

To Kyng of Tourny-tylte bee all knees bente. 155
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee
fhente ¹³¹;

Hee joustedd, alleine ¹³² havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrelles, found the frynge, goe onn eche
fyde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹²⁹ atchievements, glorious actions. ¹³⁰ broken spears. ¹³¹ broke, destroyed. ¹³² only, alone,

M Y N-

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, finethynge ¹³³ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,

Dydd the merke ¹³⁴ woode of ethe ¹³⁵ and rest explore,
Seckeyngc to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vyfage washedd the bloude,

Hylte ¹³⁶ hys fwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke^{an} eyne shee swotelie ¹³⁷ hymm dydd
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn ¹³⁸ everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge ¹³⁹ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁴⁰, 175

Lyche the merk ¹⁴¹-plante doe entwyne.

¹³³ smoaking, steaming. ¹³⁴ dark, gloomy. ¹³⁵ ease. ¹³⁶ hid, secreted. ¹³⁷ sweetely. ¹³⁸ moulded. ¹³⁹ shooting, darting. ¹⁴⁰ grasp, hold. ¹⁴¹ night-shade.

THE TOURNAMENT. 43

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ¹⁴² ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende ¹⁴³, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-
hynde. 180

¹⁴² ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁴³ confider.

BRISTOWE

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:
OR THE DETHE OF
SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes . 5
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayne the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
"That fytted enthron'd on hyghe! 10
"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15

“ Hee leaves thys mortall flate.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES!” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye, 30

“ Hee hath uponne hys honour fworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35

“ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d:

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’d e sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.” 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddyneſs

For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE faughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace

“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge, “ Youre tale ſpeke out,

“ You have been much oure friende; 50

“ Whatever youre request may bee,

“ Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 47

“ My nobile leige ! alle my request

“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,

“ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

“ Hee thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,

“ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;

“ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett

“ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”

The kynge ynne furie fayde ;

“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,

“ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

“ And hee shalle have hys meede :

“ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng else

“ Att present doe you neede ?”

“ My nobile leige !” goode CANYNGE fayde,

“ Leave justice to our Godde, 70

“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

“ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were synners grete;

“ CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,

75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ 'Twyllle faste thye crowne fulle sure;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

80

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wyllle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

“ Has scorn'd my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile leige ! the trulie brave

“ Wyllle val'rous actions prize,

90

“ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

“ Altho' ynne enemies.”

“ CANYNGE,

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 49

“ CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynnē Heav’n

“ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

“ I wyllē nōtt taste a bitt of breade 95

“ Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothē lyve.

“ By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynnē Heav’n,

“ Thys funne shall be hys laste.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

“ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul

“ Runns overr att thyne eye; 110

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?”

E

Quod

Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,

" Thatt thou foe soone must dye,

" And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe; 115

" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

" From godlie fountaines sprynge;

" Dethe I despise, and alle the power

" Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120

" Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means

" I shall resigne my lyfe,

" The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde

" For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe:

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne, 125

" Thys was appointed mee;

" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge

" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode;

" Whan thousands dy'd arounde; 130

" Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode

" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe

“ Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,
 “ Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 “ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135
 “ And close myne eyes for aie ?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 “ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?
 “ Ne ! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
 “ Bee alle the manne display’d. 140

“ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,
 “ And garde thee and thye sonne,
 “ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,
 “ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
 “ To serve Godde and mye prynce ;
 “ And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 “ Of parents of grete note ; 150
 “ My fadre dydd a nobile armes
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote :

- “ I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
“ Where soone I hope to goe ;
“ Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155
“ From oute the reech of woe :
“ Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
“ Wyth pitie to unite ;
“ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
“ The wronge cause fromm the ryghte: 160
“ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
“ To feede the hungrie poore,
“ Ne lett mye farvants dryve awaie
“ The hungrie fromme my doore :
“ And none can faye, butt alle mye lyfe 165
“ I have hys wordyes kept ;
“ And fumm'd the actyonns of the daie
“ Eche nyghte before I slept.
“ I have a spoufe, goe aske of her,
“ Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170
“ I have a kynge, and none can laie
“ Blacke treason onne my hedde.
“ Ynne

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne?

“ Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people! rewyn’d londe!
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 “ Whyle RICHARD’s sonnes exalt themselves,
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185
 “ And godlie HENRIE’s reigne,
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 “ For those of bloude and payne?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190
 “ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse 195
 " CHARLES BAWDIN'S name shall bear ;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 " There wythe the farvants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie, 200

" Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe :
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie ;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

QUOD CANYNGE, " 'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die ; 210
 " And from thys world of peyne and grese
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to founde ;
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde :

215

And just before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,
 “ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;
 “ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Christian soule
 “ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ?
 “ Theye washe my soule awaie,
 “ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 “ Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

225

“ Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 “ Untoe the lande of blyffe ;
 “ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,
 “ Receive thys holie kyffe.”

230

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge! 235

“ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

“ Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.” 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe; 245

“ Truste thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race

“ Thatt I theyre fader runne: 250

“ FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!

“ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tressles tere;
 " Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—255
 Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and fwete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyngge ynne the funne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
 Appeared to the fyghte, 270
 Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge HENRIES friends
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seinte JAMESES Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 59

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295
Lyke Easterne princes trickt ;

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge ;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,
“ O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
“ Washe mye soule clean thys daie !”

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare ;

“ Thou

" Thou see'st mee, EDWARDE! traytour vile!

" Expos'd to infamie;

" Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne! 315

" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

" Thou wearest nowe a crowne;

" And hast appoynted mee to dye,

" By power nott thyne owne. 320

" Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;

" I have beene dede 'till nowe,

" And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

" For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeaes, 325

" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!

" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"— 330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge

Kynge EDWARDE's foule rush'd to hys face,
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
 And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335
 Hee thus dydd speke and faie :

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe
 " Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,
 " Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
 " Hee's greater thanne a kynge !" 340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD fayde ;
 " And maye echone oure foes
 " Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 " And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345
 Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre 350
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you see mee dye,

“ For servyngge loyally mye kynge;

355

“ Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande;

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfuller kynge,

“ Whenne ynne aduersitye;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees; 365

A pray'r to Godde dydd make,

Befeechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partyngge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyngge downe, hee layd hys hedde

Most seemlie onne the blocke;

370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
 Ynnto foure parties cutte;
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
 Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hyllé,
 One onne the mynster-tower,
 And one from off the castle-gate
 The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gâte, 385
 A dreery spectacle;
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate:
 Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390
 And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's foule,
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

Æ L L A :

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HENRY THE FIRST
BY
JOHN GILBERT

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THE HISTORY OF THE
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Æ L L A:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTTE
THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN
HOWARD.]

F

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Authoure.*

CELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

HURRA, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

BIRTHA, *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes *bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.*

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

TYS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent
tym,

Whan Reafonn hylt ¹ herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted ³ tyltynge ſpearés to pleaſe the fyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke ⁴
dere ⁵, 5

Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deſtlye ⁶ delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenne,
Butt eeſte ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;
In hallie ⁹ preeſte apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,
Inne lithie ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere ¹² widhout teethe,
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel
ſcathe ¹³.

¹ hid, concealed. ² law. ³ painted. ⁴ much. ⁵ hurt, damage.
⁶ ſweetly. ⁷ cauſe. ⁸ oft. ⁹ holy. ¹⁰ rake, lewd perſon. ¹¹ humble.
¹² adder. ¹³ hurt, damage.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore¹⁴,
 Kenns¹⁵ Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
 Pyghtethe¹⁶ hys knowlacheinge¹⁷ ten yeres or more,¹⁵
 To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem ¹⁸ fynge;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde ¹⁹ hys meneynge
knowes; 20

To maydens, hufwyfes, and unlored ²⁰ dames, 25
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.
 Loughe ²¹ loudlie dynneth ²² from the dolte ²³
 adrames ²⁴;

¹⁴ learning. ¹⁵ knows. ¹⁶ plucks or tortures. ¹⁷ knowledge. ¹⁸ a service used over the dead. ¹⁹ peasant. ²⁰ unlearned. ²¹ laugh. ²² sounds. ²³ foolish. ²⁴ churls. ²⁵ knows.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped ²⁶ fage ²⁷ fomme hard-drayned water
brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beynde ²⁸ hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute fense fulle groffyingelye ²⁹ he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³⁰ you neere be-
gonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe posses,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe ³¹ of faultes, be
less. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-
true.

²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly. ³⁰ if.
³¹ many.

70 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³² tales I holde unmeete;
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
 Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie ³³ mote ne heare,
 Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untylle anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE
CANYNGE.

S TRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
oures,

Nete³⁵ butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelië poesie haft losse yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie³⁶ pycke up wolfsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrade³⁷,
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie³⁸, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great grandfieres
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett fyke³⁹ thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aune;

³⁵ nought. ³⁶ they. ³⁷ esteem. ³⁸ heraldry. ³⁹ such.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
Shee nillynge ⁴⁰ to take myckle ⁴¹ aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunse upponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede ⁴² aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20
Eke, gyf ⁴³ ynto a vew percase ⁴⁴ I tooke
The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem ⁴⁵ al nete lyche ytte I coude rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes ⁴⁶, gyff I faie, onwife 25
Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie ⁴⁷
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenused ⁴⁸ thoughtes of poesie;
Somme drybblette ⁴⁹ share you shoulde to yatte ⁵⁰ alyse ⁵¹,
Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30
Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncey ⁵² dryve yn dolefull course.

⁴⁰ unwilling, ⁴¹ much. ⁴² wisdom, council. ⁴³ if. ⁴⁴ perchance.
⁴⁵ them. ⁴⁶ Greybeards. ⁴⁷ curiously. ⁴⁸ lessened. ⁴⁹ small ⁵⁰ that.
⁵¹ allow. ⁵² cart-horse.

LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 73

Cannyng & I from common course dyffente ;
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yey to hym the reene ;
 Ne wylle betweene crased molteryng bookes be pente,³⁵
 Botte foare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene ;
 And where wee kenn somme ishad⁵³ floures besprente,
 We take ytte, & from ould roust doe ytte clene ;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes foare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore ?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie⁵⁴ bewryen⁵⁵,
 Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so fore,
 A keppered poyntelle⁵⁶ restyng at eche lyne.
 Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more, 45
 An onlist⁵⁷ lecturn⁵⁸, and a songe adygne⁵⁹ ;
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thyng yttis moste bee yttis owne defense ;
 Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50

⁵³ broken. ⁵⁴ elegantly. ⁵⁵ declared, expressed. ⁵⁶ a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius. ⁵⁷ boundless. ⁵⁸ subject. ⁵⁹ nervous, worthy of praise.

Canynge

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poefie, botte fenfe;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full foone I hope to tafte of your good cheere;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee faie, 55
Hee wyfche you healthe & felineffe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRO.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherifaunei ⁶⁰ 'tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced ⁶¹ theyre londe from
 bayne ⁶²,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne ⁶³ everych steyne, 5
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels ⁶⁴ geafonne ⁶⁵ to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys ⁶⁶ castell ⁶⁷ stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
 Then feel'd ⁶⁸ hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To faie what he, as clergyonnd ⁶⁹, can kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

⁶⁰ comfort. ⁶¹ preserved. ⁶² ruin. ⁶³ inter. ⁶⁴ jewels. ⁶⁵ rare.

⁶⁶ Bristol. ⁶⁷ castle. ⁶⁸ closed. ⁶⁹ taught.

Æ L L A,

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites¹ of goulde,
Mee, happelofs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre² 5
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle² canne bewreene³?
Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage
sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene⁴,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde, 10

¹ robes, mantels. ² a pen. ³ exprefs. ⁴ countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnē clothe ywreene⁵,
 Syke⁶ woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.

Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte

Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moſte
 parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr' wythe anere⁷! 15

Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.

Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,

And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes⁸ wyll flea.

Affyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,

To flea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie⁹ friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieſte dyd make me knyghte,

Bleſſyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,

Howe bie mie honde the prevyd¹⁰ Dane ſhoulde blede,

Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁵ covered. ⁶ ſuch. ⁷ another. ⁸ at once. ⁹ mighty. ¹⁰ hardy,
 valourous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer foule;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure ¹¹ as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preeft, the lechemanne of the foule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede ¹² vowe :
 Now hallie Ælla's felyneffe ys grate;
 Shap ¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate ¹⁴.

B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, syke a joie ys myne; 35
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe faie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
 Inne sothe, I have botte needed oute thie faie ¹⁵;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
 yblente ¹⁶, 40

¹¹ violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate. ¹⁴ lessen, decrease.
¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse her lemes ¹⁷ of sylver fente,
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie fwote to bee,
 Enactynge ynn the fame moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste, 45
 Whanne deyde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres ¹⁸,
 Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaste,
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.
 Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
 Alest a daygnous ¹⁹ looke to thee be fente, 50
 And offrendes ²⁰ made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
 Offe scarpes ²¹ of scarlette, & fyne paramente ²²;
 All thie yntente to please was lyfied ²³ to mee,
 I faie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe, 55
 Thie gentleness doth corven them foe grete,
 Lyche bawfyn ²⁴ olyphauntes ²⁵ mie gnattes doe
 shewe;
 Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate ²⁶.

¹⁷ lights, rays. ¹⁸ fellows, equals. ¹⁹ disdainful. ²⁰ presents, offerings. ²¹ scarfs. ²² robes of scarlet. ²³ bounded. ²⁴ large. ²⁵ elephants. ²⁶ destroy.

Botte hann mie aſtyonns ſtraughte²⁷ the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down
to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.

I ammi Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie fwete, for aie.

BIRTH A.

Love, doe notte rate your achievements²⁸ foe small; 65

As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare ;

For nothyngē paste wille Birthā ever call,

Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70

Be notte toe flacke yn love, ne overdeare;

A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde²⁹ kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meynste of
menne.

²⁷ stretched. ²⁸ services. ²⁹ memory, understanding.

ÆLLA,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75

Oft maie the moone, yn ſylverr ſheenynge lyghte,

Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,

Befprengeynge far abrode miſchaunces nyghte;

And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, fo
bryghte,

Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80

Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,

Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!

I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,

Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe
ſtronge, 85

Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

G

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr ³⁰ fwayne;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre ³¹, I wylle goe,
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³²,
 Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
 Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
 Here we'lle fyttre, yn dewie danke;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

³⁰ Shepherd. ³¹ deceiver. ³² meadows.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyelles schulde ne bee, 100
Inne the fwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle ³³ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ³⁴, greie morn larke, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie ³⁵,
Tellynge lecturnyes ³⁶ to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

³³ The black bird. ³⁴ Gold-finch. ³⁵ loudly. ³⁶ lectures.

G 2

M A N N E.

M A N N E,

See alonge the mees so grene
 Pied daifies, kynge-coppes fwote;
 Alle wee fee, bie non bee feene,
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepfter fwayne, you tare mie gratche ³⁷. 115
 Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

M A N N E.

See! the crokyngē brionie
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie; 120
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and fynge to lovyngē ayres;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee; 125
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

³⁷ Apparel.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Drooried cattles wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte beé ywrynde,
Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng; ;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe fynge,
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes ³⁸, thoſ honde yn honde, 140
Unto diviniſtre ³⁹ goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

³⁸ At once. ³⁹ a divine.

G 3

M A N N E.

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle ^{4o} lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
 Wee ynn godeneffe wylle bee greate. 150

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynge telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynge are botte fewe, I trowe.

^{1o} A cottage.

M Y N.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde ⁴¹, wee have; and, gyff you please, wille
fynge, 151
As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the frynge,
And stret ⁴², and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle frayne owre wytte and fynge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh ⁴³ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁴¹ Lord. ⁴² stretch. ⁴³ tender.

The trees enlesed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheftlyng dynne
 ys brought. 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
 I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 170
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styлле.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde;
 Ynn Womman alleynes mannes pleasaunce lyes;
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyl have a charme for thee.

THYRDE

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake ⁴⁴ and sonne-brente doe
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lese,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to foltylle the yere, 180
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle ground; 185
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme
care.

⁴⁴ Naked.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde; 190
 Angelles alleyne fromme chafe ⁴⁵ desyre bee free;
 Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
 Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;
 Ne feynde yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
 tere ⁴⁶,
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne
 fayre: 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte
 manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
 Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200
 The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
 Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,
 Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205

⁴⁵ Hot. ⁴⁶ health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee fwythyn ⁴⁷ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marriage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was
knyttynge, 210
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cheryfauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.

⁴⁷ Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente
 shee; 230
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelic embracynge,

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
 There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped ⁴⁸ jeaste;
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

⁴⁸Laughable.

Comme,

'A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spoufe-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreynēd ⁴⁹ everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste, 240
Are ragyng, to be quanfed ⁵⁰ bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dysportyſmente to warr to ron, 250
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne!

⁴⁹ Drowned.

⁵⁰ Stilled, quenched.

BIRTHA.

B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schafte of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
 Botte kenn the dynne of flughornes from asarre. 255

Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesstes
 to eate?

O mie upswalyng⁵¹ harte, whatt wordes can saie
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie, 260
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
 And for a bodykyn⁵² a swarthe obteyne? 265

⁵¹ Swelling.⁵² Body, substance.

O! whie,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 95

O! whie, yee feynctes, opprefs yee thos mie fowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole!

C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flices awaie.
Thann, loverde, lett me faie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counfelle faie; 271
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen ⁵³ laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poynte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the fabbataners goe aboute. 275
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyse.

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells ⁵⁴ yn mie harte;
Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herfelle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

⁵³ Still, dead.

⁵⁴ arrows, darts.

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of fyke blackea geare. 285
 Yette I wylle bee miefelfe, and rouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
 I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll
 drayne, 295
 Gyff drierie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
 For wyth thie femmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

Æ L L A :

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 97

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn
stele, 300
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsumme ^{ss} to hys fyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou prycest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeyttè the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy
morte.

Æ L L A.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woës, as starres
ybrente,
Headed bie these wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310
Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

^{ss} Terrible.

H

Of

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yā all
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde?
 Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

Æ L L A.

Thou kenneffe welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
 yeares; 320
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a fyngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
 Thie bledeynge cuntrye, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untyll thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette of oure lorde the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtyng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted ⁵⁶ Ælla, thie abredynge ⁵⁷ blynge ⁵⁸.
'Twas love of thee thatte foule intentē ywrynde. 335
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted ⁵⁹ harte the lover and the friende.

⁵⁶ Offended. ⁵⁷ upbraiding. ⁵⁸ ceaſe. ⁵⁹ ſwollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
 flyghte, 340
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldeste mee recreand doe;
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweetlie goe,
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele; 345
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of
 warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wyllt goe; O mie agroted harte!

Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muſte awaie;
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be fedde bie
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme⁶⁰ to accaie⁶¹,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

B I R T H A.

Difficile⁶² ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaſte.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher fwaie.

Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,

Shappe foulle thos hathe ſnatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhoue an ounde of feares and breaſte wyth fyghes
ytorne.

⁶⁰ Torture.

⁶¹ affwage.

⁶² difficult.

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe ; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyfe yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla fee, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes ⁶³ he nowe muste leave
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token fende ;
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and
 friende. 375

Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E
speaking.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
 lynge ⁶⁴ ;
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; but yette I cannotte goe.

⁶⁴ Jewels. ⁶⁵ stay.

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 103

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380
Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, brasste, brasste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385
I'm flyynge from miefelfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alafs! percase he's gone for aie.

C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fuster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390
 Whyche farre abroad ynnē gentle ayre doe flie,
 Meetyngē from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ⁶⁵ ynnē a myste, and wyth thyne ^{eyne}
 yblente,

Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ⁶⁶;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde
 aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
 Awhaped ⁶⁷ atte the fetyveness of daie; 400
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
 Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

⁶⁵ Wrapped closely, covered. ⁶⁶ fastened. ⁶⁷ astonish'd.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 105

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne ? there's Celmonde yn the place :

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face. 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse ;

Blake ⁶⁸ stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee
alyse,

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne ?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastness fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest ⁶⁹ thie levynne-bronde ;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the
gare ; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde ;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

⁶⁸ Naked.

⁶⁹ Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie braſteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a ſhadowes ſhade,
A thyng of wychenref, an idle dreme; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute ſpytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who eſte kenne the loude dynne of the
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr ſoules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayſe.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, ſteel mie ſable ſpyte,

For fremde 70 and dolefulle dede. 430

70 Strange.

MAGNUS,

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.

M A G N U S.

SWYTHE ⁷¹ lette the offrendes ⁷² to the Goddes
 begynne,
 To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
 Potte the blodde-steined sword and payes ynne;
 Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435
 Delethe feasonnes foule or fayre,
 Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
 The mone yn bloddie gyttelles ⁷³ hylte,
 Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
 Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

⁷¹ Quickly. ⁷² offerings. ⁷³ mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
 Storven to be overest,
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,
 Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde, 445
 Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
 To mee send your heste dyvyne,
 Lyghte eletten ⁷⁴ all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyse
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize. 450

[falleth downe and este rysethe.]

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
 Forr there shall meynthe of mytte menne bee slayne.

M A G N U S,

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
 Este have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte, 455
 Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste.

⁷⁴ Enlighten.

As

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 109

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
 The dyngeynge ounde the fandeie stronde doe tare,
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
 Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie
 spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

H U R R A.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of found, and
 eke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465
 The cocke faiethe dreste ⁷⁵, yett armed ys he alleyne.
 Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have fayne
 Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
 Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
 myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
 Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage
 stonde.

⁷⁵ Least.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ⁷⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,
 And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the fouldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

⁷⁶ Against.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 111

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
 Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
 Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
 Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can
 feare.

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
 Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd
 wryte, 495
 And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
 'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
 Left I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche ⁷⁷ myckle
 woe. 500
 Oh! I bee madde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage;
 Ne feas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte
 affwage.

⁷⁷ Work.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness ⁷⁸
 To thee and recreandes ⁷⁹) thondered on the playne,
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510
 A ronnynge pryze onn feynste daie to ordayne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
 wylle gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylst
 yyngge, 515
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

⁷⁸ Terror. ⁷⁹ cowards.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 113

Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched leynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes
devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kyng, 525
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge leynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele⁸⁰. 530
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

⁸⁰ Wave.

I

M A G-

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder fynke toe helle!
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.
 Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
 Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſetre felle;
 Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyſfregate.

H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,
 The fede of malyce and recendize al.
 Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes; 545
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooſe canſt calle.
 Thou beeſt a worme ſo groſſile and ſo ſmal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550
 I Hurra amme mieſel, & aie wyll be,
 As greate yn valourous aſtes, & yn commande as thee.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynne your contekions ⁸¹, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded ⁸² foe, 555
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
Seemynge as tho' theie flynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

⁸¹ Contentions. ⁸² frightened.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styng as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard⁸³ thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the foldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
goode. 570

H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

⁸³ Lose.

The

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoaste 575
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & foe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie ryfynge feare!

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne ⁸⁴. 580
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste foe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wyll burne, 585
Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eider fyde wyll bee,
Mie harte I wyll upryſe, & inne the battelle flea.

⁸⁴ Child.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere; 595
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the perfante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600
Friends, kynne, & soldieryres, ynne blacke armore
drere,

Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged⁸⁵ isle,
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hungerde soyle, 605
 And townes enlowed⁸⁶ lemed⁸⁷ oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
 Oure sonnes lie storven⁸⁸ ynne theyre smethynge
 gore;
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
 These roynnerres of oure hallie houses flea;
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame, 615
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee,
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
 Swepte as the rodde for-weltrynge⁸⁹ levyn-bronde,
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620

⁸⁵ Fate-scourged. ⁸⁶ flamed, fired. ⁸⁷ lighted. ⁸⁸ dead.
⁸⁹ blasting.

Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And frev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, 625
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe,
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streame,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters⁹⁰ the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende⁹¹ fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublied moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

⁹⁰ swallows, sucks in.

⁹¹ unaccustomed.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the
playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
fleene, 645
Lyche[a] loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow
flepte. 650
Yourselfes, youre chyl dren, & youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or
die.

I faie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle faie;
Your spryte wylle wryne, thatte Brystow ys yer
place;

To

To honoures houle I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne ;
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne. 660
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe
 deathe.

S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

C E L M O N D E.

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;
 Go, & fytt crowned on corfes of the flayne ;
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe. 670

S O L-

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble fprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer mafter telle.

Swepte as the rayne-ftorme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon thefe royners felle.

Oure mowynge fwerdes fhalle plunge hem downe to
helle;

Theyre throngynge corfes fhall onlyghte the ftarres;
The barrowes braftyng wythe the fleene fchall fwelle,
Brynnynge ⁹² to commynge tymes our famous
warres; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenyng abroad, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte fhall faie,
Echone wylle maruelle atte the dernie dede,

⁹² Declaring.

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes founde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfynge
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 125

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonne comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade; 695

Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?

See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade, 700

Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.

Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete;

Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle⁹³ marke the goeynge of
my feete.

⁹³ Shall.

T H Y R D E

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn fayles of flame.
 The burl'd Dacyannes, who were ynne the fame,
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
 The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblyng yield yer
 breathe;
 Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle
 slayne.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente⁹⁴ havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715
 Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote
 goe.
 Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,
 Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,

⁹⁴ Coward.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne⁹⁵;

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengge fadde dethe &
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch ourefelves there-
ynne; 725

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

⁹⁵ Retreat.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her fable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
 The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure
 steyne, 740
 Sheenyng upon the borne ⁹⁶ whyche stondeth bie;
 The souldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

⁹⁶ Burnish.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres ;
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
 Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre ;
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayse & rennome fwelles ;
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge streame,
 Syche dyd the mormryng founde of the whol armie
 seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme
 tare,
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshe feere,
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were, 760
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryng,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym
fledde.

The battelle jyned; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd
rynge;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee; 765

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed⁹⁷ foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge; saie nee;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette fonke uponne the playne;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle!

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere

⁹⁷ Frighted.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons
ſtonde,
Lyche bulles, whose ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte ys
fledde; 785
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes
deadde.

After hys aſte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemenn
bledde; 790
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-
 fraie. 795

Sweste, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 flie;

Sweste, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressynge behynde, the Englysche foldyerres slaie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyfhe menne remayne;

Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the fleetre staie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtynge beyng done, I came awaie,
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
 Mie fervant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805

Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
course,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quicke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
heere—awaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the toun
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne⁹⁸—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

⁹⁸ Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morthur, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wyll holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be
torne.

BRYSTOWE.

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere⁹⁹. 835
Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure fellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, & brynie teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied reste.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;
Perchaunce the swotie founde maie chafe your wiere⁹⁹
awaie.

⁹⁹ Grief.

K 4

B I R T H A,

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES,

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ¹⁰⁰ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne ¹⁰¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode ¹⁰² as the fommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde, 855
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

¹⁰⁰ Running. ¹⁰¹ hair, ¹⁰² complexion.

Defte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftote, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge, 865

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

Nee

Nee one hallie Seyncte to fave
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie ftylle fchalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I fcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feafte by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

895

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes ¹⁰³,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

¹⁰³ Water-flags.

I die ;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 139

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte
please;

Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all
ease. 905

Æ L L A,

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a
stede!

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for
flyghte; 910

Swefte as mie wyshe, & as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme
myne eie! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &
bleffe;

On

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede ¹⁰⁴, yanne bie the fame thyng
warmd,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less.

'Tys Birtha's los whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers ¹⁰⁵ yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

¹⁰⁴ Frozen, cold.

¹⁰⁵ horse courſers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are styll;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryfte ¹⁰⁶ sprytes the fylente letten ¹⁰⁷ fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynnyng ynne the dreame;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 930
Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynnyng streame,
Att the fwote banquette I wyll swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungerr waytethe
here. 935

¹⁰⁶ Risen. ¹⁰⁷ church-yard.

CEL-

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee feynctes! I hope thou haste goode
newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys losste; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyues; & styll maie use
The behylte ¹⁰⁸ bleffynge of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydyng thenne haue I to feare? 940
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

¹⁰⁸ Promised.

CEL.

C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
 In Wedecester's wallid toun he lyes.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted breast!

C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's prefence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
 I flie; newe wynges doe from mie fchoulderrs fprynge.

C E L M O N D E.

Mie ftede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweftlie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweetlie caparisons for rydyngge brynge; 950
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the styngge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythyne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys
bloode, 960
Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle
cheere;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ¹⁰⁹;
You doe hys spryte, & alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes
fmoke. 965

¹⁰⁹ Life.

L

B I R-

B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferfe bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee; 970
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enfeme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the
 waie. 975

A W O D E.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 147

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,

Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;

Whatterverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle flea,

Spreddyng our ugfomme rennome to asarre.

Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee
are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;

On everich breafte yn gorie letteres scarre,

Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie
dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,

Eftefoones we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne
moere. 985

L z

The

The battelle losse, a battelle was yndede;
 Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moſte ſaie hys myghte;
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loſs wylle paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn
 fyghte;
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,
 deſtroie;—

Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
 The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes
 rende, 1000
 Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Dawne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof fende,
Besprengynge alle abrode fadde warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle fle;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merknefs doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie ¹¹⁰ the fable brayde; 1010
Wyde ys the fylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

¹¹⁰ Scarcely, sparingly.

L 3

BIR-

B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
 Faygne would I fee once moe the roddie lemes of
 daie. 1015

C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
 Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore ⁱⁱⁱ, dothe
 ſheene, 1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
 See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
 Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

ⁱⁱⁱ Torch.

Thys

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou meneft, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betraſte ¹¹²? where ys mie Ælla, faie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

¹¹² Betrayed.

B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders flynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the feynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha styll wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce
 brooke. 1045

B I R T H A.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie ¹¹³ fedde.

¹¹³ Letchery.

Swythynne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further faie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee feynctes! & shal I wronge mie Zella's bedde, 1050
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
thyngge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte!
Or welkyn ¹¹⁴ & her starres wyll take a maydens
parte. 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seefonne wylle your bloshes hylte ¹¹⁵.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was
spylte! 1060

¹¹⁴ heaven.

¹¹⁵ hide.

C E L-

C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wysche-bee kinde, & nete alse hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder
 heare.

1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

C E L M O N D E, B I R T H A, H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
 I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte-bee theere?

C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

H U R R A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 155

H U R R A.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis fete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! fave mee from thys royner heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe faie thie name & londe;
Or fwythyne schall mie fwerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous ¹¹⁶ honde.

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie ftrynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghte al anenfte Celmonde, meynte Danes be sleath,
and faletb to Hurra.*]

¹¹⁶ Furious.

C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forslagen ¹¹⁷ be! ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslage youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.

H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080
 Saie, who bee you?

B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

H U R R A.

Ah!

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

¹¹⁷ flain.

Bie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ¹¹⁸ you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal
woe. 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter
dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee styll.

¹¹³ Adultery.

Botte

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyne;
 The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? 1100
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian felde,
 Botte hee behylte the flughorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytyfnd, yn felde dyd bee,
 Hee oathed you to bee styлле, & strayte dydd sette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forflege ¹¹⁹ hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's flave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
 Bewrynnne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?

¹¹⁹ Slay.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;
Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe
mee. 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleffynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve !
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges
bee !
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea.
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;
Maie ne thie cross-stone ¹²⁰ of thie cryme bewree !
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !
Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene ;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;
The feynthe rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chafe the merkyness of nyghte awaie ;

¹²⁰ Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the
daie; 1130

The fofte dewe falleth onne the greeynge graffe;

The fhepfter mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante ¹²¹ fees her vyfage yn the wavie glaffe;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee fcalfe Ælla fee,

Or Bryftowes wallyd towne; damoyfelle, followe
mee. 1135

¹²¹ Scarce.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 161

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURS.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste
nyghte

To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylste I goe oppè, & wake mie slepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.

Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne
more. 1145

M

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of thee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 163

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynstes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys fhee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.

Where ys fhee? fwythynne speeke, or instante thou
shalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

M 2

EGWINA.

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

E G W I N A.

To thee, her spoufe alleyne ¹²². 1160
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere ¹²³,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
 wheere. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge! thou lyeft; thou art her
 ayde
 To chere her lousfe;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

¹²² Only, alone.

¹²³ Search.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

E G W I N A.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie
domme. 1175

Æ L L A, E G W I N A, S E R V Y T O U R E.

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

M 3

Downe

Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the
reste

1180

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade,

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned ¹²⁴ headde I hanne been Ælla
fyllle.

1185

Thys alleyn was unburl'd ¹²⁵ of alle mie spryte;
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ¹²⁶
wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie honneur yette somme drybblet joie maie
fynde,

1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome ¹²⁷ & mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

¹²⁴ Cursed, tormented. ¹²⁵ unarmed. ¹²⁶ soft, gentle.
¹²⁷ renown.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie hufcarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be stylle: flythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle!
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
M 4 Botte,

168 Æ L L A:

Botte, ah! shee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shee moste bee.

Æ L L A.

Ah! faie notte foe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblic
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,
BIRTHA, HURRA,

Æ L L A.

Ah! Birtha here!

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 169

Æ L L A,

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A,

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge fee. 1270

Thie foulnefs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes ¹²⁸.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee.

Æ L L A,

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

¹²⁸ Un-fouls.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to
thee. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenfte a burled fwayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynnie mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoifelle foughte to be here agayne; 1220
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne,

C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle,

Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! the ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could
Ælla feare? 1225

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wyllle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste, 1230
To Watchette towne, where you deceafynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd faie;
The Danes—

Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.—

[*dieth.*

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spoufal
bedde. 1235

[*Birtha feynēth.*

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyng toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losse.

Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,

A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;

Further, a just amede to thee to bee,

Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge
of thee. 1245

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie *T. Rowleie*, the Authoure.

GODDWYN, bie *Johan de Iscamme*.

ELWARDE, bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN, bie Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNGE EDWARDE, bie Mastre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnstrells*.

P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME¹ bie pensmenne² moke³ ungentle⁴
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge⁵ hymme of faie⁶ and fame;
Unliart⁷ divinistres⁸ haveth faide,

Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie⁹ wurche¹⁰; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne¹¹ the church.

The aucthoure¹² of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte¹³ a clergyon¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawyng of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn¹⁵ a kyng mote¹⁶ bee full pleased to nyghte.¹⁰
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champion¹⁷ anie onne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² writers, historians. ³ much. ⁴ inglorious.
⁵ bereaving. ⁶ faith. ⁷ unforgiving. ⁸ divines, clergymen, monks.
⁹ holy. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ not. ¹² author. ¹³ though, notwithstanding.
¹⁴ clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ entyn, even. ¹⁶ might. ¹⁷ challenge.

G O D D W Y N ;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde ¹⁸ !

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ¹⁹ riseth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.
Theie batten ²¹ onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude
dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ foes, enemies. ²⁰ devour, destroy. ²¹ fatten.

H A R O L D E .

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme²² blyn²³, ne aledge²⁴ stonde; 5
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore :
 Am I betrassed²⁵, fyke²⁶ shulde mie burlie²⁷ bronde
 Depeyncte²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte²⁹ ful welle ; gentle thou art,
 Stringe³⁰, ugsomme³¹, rou³², as smethynge³³ armyes
 feeme ; 10
 Yett este³⁴, I feare, thie chefes³⁵ toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme³⁷.
 What tydynges from the kynge ?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge³⁸ trayne.

²² Grievance; a sence of it. ²³ cease, be still. ²⁴ idly. ²⁵ deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ so. ²⁷ fury, anger, rage. ²⁸ paint, display. ²⁹ foul. ³⁰ strong. ³¹ terrible. ³² horrid, grim. ³³ smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ oft. ³⁵ heat, rashness. ³⁶ counsel, wisdom. ³⁷ strength, also strong. ³⁸ taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydynges withe the foulke³⁹?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap⁴⁰, stylle toe the
 kynge
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
 stynges? 20
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie⁴¹ prayde.

³⁹ People. ⁴⁰ fate, destiny. ⁴¹ nobly.

Moste we those calke⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre?²⁵
 Thos croche⁴³ oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne⁴⁴,
 Unburled⁴⁵, undelievre⁴⁶, unespryte⁴⁷?
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk⁴⁸ thoughte of peyne,
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untillle somme season fyttē. 30
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
 Adented⁴⁹ prowess⁵⁰ to the gite⁵¹ of witte,
 Agayne the argent⁵² horse shall daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge⁵³ wanhope⁵⁴
 lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe⁵⁵. 35
 Whylste Edwardē to thie sonnes wyllē nete alyse⁵⁶,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe⁵⁷?
 Upponne the trone⁵⁸ I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowē to pyghte⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Cast. ⁴³ cros, from crouche, a cros. ⁴⁴ attempt, or endeavour. ⁴⁵ unarmed. ⁴⁶ unactive. ⁴⁷ unspirited. ⁴⁸ such. ⁴⁹ fastened, annexed. ⁵⁰ might, power. ⁵¹ mantle, or robe. ⁵² white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. ⁵³ distracting. ⁵⁴ despair. ⁵⁵ bleed. ⁵⁶ allow. ⁵⁷ ease. ⁵⁸ throne. ⁵⁹ pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kynge. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beſeies ⁶⁰ thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;
 Servynge thie leegefolcke ⁶¹ thou arte ſervynge Godde.

H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
 The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe aſcende. 45
 The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries
 Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven aſtende ⁶⁵.
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
 Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe theſe Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
 ſhalle bee;
 Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie ſwerde ſhalle
 brende ⁷⁰; 50
 Lyche fallynge ſoſte rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea⁷²;
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle defayte⁷³;
 Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empyrize⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
 pyones ſtrayte.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶¹ ſubjects. ⁶² contentions, complaints. ⁶³ choke.
⁶⁴ dark, cloudy. ⁶⁵ aſtoniſh. ⁶⁶ cut off, deſtroyed. ⁶⁷ ſlaves.
⁶⁸ loud roaring. ⁶⁹ flame of fire. ⁷⁰ burn, conſume. ⁷¹ them.
⁷² flay. ⁷³ decay. ⁷⁴ make ready. ⁷⁵ enterprize.

G O D D W Y N.

This suffer—

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55

I wulde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie femlykeene ⁷⁹,

And fouldie mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸².

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Upriste ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & cause unkend ⁸⁷,

Behefte ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding. ⁷⁷ foes. ⁷⁸ mangle, destroy. ⁷⁹ beauty, countenance. ⁸⁰ an ancient sword. ⁸¹ fury. ⁸² cease. ⁸³ deadly. ⁸⁴ lake. ⁸⁵ swollen. ⁸⁶ hidden. ⁸⁷ unknown. ⁸⁸ command. ⁸⁹ still.

The gule-steynst⁹⁰ brygandyne⁹¹, the adventayle⁹²,
The feerie anlace⁹² brede⁹³ shal make mie gare⁹⁴ pre-
vayle.

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites⁹⁵ unfree, 65

Here liethe Normans coupynge⁹⁶ her bie lotte,

Caltyfnyng⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre⁹⁸,

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous⁹⁹ wulde hem
flee¹;

Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme²;

Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70

Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streame.

Eftsoones I wylle bewryne³ mie ragefulle ire,

And Goddis anlace⁴ wielde yn furie dyre.

⁹⁰ Red-stained. ⁹¹ ⁹² parts of armour. ⁹³ broad. ⁹⁴ cause.
⁹⁵ rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ forbidding. ⁹⁸ grow.
⁹⁹ furious. ¹ flay. ² strength. ³ declare. ⁴ sword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster ⁵ hym ordeyne; 75
Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ¹¹
reaulme;
Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80
To yelde the spoiles, and alleynes were the heaulme:
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ more worthy. ⁷ pulled, plucked. ⁸ displayed.
⁹ over-righteous. ¹⁰ counfelled, more wise. ¹¹ uncareful, neglected.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boutte ytte strayte;
 Bete ¹² mee to flea ¹³ myself, ytte shalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle swythynne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 sonne.

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ go
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts swolyng ²¹ owndes ²² shalle bee;
 Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryfe:
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agram ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pande for blodde, and sheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹² Bid, command. ¹³ flay. ¹⁴ presently. ¹⁵ explain. ¹⁶ grie-
 vances. ¹⁷ branch. ¹⁸ wet, moist. ¹⁹ fen, moor. ²⁰ drained.
²¹ swelling. ²² waves. ²³ grievance. ²⁴ assemble. ²⁵ broad.

A T R A G E D I E. 185

As the ybroched²⁶ moon, when blaunch²⁷ she dyghtes²⁸
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tieft²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests³¹ a castle-stede³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke³³ yiere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare³⁴ wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe fyke a nomber wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes³⁵ the spreddynge kyngedomme
 bynde.

²⁶ Horned. ²⁷ white. ²⁸ decks. ²⁹ mightiest, most valiant.
³⁰ slain. ³¹ oversets. ³² a castle. ³³ revenge. ³⁴ cause. ³⁵ at
 once.

No

No crouched ³⁶ champyone wythe an harte moe
feygne 110

Dyd yffue owte the hallie ³⁷ fwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
Plle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
Plle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason ³⁸ wronges bee reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
pryme; 120
Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge ⁴⁰ yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde;

³⁶ One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.
³⁷ holy. ³⁸ rare, extraordinary, strange. ³⁹ run, shot up. ⁴⁰ as-
sembling, gathering. ⁴¹ bursteth. ⁴² dry, barren.

Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
 And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
 arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
 Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele ⁴⁵ shal
 calle.

⁴³ Mighty. ⁴⁴ flain. ⁴⁵ help.

K Y N G E

K Y N G E E D W A R D E A N D H Y S Q U E E N E.

Q U E E N E,

BOTTE, loverde ⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
 These browded ⁴⁷ straungers alwaie doe appere, 130
 Theie parte yor trone ⁴⁸, and sete at your ryghte
 honde,

K Y N G E,

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie ⁴⁹ kepe;
 Theie dyd mee feeeste, and did embowre ⁵⁰ me gronde;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not
 used in England till Hen. II. ⁴⁸ throne. ⁴⁹ person, body.
⁵⁰ lodge.

Q U E E N E.

QUEENE.

Mancas⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte;
 Your leege-folcke⁵² make moke⁵³ dole⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe asterte⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I heste⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes⁵⁹ are ystorven⁶⁰ to self endes; 140
 No denwere⁶¹ yn mie breste I of them fele:
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

QUEENE.

I leeeve youe to doe homage heaven-were⁶³;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks. ⁵² subjects. ⁵³ much. ⁵⁴ lamentation. ⁵⁵ neglected,
 or passed by. ⁵⁶ require, ask. ⁵⁷ holy. ⁵⁸ help. ⁵⁹ will. ⁶⁰ dead.
⁶¹ doubt. ⁶² waves. ⁶³ heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E.

K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges
thee here?

H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente⁶⁴;
The hus dyspenſe⁶⁵ unpaied doe appere; 150
The laſte receivure⁶⁶ ys eſteſoones⁶⁷ diſpente⁶⁸.

K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weſte.

H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte⁶⁹ Erle Harolde of the thyng; 155
He rayfed hys honde, and ſmoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte meſſage to the kynge.

⁶⁴ Purſe, uſed here probably as a treaſury. ⁶⁵ expence. ⁶⁶ receipt. ⁶⁷ ſoon. ⁶⁸ expended. ⁶⁹ a contraction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte seefon fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee ;
Botte nowē the folcke doe foe enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne ftrevvynge to flea hymme, ourfelves wee flea ; 160
Syke ys the doughtyness ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle ftore of marckes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the fame ;
He fweeres he wyllē notte fwelle the Normans ent. 165

⁷⁰ Diveft. ⁷¹ embrace. ⁷² mightiness. ⁷³ counfel.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaundé.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
 Such ſtedneſs ⁷⁴ in the yll and evylle thyngé,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ⁷⁵, 170
 Onknowlachyngé ⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvellé ⁷⁷ of a kyngé!
 O Edwardé, thou deſerveſt purer leege ⁷⁸;
 To thee heie ⁷⁹ ſhulden al theire mancas brynge;
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb ⁸⁰
 forſlege ⁸¹. 175
 I amme no curriedowe ⁸², I lacke no wite ⁸³,
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is
 ryghte.

⁷⁴ Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. ⁷⁵ doubt, ſuſpenſe. ⁷⁶ not knowing.
⁷⁷ wonder. ⁷⁸ homage, obeyſance. ⁷⁹ they. ⁸⁰ frown. ⁸¹ kill.
⁸² curridowe, flatterer. ⁸³ reward.

K Y N G E.

A T R A G E D I E. 193

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acquyre yer
bredde.

⁸⁴ holy. ⁸⁵ help. ⁸⁶ allow. ⁸⁷ manors. ⁸⁸ alone.

O

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steined veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe funge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;
 She hearde the voice of deathe;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ²;
 She hearde onflemed ³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁴ speere,
 On hie she jeste ⁵ her sheelde, 195
 Her foemen ⁶ all appere,
 And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.
 Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head.
⁹ stretched.

A T R A G E D I E. 195

Alyche¹⁰ twaie¹¹ brendeynge¹² gronfyres¹³ rolls hys
eyes, 200

Chaftes¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wieldyng her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,

Wytt ſcillye¹⁵ wympled¹⁶ gies¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddyng ſheelde ys
gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld¹⁸,

ariſt¹⁹, 210

Hys feerie heaulme²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſte —

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like. ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteors. ¹⁴ beats, ſtamps.
¹⁵ cloſely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides. ¹⁸ armed. ¹⁹ aroſe.
²⁰ helmet.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

B O O K E Ist.

WHANNE Scythyanes, saluage as the wolves
theie chacde,

Peyncted in horrowe ² formes bie nature dyghte,

Heckled ³ yn beaſtſkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,

And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,

Sweſte as deſcendeynge lemes ⁴ of roddie lyghte ⁵

Plonged to the hultred ⁵ bedde of laveynge ſeas,

Gerd ⁶ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets ⁷

twighte ⁸,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,

Whoſe eyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred

deſs ⁹,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched ¹⁰ clefs. 10

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems. ² unſeemly, diſagreeable. ³ wrapped. ⁴ rays. ⁵ hidden, ſecret. ⁶ broke, rent. ⁷ ſmall pieces. ⁸ pulled, rent. ⁹ vapours, metcours. ¹⁰ emblaunched.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS, &c. 197

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles ¹¹
 The salvage natyves fawe a shyppe appere;
 An uncouth ¹² denwere ¹³ to theire bosomme steles;
 Theyre myghte ys knopped ¹⁴ ynne the froste of fere.
 The headed javlyn liffeth ¹⁵ here and there; 15
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
 The shyppes fayle, boleynge ¹⁶ wythe the kyndelie
 ayre,

Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stonde
 A burled ¹⁷ Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn
 honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres ¹⁸, whose
 fwerdes

Glestred lyke gledeynge ¹⁹ starres ynne frostie nete,
 Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge ²⁰ wordes
 Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
 The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;

¹¹ Ridges, rising waves. ¹², ¹³ unknown tremour. ¹⁴ fastened,
 chained, congealed. ¹⁵ boundeth. ¹⁶ swelling. ¹⁷ armed. ¹⁸ com-
 panions. ¹⁹ livid. ²⁰ a confused noise.

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the fyghte;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 swaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myndes,
 Leggende ²³ the salvage unthewes ²⁴ of their breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons fonke to æterne reste.
 Eftfoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente ²⁷;
 Halceld ²⁸ the bykrous ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeste
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
 As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was
 honge,

He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede,
 Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;

²¹ Anointed. ²² enlightened. ²³ alloyed. ²⁴ savage barbarity.
²⁵ mystic. ²⁶ polished. ²⁷ a princely robe. ²⁸ defeated. ²⁹ warring.

Bloushing,

Bloufhing, alyche ³⁰ the fcarlette of herr wede,
 She fonke to pleafauce on the marryage bedde.
 Eftfoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde ; 45
 Elft rid ametten with the kynge Locryne ;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her fhedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;
 The mornynge tyng, the rofe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love ;
 Theie lyved foft momentes to a fwotie ³¹ age ;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre difporte engage ;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymrofen floure to decke theyre headde ;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewrecke ³⁵ her bedde ;
 Theie rofe ; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene ;
 The faire Elft rida fledde from the enchafed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like. ³¹ fweet. ³² oft. ³³ a tale. ³⁴ affembled. ³⁵ re-
 venge. ³⁶ heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ³⁷ pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ³⁸
 and gear;
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-
 grate ³⁹. 70

The queene Gendolyne fente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng 40
 skies,
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swepte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Mighty. ³⁸ apparel. ³⁹ esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ glittering. ⁴¹ set-
 tled. ⁴² help. ⁴³ adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
 Tyll mooveyng to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
 Thorowe the fandie grave boiled up the purple
 founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieyng the rounyng course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ guide. ⁴⁶ tost. ⁴⁷ astonish. ⁴⁸ glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ lessen, alloy. ⁵⁰ hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde⁵². 100

The bawfyn⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynghe lee,
 The roddie levynne⁵⁵ glesterd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes⁵⁷ were
 fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Styllie does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ⁵² hid, covered. ⁵³ huge, bulky. ⁵⁴ dispatched. ⁵⁵ red lightning. ⁵⁶ cruel. ⁵⁷ flames, rays.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY¹,
1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie fun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees² did caste his raie;
The apple rodded³ from its palie greene,
And the mole⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri⁵ funge the livelong daie; 5
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte⁶ in its mose defte⁷
aumere⁸.

The fun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ripened. ⁴ soft. ⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ drest, arrayed. ⁷ neat, ornamental. ⁸ a loose robe or mantle. ⁹ the sky, the atmosphere.

When

204 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the sunnis fctive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede,
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
 Longe bretful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷ flie? 20
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade!

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once. ¹³ beauteous. ¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ¹⁵ beggarly. ¹⁶ filled with. ¹⁷ beggar. ¹⁸ clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ dry, fapless.

Haste

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ²⁰, afshrewed ²¹
manne !

Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ bedde. ²⁵
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves ;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;
The forswat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and drenche ²⁶ the
raine ; ³⁰
The comyng ghaſtneſs do the cattle pall ²⁷,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;
Daſhde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe ;
The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies ;
And the hot fierie ſmothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹
dies. ³⁵

Liſte ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² ſound
Cheves ³³ ſlowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave. ²¹ accursed, unfortunate. ²² coffin. ²³ a sleeping room. ²⁴ sun-burnt. ²⁵ smoke. ²⁶ drink. ²⁷ pall, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ²⁸ fly. ²⁹ lightning. ³⁰ steam, or vapours. ³¹ flames. ³² noisy. ³³ moves. ³⁴ swelled, strengthened.

206 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie fpyre, and lofft, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard³⁵ eare of terroure hanges;
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen fwanges; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are brafte³⁶ attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
 His chapournette³⁷ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his pencte³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll³⁹ at the fame;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide.

His cope⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autremete⁴² was edged with golden twynne,

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ burst. ³⁷ a small round hat, not unlike the
 shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.
³⁸ painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression
 to signify cursing. ⁴⁰ poor, needy. ⁴¹ a cloke. ⁴² a loose white
 robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke a lovers ⁴³ mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55
For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim faide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer; 60
Helpeles and ould am I alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give; 65
Mie porter never lets a faitour ⁴⁵ in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
stryve,
And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and estsoones roade
awaie. 70

⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed. ⁴⁵ a beggar, or vagabond.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
 His cope and jape ⁴⁶ were graie, and eke were clene ;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ; 75
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosened his pouche threade,
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁷ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe ⁴⁸ thie care ;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we
 bare.

But ah ! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my semecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I see ;

⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ joy. ⁴⁸ ease. ⁴⁹ nought. ⁵⁰ unhappy. ⁵¹ a short under-cloke.

Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure⁵²,
Or give the mittee⁵³ will, or give the gode man power:

⁵² Glory. ⁵³ mighty, rich.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 1.]

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
 Al sleyme in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyme,
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typ'd with destynie,
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 211

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe ;
Full well I wote, to fynge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And fcond your manfion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre ;
Soe lacked Harrolde's menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake ;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde ;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon funne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

212 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
 Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylllyam to his knyghtes did faie;
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
 Ne doubtte but God will oure true cause blesse.
 The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys faie;
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
 The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
 The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
 And at Duke Wylllyam's feet he tumbled deade:

So

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende fleyne piteoufflie, 65
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:

O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brafen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:

So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
 That in his tender guttes it entered,
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
 And downe with flaiten noyfe he funken dede.
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
 That Alured coude not hymself aluste.

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
 The Englysh manie dethe-fure dartes did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they
 came. 100

Duke

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 215

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ftrynge,
 An arrowe withe a fylver-hede drewe he;
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd fynge,
 And hytt the horfe Toffelyn on the knee.
 At this brave Tofslyn threwe his fhort horfe-fpeare; 105
 Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow:
 Upon his helme foe furious was the froke,
 It fplete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn fplete in tweine,
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
 But on Deftoutvilles fhoulder came ameine,
 And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
 Then Doullie myghte his boweftrynge drewe, 115
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,
 But Harolde's afenglave ftopp'd it as it flewe,
 And it fell bootlefs on the bloudie grounde.
 Siere Doullie, when he fawe hys venge thus broke,
 Death-doynge blade from out the fcabard toke. 120

And now the battail clofde on everych fyde,
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;

216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
 So have I fene two weirs at once give grounde, 125
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the funne;
 And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bedde. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
 In Englande's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrain Wylliam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus fet
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briars belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And

218 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe;
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
 And bothe together quicklie funken dede.
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
 That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
 And in the battel he much goode han done;
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge, 195
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useles weede amonge the haie
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kynge

220 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Egwin too, 215
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
 Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge
 speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft ;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
 Their foules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 221

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte lance hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fiercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaſtly cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souden flie;

But

222 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
 He rolled on the ground and soon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's fyde,
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the sovrane of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghaftlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie fwerd against his breste, 285
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpes unaknell'd depart;
And both together foughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd fwerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295
And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

Mean

224 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages floode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
 Wreck'd all hys shyppying on the Brittish coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxannes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouche of the
 pile, 315
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
 'Twas

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;
O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine ;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylling launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple
bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that caufd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

Q

But

But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so bafe a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyns in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
 And at eche other vengoullie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte;
 Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
 Resolv'd to vanquifhe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt fplytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to fee;
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde ;
The erlie's squier then a fwerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde ;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
Upon Chatillion's foulles corse of claie ;
A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine ;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie ;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld ;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng fwerd his life did yeeld ;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyme ;
It mis'd ; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble foule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;
 Quod he ; thou'ft flaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the fame.
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte, 385
 And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode ;
 Quod he ; theſe offals are for ever curſt,
 Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
 Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
 Ah me ! ſayde he ; what woeful fyghte I ſee !
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than fighe ;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 395
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
 White ruſhe the burſtyng waves, and roar along the
 weir. 400

The

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regions unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all fmore;
 And now eletten on another horse,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie fett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
 Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
 Close by the Norman champyons he han fleine,
 He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the
 pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
 A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435
 He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a crymson streame of bloude:
 In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
 While life and dethe strove for the masterrie. 440

He

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
 Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
 That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
 Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
 With horsmans haste he from the armie rodde;
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
 Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
 And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
 His sheelde of wolf-skinne did him not attend,
 The arrow peered into his noble harte;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures flie far from their fyghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries ftryke,
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 233

And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
 His garb fufficient were to move affryghte; 485
 A wolf fkin girded round his myddle was;
 A bear fkin, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
 Was tytend round his fhoulders by the claws:
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,
 Upon his fhoulder wore a lyon's fkin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-fweifte legges he wore
 A hugie goat fkin, all of one grete peice;
 A boar fkin fheelde on his bare armes he bore;
 His gauntletts were the fkyynn of harte of greece.
 They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
 He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
 His bloude went downe the fwerde unto his arme,
 In fpringing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His fwerde was fhorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
 And no mann's bone could ftonde to ftoppe itt's waie;
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym;
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
 And cause he fryghted them so mucche before,
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
 They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 235

And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier,
His viſage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the uſeleſſ gore,
And felle upon the pleine to riſe no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and ſeiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ſtronge, 535
And from their ſockets ſtarted out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameleſſ tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguiſhe eſtſoon dies.
As ſome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore
laie, 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to aſſiſt;
A myghtie ſiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel liſt.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545
And Ethelbert at Walleris ſet his;

And

236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss:

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:

555

Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave!

560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * *

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 2.]

O H Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passyng worthe to
 pryze,

To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.

The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays, 5

Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,

With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,

The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;

Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,

She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and
 pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;

Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

238 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!

This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!

Thro' everie troope diforder reer'd her hedde; 15

Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme;

Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,

All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and
praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde;

Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,

And searh how farre our foeman's campe doth
bound;

Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.

My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25

My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,

Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,

And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.

He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,

Succes and cheerfulness depicied on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,

And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 239

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd; 35
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
 Girthed drew hys fwerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
 The proto-fleene manne of the fiede he felle;
 Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,
 Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
 pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-fonge came,
 Roufd from their praier by the floting crie;
 Thoughe Girthed and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,
 Not once theie floode abafhd, or thoghte to flie.
 He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die; 45
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallie wherefoe're it lie;
 * Fierce as a ryver burftynge from the borne;
 So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone
 lowe. 50

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe fo fierce that it threw
 a ftone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this
 lefte out o line.

Tancarville

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edraw his arcublafter bowe.
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the fame,
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye fo 55
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Here fingle onlie these to all thie crewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjo'd goode cheere.
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English
 ground. 70

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 241

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the ground;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr
last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;

When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd
sound,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burl'd croke, and fore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the skies. 90

R

Such

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-
 spear shine; 95

Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onfett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace sele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
 deede. 105

You fouldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 243

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125
Soone linked man to man the champyones stooode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Here glorious Alfwold tower'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fair of twa ten thousand
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaf'd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen horte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
And thus he faide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 245

When Toftus sent me golde and sylver ftore,
 I fcornd hys prefent vile, and fcornd hys treason
 more. 160

Forgive me, Gyrtte, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
 Who can I truff, if brothers are not true?
 Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.
 Girtte faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girtte, I'll fhewe; 165
 By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.
 Do not, quod Harolde, Girtte, myftell them fo,
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
 Quod Girtte; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
 Quod Harolde; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 170

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
 And fretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
 Firft did a ranke of arcublaftries ftande,
 Next thofe on horfebacke drewe the afcendyng flo,
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 175
 Theyr afenglave acroffe theyr horfes ty'd,
 Or with the loverds fquier behinde dyd goe,
 Or waited fquier lyke at the horfes fyde.

246 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 180

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande, 185
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte. 190

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 195
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted
heaven. 200

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of
lyght; 205

Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr
course. 210

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 215
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more sweete than
wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One fingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on
fyre.

220

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:

Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes: 225

The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:

He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome
raye,

230

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestie rayd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro the ayre.

It

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 235
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne ;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 240

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 245
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande flocs upryfynge in the aire. 250

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

Soon

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 255
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
 So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or
 helle. 260

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 265
 Throw the joint cuisse dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addresd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele;
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeches re-
 payre. 270

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 275
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd
end. 280

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghaftlie dynne in Normannes ear, 285
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
prest. 290

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

252 BATTLE OF HASTINGS:

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 295
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
 In grypyng torments on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges
 torne. 300

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
 He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 305
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seiur de Roe,
 And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the
 blowe. 310

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
 And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 315
Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,
The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His cyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
He grypd his fwerde, and felle upon the place of
fyghte. 320

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I syng of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 325
Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale
wounde. 330

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into

254 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Into his breaste it quicklie did affayle; 335
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
 In scarlet was his cuishe of fylver dyde:
 Upon the bloudie carnage houle he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's ryfing
 ray. 340

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde fo
 stronge 345
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
 Ah! neete awayld the brafs or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the
 playne. 350

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
 Couldste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 255

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la goure,
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 355
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 360

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushyng from the
wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 365
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Passe bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 370

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,

Besprenge

256 BATTLE OF HASTINGS:

Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
 The shepster swaynes in wayne theyr lees lement;
 So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent, 375
 Ne onne abashd enthoughten for to flee;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
 In wayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 380

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes presse the playne;
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 385
 O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That, thowē they're deade, theyr names may lyve
 agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
 And like to them æternal alwaie ffryve to be. 390

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
 For ever bended to S^t. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 257

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 395
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
 His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen bleedes. 400

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
 Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 405
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 410

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

S

Her

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
 fkyne, 415
 Or Phoebus ryfinge in a frostie morne,
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-brafte brooklettes gently whyspringe in the
 delle. 420

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the shelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 425
 Of Phebus charyotte rolynge thro the skie,
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;
 Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday
 book. 430

Majestic as the grove of okes that stode
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;

Majestic

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
 Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 435
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 440

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
 As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above 445
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
 Thus was she outward form'd; the fun her mind
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-
 fin'd. 450

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,

That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 455
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynges blowes he
 delte. 460

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie, 465
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide
 lowe. 470

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 475
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaſte;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he
laie. 480

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn fierce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 485
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 490

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
 He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 495
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
 Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
 doth goe. 500

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde, 505
 Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enfoond,
 He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
 The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie fyghte!
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 510

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
 A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng strynge,

Who

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263

Who fled his country for a crime enstrode,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 515
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the fame did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 320

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes
know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 525
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 530

C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytlefs heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
 Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
 heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie
 Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
 The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
 The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
 Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
 Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
 Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
 And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie
 bedde. 540

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
 Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
 It ne could be the worke of human handes,
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.

Here did the Brutons adoration paye 545
 To the false god whom they did Tauran name,

Dightynge

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee. 550

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafed heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, 'borne of parentes brave and wyfe, 555
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A bleffynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 560

Soe when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole felde a carnage-howse he sees, 565
And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;

Dethe

266 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Dethe honge upon his arme; he fleed so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 570

Bryghte sonne in haſte han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres courſe alonge the whited ſkyen,
Vewynge the ſwarthleſs bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-ſtretchynge eyne 575
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple ſheene,
The wolſomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd diſfigure all hys femmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowſe,
In hyſſynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 580

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
knyghte,
That beer war-token in a ſhielde ſo fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to cloſer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd ſo entwyne,
Lyke the neſhe bryon and the eglantine, 585
Orre Cornyſh wraſtlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;
There

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonne were the sonnes of warre. 590

Oh Turgotte, wherefoer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,
Where thou mayste heare the fwotie nyghte larke
chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette fwetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 595
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 600

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 605
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 269

So olyphautes, in kingdome of the funne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
runne. 630

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyfe,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 635
The steele bylle blufhyng oer wyth lukewarm
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champion put to flyghte. 640

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 645
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

270 BATTLE OF HASTINGS:

Throwe Severne rolynge oer the fandis belowe
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
 In peecies hee the morthering thief doth chyne. 650

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
 Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 655
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 660

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaiden yn his honde,
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
 So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will flee, 665
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
 Thus stooode Campynon, greete but hertleffe knyghte,
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 670

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
 Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
 Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 675
 Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
 Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
 And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
 Hee grasped hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,
 Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 680

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
 The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
 It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
 Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
 Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 685
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

A tyde

272 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 690

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade fyde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 695
 And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
 astound

To see the bawfin champion presse upon the grounde. 700

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
 And thunders ugdom on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,
 And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;
 So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 705
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans flew ech fyde,

Betreinted

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 273

Betreinted all alonge with bloudles foe,
 And seemd to swim alonge with bloudie tyde;
 Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
 And rounde aboute them swarthles corse besprente. 710

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
 Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
 Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
 Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 715
 As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
 Then upwarde wente: in everlastyng nyghte
 Hee closd hys rolyng and dymfyghted eyne.
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
 Bie various causes funken to the dead. 720

But now to Alfwoulde he opposyng went,
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of fire,
 And wyth bothé hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
 But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 725
 Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

274 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then Alf would him attack'd most furyoullie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne. 730

* * * * *

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve fittyng,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towe,
 Where glassie bubblynge Tnymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

276 ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,

And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5

Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme desie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seeft this mayftrie of a human hand,

The pride of Bryftowe and the Westernne lande, 10

Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou seeft the faynctes and kynges in ftonen ftate,

That seemd with breath and human foule difpande,

As

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of slate, 15

Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God
elate.

Well maieſt thou be aſtound, but view it well;

Go not from hence before thou ſee thy fill,

And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;

Of this tall ſpyre in every countye telle, 20

And with thy tale the lazing rych men ſhame;

Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;

How hee good man a friend for kynges became,

And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge ſtarre of Radcleves ryſynge
raie,

A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,

Benethe thys ſtone lies moltrynge ynto claie,

Untylle the darke tombe ſheene an eterne lyghte.

Thyrde fromme hys loynes the preſent Canynge came;

Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

T 3

For

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the
 folle,
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys
 dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

A NENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt ryfing Avonne to he sped,
 Amenged wyth ryfing hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And slickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

These

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, foone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25
Whie ys thy aetyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes foe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

280 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I fee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :
Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
Ynn vifyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne buylder, dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ; 40
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come foe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;
Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne shoud fee dyd swotelie hyde, 50
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr:

Astounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blofom woulde such fins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet femblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee

282 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Shee fayd; mie manner of appereynge here
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere, 75
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
 Paynsters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
 What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
 So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
 Immengde yn flanchd ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
 Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And saw all aſtyons whych han been before,
And all the ſcroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95
I ſaw hym eager gaſpyng after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie;
He eate downe learyng wyth the waſtle cake. 100
As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeyng mockler for to bee, 105
Greete yn hys counſel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym ſyng,
Wondryng at one ſoe wyſe, and yet ſoe yinge.

Encreaſeyng yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And haſteyng to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheeſe a wyfe,
And uſe the ſexes for the purpoſe gevene.

Hee

284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jefus rest hys foule!) 115
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre foules; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftfoons

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 285

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde felfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endlefs lyghte, 135
And fleed good Canynge; fad myftake of dethe!
Soe have I feen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140
Was to my bismarde cyne-fyghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis pafte to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge fee
Repayre to Radcleeve, and contented bee.

I fawe the myndbruch of hys nobille foule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I faw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vifion fpoke;
Then belle for even-fonge mie fenfes woke. 150

ON

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneffe on erthes boundes bee hadde?
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
 To ope the dore to Selyneffe ys thyne,
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneffe.

ONN IOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
 worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs! I call you myne: 5
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
 I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
 I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
 O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;
 Thye los, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

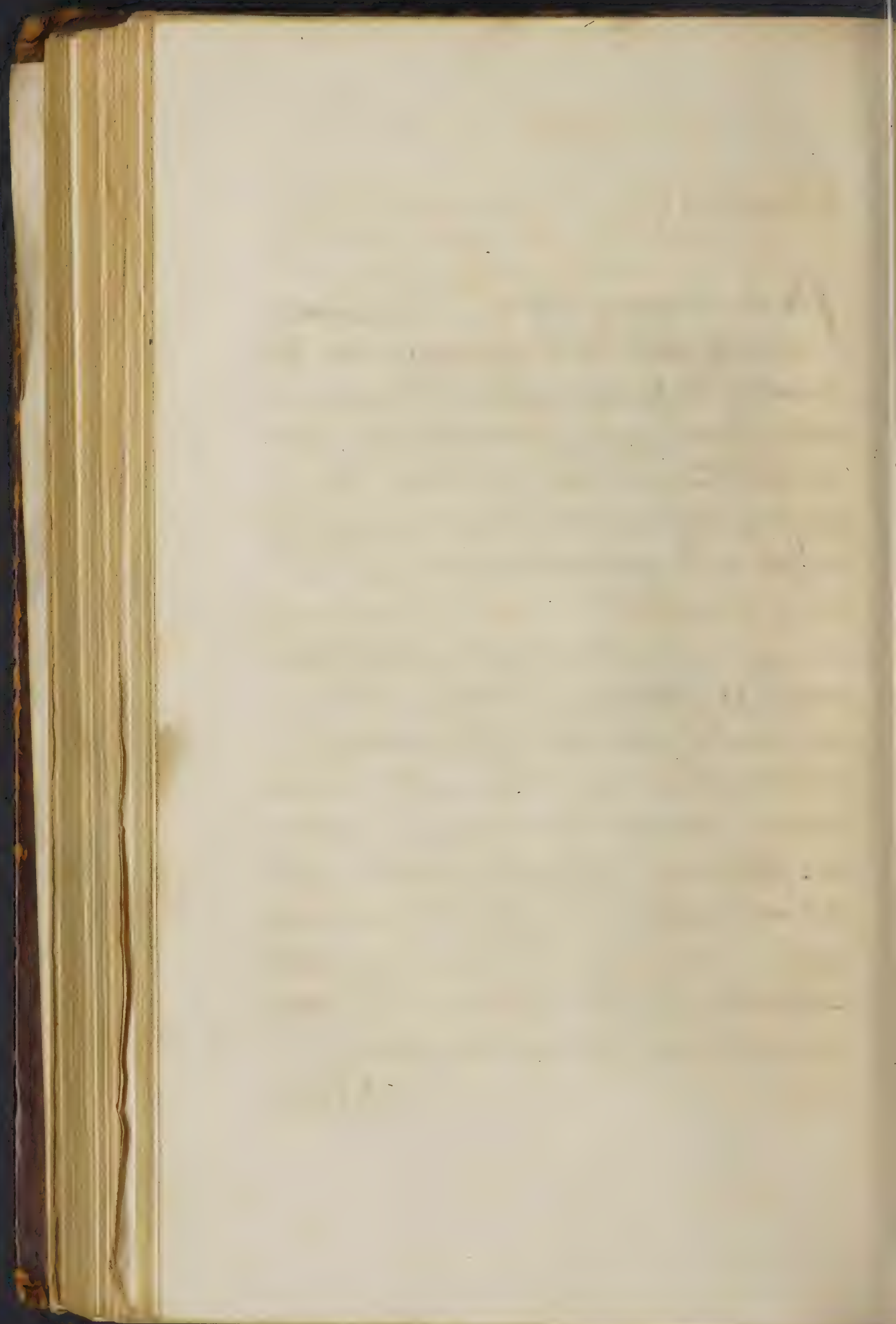
THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde;
Byelecocyte doe the Grave beseeme;
The caldermenne doe fytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne defarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie stylle the gvestes ha ne to faie,
Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aflape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS.



A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS
IN THIS VOLUME.

*I*N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

U

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Juga,</i>	—	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn; a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

A G L O S S A R Y.

- A** BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.
- Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.
- Abounde, H. I. 55.
- Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.
- Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.
- Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.
- Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.
- Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.
- Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.
- Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*. C.
- Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.
- Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.
- Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.
- Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.
- Adave, H. 2. 402.
- Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.
- Addawd, H. 2. 110.
- Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.
- Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.
- Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dernie*.
- Adigne. See *Adygne*.
- Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.
- Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.
- Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.
- Affynd, H. I. 132. *Related by marriage*.
- Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.
- After la goure, H. 2. 353. should probably be *Astrelagour*; *Astrologer*.
- Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.
- Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—G. 5. *Grievance*. C.
- Agrofed, p. 286. 6. as *Agrised*; terrified.
- Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.
- Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.
- Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.
- Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.
- Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.
- Alatche, Æ. 117.
- Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.
- Alest, Æ. 50. *Left*.
- All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of asking a favour*. C.
- Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.
- Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.
- Aluste, H. I. 88.
- Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.
- U 2 Alyse,

- Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;
 mixed.
 Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*
 C.
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-
 meled.* C.
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.
 Anete, p. 281. 64.
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword.*
 C.
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*
 Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.*
 C.
 Arace, G. 156. *Direst.* C.
 Arist, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74.
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*
 C.
 Asenglave, H. 1. 117.
 Askaunted, Le. 19.
 Alee, Æ. 504.
 Asseled, E. III. 14. *Answered.* C.
 Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-
 fortunate.* C.
 Asswaie, Æ. 352.
 Astedde, E. II. 11. *Seated.* C.
 Astende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.
 Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.
 Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished.* C.
 Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish.* C.
 Asyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Astyde*;
 ascended.
 Athur, H. 2. 476. as *Tburgh*;
 thorough.
 Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Eau.* Fr.
 Water.
 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or
 mantle.* C.
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of
 gold and silver, &c.* C.
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-
 ture*; adventure.
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white
 robe, worn by priests.* C.
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*
 C.

B.

- Bankes, T. 3. *Benches.*
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with
 armour.*
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or
 ballad.* C.
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292.
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.*
 Fr.

Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly*. C.
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring*. C.
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels*. C.
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.
 Behefte, G. 60. *Command*. C.
 Behight, H. 2. 365.
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.
 Belent, H. 2. 121.
 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet*.
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented*. C.
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving*. C.
 Bercie, p. 278. 8.
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child*. C.
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.
 Befeies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.
 Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered*. C.
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3. *Lost*
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.
 Bested, H. 2. 140.
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.
 Bestreynts, H. 2. 644.
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.
 Betraffed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.
 Betrafte, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed*. C.
 Betreinted, H. 2. 707.
 Bevyle, E. II. 57. *Break*. A herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. C.
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed*. C.
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring*. C.
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels*. C.
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head*. C.
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.
 Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. C.
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. C.
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed*. C.
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease*. C.
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*. C.
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, substance*. C.
 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.
 Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33. *Different kinds of boats*. C.
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*. C.
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.
 U 3 Bounde,

- Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.
 Bourne, Æ. 483.
 Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.
 Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.
 Body. C.
 Braſteth, G. 123. *Burſteth*. C.
 Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.
 Brayde, Æ. 1010.
 Breme, ſubſt. G. 12. *Strength*. C.
 ——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.
 Brende, G. 50. *Burn, conſume*. C.
 Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.
 Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.
 Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.
 Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.
 Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.
 Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.
 Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.
 C.
 Byelecoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*.
 Fr. the name of a perſonage
 in the *Roman de la Roſe*,
 which Chaucer has rendered
 Fair-welcoming.
 Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.
 Bykrou, M. 37. *Warring*. C.
 Byſmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curi-*
 ous. C.
 Byſmarelie, Le. 26. *Curioſly*. C.
 C.
 Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.
 Calke, G. 25. *Caſt*. C.
 Calked, E. I. 49. *Caſt out*. C.
 Caltynſing, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.
 Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, ſtones*.
 Brit.
 Caſtle-ſtede, G. 100. *A caſtle*. C.
 Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.
 Caytiſned, Æ. 32. *Binding, en-*
 forcing. C.
 Celneſs, Æ. 882.
 Chaſe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.
 Chaſtes, G. 201. *Beats, ſtamps*. C.
 Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Chal-*
 lenge. C.
 Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, ſun-*
 burnt. C.
 Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A ſmall*
 round bat. C.
 Cheſe, G. 11. *Heat, raſhneſs*. C.
 Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*,
 C.
 Cheorte, p. 288. 4.
 Cherifaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.
 Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. *perhaps*
 Cherifaunced.
 Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.
 Chevyſed, Ent. 2. *Preſerved*. C.
 Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confuſed*
 noiſe. C.
 Church-glebe-houſe, Ch. 24.
 Grave. C.
 Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.
 Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or cler-*
 gyman. C.
 Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.
 Clevis, H. 2. 46. *Clift*
 Cleyne,

Detratours, H. 2. 78.

Deyfde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis.*

Dheie; *They.*

Dhere, Æ. 192. *There.*

Dhereof; *Thereof.*

Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult.* C.

Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed.* C.

Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for
Disponed.

Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*

Divinistre, Æ. 141. *Divine.* C.

Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.

Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.

Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.

Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.

Donde, H. 1. 51.

Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should
probably be written thus;
O sea-oerteeming Dovor!

Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*
C.

Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as
Dighte.

Doughure mere, H. 2. 491. *D'entre
mere.* Fr. From beyond sea.

Dree, Æ. 983.

Dresté, Æ. 466. *Least.* C.

Drented, G. 91. *Drained.*

Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned.* C.

Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-
ficant.* C.

Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.

Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.

Droke, Æ. 461.

Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's
note. *Druerie* is *Courtship,*
gallantry.

Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted.*

Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*

Dureffed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.

Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be
Dyght.

Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy.* C.

Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.

Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest.*
C.

Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.

Dysportisment, Æ. 250. as *Dys-
porte.*

Dýfregate, Æ. 542.

E.

Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw;*
Draw.

Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.

Eftloones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.

Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.

Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten.* C.

Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.

Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*
C.

Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout.*
C.

Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.

Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.

Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease.* C.
Emmers,

- Emmers, p. 287. 7.
 Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.
 C.
 Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.
 Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*.
 C.
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.
 Enheedynge, p. 283. 105.
 Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*.
 C.
 Enrone, Æ. 661.
 Enfeme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.
 q?
 Enfeeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.
 Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, dart-*
ing. C.
 Enstrote, H. 2. 513.
 Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?
 Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows,*
sucks in. C.
 Ensyрке, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.
 Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.
 Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understand-*
ing.
 Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.
 Entremed, p. 276. 4.
 Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.
 Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.
 Estande, H. 2. 281. for *Ystande*;
 Stand.
 Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of
Estoile. Fr. A star. C.
 Estroughted, Æ. 918.
 Ethé, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.
 Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.
 Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.
 Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with*
evening dew. C.
 Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.
 Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivi-*
ous.
 Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.
 F.
 Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.
 Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.
 Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or va-*
gabond. C.
 Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool,*
or seat. See Du Cange in
 v. *Faldistorium*.
 Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, in-*
nocent.
 Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.
 Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.
 Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.
 Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. sing.
 q?
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.
 Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.
 Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.
 Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.
 Feygnes, E. III. 78. A corruption
 of *feints*. C.
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.
 Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.
 Flaiten, H. 1. 84.
 Flanced,

Flanched, H. 2. 252.
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.
 Flemis, p. 278. *ult*.
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.
 Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*.
 C.
 Forgard, Æ. 565. *Lose*. C.
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forfaken*. C.
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.
 Forslagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.
 Forslege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.
 Forstraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-
 tracted*.
 Forstraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-
 ting*. C.
 Forswat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasting*. C.
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.
 Freme, Æ. 267.
 Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-
 mour*. C.
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.
 Gastnefs, Æ. 412. *Ghastlines*. q?

Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne so
 gayne a pryze. Gayne has
 probably been repeated by
 mistake.

Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-
 ment*.

Geason, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C.—G.
 120. *Extraordinary, strange*.
 C.

Geer, H. 2. 284. as Gier,

Geete, Æ. 736. as Gite.

Gemote, G. 94. *Assemble*. C.

Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, assen-
 bled*. C.

Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.

Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.

Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twist*.

Gif, E. II. 39. *If*. C.

Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.

Glair, H. 2. 580.

Gledeynge, M. 22. *Liquid*. C.

Glomb, G. 175. *Brown*. C.

Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-
 jected*. C.

Glytted, H. 2. 282.

Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.

Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.

Gouler, p. 282. 76.

Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.
 C.

Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pas-
 ture*. C.

Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.

Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate*,
mayor.

Gravots,

- Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves*. C.
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow*. C.
 Groffile, Æ. 547.
 Groffish, Æ. 257.
 Groffyinglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor*. C.
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor, from
 gron a fen, and fer, a corrup-
 tion of fire*. C.
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.
 Grore, H. 2. 27.
 Groted, Æ. 337. *Swollen*. C.
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-
 painted*. C.
 Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained*.
 C.
 Gytteles, Æ. 438. *Mantels*. C.
- H.
- Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile*.
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.
 Hallie, T. 144. *Holy*. C.
 Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholely*.
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy*. C.
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-
 ed*. C.
 Han, Æ. 734. *Hath*. q?
 Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had*. particip.
 q?—Æ. 685. *Had*. pa. t.
 fing. q?
 Hantoned, Æ. 1094.
 Harried, M. 82. *Tost*. C.
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have*. 1st pers.
 q?
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-
 ward*. C.
 Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped close-
 ly, covered*. C.
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.
 Heie, E. II. 15. *They*. C.
 Heiedeygues, E. III. 77. *A coun-
 try dance, still practised in the
 North*. C.
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.
 Hem, T. 24. *A contraction of
 them*. C.
 Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold*. C.
 Hentyll, Æ. 1161.
 Herselle, Æ. 279. *Herself*.
 Heste, Æ. 1182.
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-
 den*. C.
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick
 house*. C.
 Holtred, Æ. 293.
 Hommeur, Æ. 1190.
 Hondepoin, Æ. 273.
 Hopelen, Æ. 399.
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-
 greeable*. C.
 Horfe-millanar, Ch. 56. See C's
 note.
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow*. C.
 Hulfred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.
 Hufcarles,

Mufearles, Æ. 922. 1194. *House-servants.*

Hyger, Æ. 627. *The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the Hygra.*

Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif.

Ang. L. iv.

Hylle-fyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon.*

Hylte, T. 168. *Hide, secreted.* C.

—Æ. 1059. *Hide.* C.

I,

Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.

Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.

Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.

Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed.* C.

Jintle, H. 2. 82. *for Gentle.*

Impestering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.* C.

Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.

Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.

Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.

Iwreene, p. 286. 9.

K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.

Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.

Keppend, Le. 44.

Kirke, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part.* C.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.

L,

Ladden, H. 1. 206.

Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician,*

Leckedst, H. 2. 342.

Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.

Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.

Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.

Ledanne, Æ. 1143.

Leege, G. 175. *Homage, obeysance.* C.

Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.

Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.

Leggen, M. 92. *Lessen, alloy.* C.

Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.

Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*

Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.

Lemed, El. 7. *Glistened.* C.—
Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.

Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 607. *seems to be put for Leather.*

Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.

Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.

Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.

Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.

Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.

Levynde, El. 18. *Blasted.* C.

Levyinne,

- Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C. Meeded, Æ. 39. *Rewarded*.
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-melted*. q? Memuine, H. 2. 120.
 Lief, Æ. 217. Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*.
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*. q?
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*. C. Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*.
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflecting*. C. C.
 Limmed, M. 90. }
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C. Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C. Miesel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.
 Lithic, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C. Mirkynette, El. 22. *A small bag-*
 Loafte, Æ. 456. *Loss*. *pipe*. C.
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C. Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their* Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.
hind legs. C. Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C. Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C. Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C. Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C. Moke, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.
 Lynmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C. Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C. Morglaien, M. 20. *The name of a*
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C. *sword in some old Romances*.
 Lyped, El. 34. Morthe, Æ. 307.
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C. Morthyng, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C. Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.
 Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.
 Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.
 Myndbruch, Æ. 401.
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mystic*. C.

M.

- Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many,*
great numbers. C.
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

N.

- Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Night*.

Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder*. C.

Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

P.

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Perfant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevdy, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-flene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. 1. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.Quaintiffed, T. 4. *Curiously devised*. C.Quand, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*. C.Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil one; the Devil*.

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.

Recendize, Æ. 544.	{ for Re- creandice; Coward- ice.
Recrandize, Æ. 1193.	

Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.Reded, G. 79. *Counfelled*. C.Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.
70. *Esteem, favour*. C.Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*. C.Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*. C.Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Ornaments of ribbands*.Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, traveller*.Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

Sabbatanners, Æ. 275.

Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, sparingly*. C.Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abfcond*.Seck, H. 1. 461, for *Suck*.Seeled, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.Selynefs, E. 1. 55. *Happinefs*. C.

Semblate, p. 281. 67.

Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-cloke*. C.

Semm-

- Semmykeed, Æ. 298.
 Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance*.
 C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance*. C.
 Sendaument, p. 284. 126.
 Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat*.
 Shappe, T. 36. *Fate*. C.
 Shap-scured, Æ. 603. *Fate-scoured*. C.
 Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering*. C.
 Shente, T. 157. *Broke, destroyed*. C.
 Shepen, p. 283. 97.
 Shepstere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd*. C.
 Shoone-pykes, p. 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes*. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
 Shrove, H. 2. 442.
 Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter*.
 Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy*.
 C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion*. C.
 Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke*. C.
 Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking*. C.
 Smore, H. 1. 412.
 Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours*. C.
 Snett, T. 45. *Bent*. C.
 Sothen, Æ. 227. *Soot*. q?
 Souten, H. 1. 252. for *Sought*. pa. 1. sing. q?
 Sparre, H. 1. 26. *A wooden bar*.
 Spedde, H. 2. 535.
 Spencer, T. 11. *Dispenser*. C.
 Spere, Æ. 69.
 Spyryng, Æ. 707. *Towering*.
 Staie, H. 1. 198.
 Starks, T. 73. *Stalks*.
 Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs*.
 Stente, T. 134. *Stained*. C.
 Steynced, Æ. 189.
 Storthe, p. 287. 10.
 Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead*. C.
 Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched*. C.
 Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch*. C.
 Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive*.
 Stringe, G. 10. *Strong*. C.
 Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981.
 Swarthe, Æ. 265.
 Swartheing, Æ. 295.
 Swarthlefs, H. 2. 573.
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd*. C.
 Swoltering, Æ. 444.
 Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet*. C.
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythyng; *Quickly*. C.
 Syke, E. II. 6. *Such, so*. C.
 T.
 Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow*. C.
 Teint, H. 1. 462. for *Tent*.
 Tende, T. 113. *Attend, or wait*. C.
 Tene,

Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow*.
 Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully*.
 C.
 Tere, Æ. 46. *Health*. C.
 Thighte, p. 283. 104.
 Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for
Thought. pa. t. sing. q?
 Thyssen, E. II. 87. *These*, or *those*.
 q?
 Tochelod, Æ. 205.
 Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch*. C.
 Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget*;
Deceit.
 Treynted, Æ. 454.
 Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked*,
pulled. C.
 Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck*, or *pull*.
 C.
 Tyngc, Tyngue; *Tongue*.

U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm*. C.
 Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia*.
Ital. a sort of rich wine.
 Ugfomenefs, Æ. 507. *Terror*. C.
 Ugfomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly*.
 C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible*. C.
 Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288, *Without*
any knell rung for them. q?
 Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed*.
 C.
 Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed*. C.
 Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive*. C.

Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccus-*
tomed. C.
 Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited*. C.
 Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy*. C.
 Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving*. C.
 Unlist, E. III. 86. *Unbounded*. C.
 Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned*. C.
 Unlydgefull, Æ. 537.
 Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ.
 1238. *Explain*. C.
 Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt*.
 C.
 Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls*.
 C.
 Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful*, *neg-*
lected. C.
 Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless*. C.
 Unwere, E. III. 87. *Tempest*. C.
 Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory*, *under-*
standing. C.—G. 140. *Will*.
 C.

Uprilte, Æ. 928. *Risen*. C.
 Upryne, H. 2. 729.
 Upfwalyngc, Æ. 258. *Swelling*.
 C.

W.

Walsome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatsome*;
loathsome.
 Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair*. C.
 Wayld, Æ. 11. *Choice*, *selected*.
 Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing*.
 C.

X

Wayne

- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C. Ycorne, Æ. 374.
 Weei, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C. Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.
 Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C. Ycrafed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
 Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C. Yenne; *Then.*
 Wiseegger, E. III. 8. *A philoso-* Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
pher. C. Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*
 Wissen, Æ. 685. *Wish.* Ygrove, H. 2. 444.
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C. Yinder, Æ. 692. *Yonder.*
 Withe, E. III. 36. *A contraction* Yis; *This.*
of Withere. C. Ylach'd, H. 2. 446.
 Wolsome, Le. 5. *See Walsome.* Ynbyme, Ent. 5. *Interr.* C.
 Wraytes. *See Reytes.* Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless.*
 Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C. Yreaden, H. 2. 217.
 Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C. Yroughte, H. 2. 328. *for Ywroughte.*
 Wychenref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.* Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched.* C.
 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* Yspende, T. 179. *Consider.* C.
 C. Ystorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.
 Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, co-* Ytsel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*
vered. C. Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.
 Wynpyngge, Æ. 219. Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.*
 C.

Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

Y.

- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
 Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

Z.

- Zabalus, Æ. 428. *as Sabalus;*
the Devil.

E R R A T A.

- P. 17. antep. for *battle*, r. *baffle*.
 67. ver. 8. *Butt eefte*, r. *Butte efte*.
 96. 285. *Blackea*, r. *Blacke a*.
 97. 309. after *these*, inf. *thie*.
 138. 893. *acorne*, r. *acorne*.
 148. 992. *hynd-lettes*, r. *hyndlettes*.
 169. 1210. *fee*, r. *see*.

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor; perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for *Canterlone*, r. *Canterloue*, or *Canteloue*.
 72. ver. 49. *yttts*, r. *yttself*.
 75. 1. *cherifaunei 'tys*, r. *cherifaunce it ys*.
 80. 73. *toe*, r. *doe*.
 100. 345. r. to *be dyghte*.
 101. 367. *feares*, r. *teares*.
 108. 442. *Storwen*, r. *Stroven*.
 110. 486. *be wreene*, r. *bewreen*.
 130. 770. *lythe*, r. *syke*.
 135. 839. *cherifaunied*, r. *cherifaunced*.
 149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.
 157. 1084. *Bie-thankes*, r. *Mie thankes*.
 167. 1197. *stythe*, r. *fwythe*.
 210. 5. *O sea! our teeming donore*, r. *O sea-oerteeming Dovor!*
 215. 104. r. *horfe of Toffelyn*; or rather *Joffelyn*.
 224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.
 255. 353. *After la goure*, r. *Astrelagoure*.
 265. 548. *vyctualle*, r. *vyctimes*.

F I N I S.



Full in his front o'ercaft with tangling hair,
Flash'd the fell Basilisk's destructive glare;
Two fiery brands his little arms appear;
In one the fceptre waved, in one the fpear;
This from the caves, where lights fulphureous glow,
And that a flame from lakes that boil below.'

The domeftic tranquillity of the little family of Baſilius, with the fudden intruſion of the ruſſians, are likewise painted in lively colours, in the ſubſequent quotation.

' Thus they.—But far within the humble ſhade,
The Sire, the Lover, and the Virgin ſtay'd.
Placed round the hearth, a pleaſed and cheerful few,
Gay ſcenes they mark'd that roſe ſerene to view,
Bleſt in the rural hut, nor heard the noiſe
Of war, nor caught Ambition's tempting voice.
Nor felt pale Envy's cankering tooth, nor pined
With luſts whoſe poiſon taints th' unfated mind;
But all was ſtill:—and now the appointed hour
Of reſt, had warn'd to leave the happy bower.
'Twas dark:—but ſudden as Philemon roſe,
The door flew wide, and ruſh'd an hoſt of foes!
Dire Niſroe firſt, Alcanor by his ſide,
In heart ſtern Cadmor, as in blood allied:
A meaner troop ſucceeds; reſolved they ſtand!
Keen, fierce, untouch'd by Pity's lenient hand!
The Sire, long verſed in man's myſterious ways
Stood thrill'd with dread!—the ſwain with wild amaze!

' But ſoon 'twas o'er:—for on his beauteous prize
Alcanor darts!—ſhe shrieks, ſhe pants, ſhe flies!
The Sire was near:—with looſe diſhevel'd hair
Cloſe to his boſom clung th' affrighted fair,
Deep in his robe her lovely face conceal'd?—
But vain the graſp, the feeble graſp that held.
While yet his hoary locks bedew'd her face,
They looſe, they tear her from his warm embrace,
With hearts of marble hear his age complain;
“ O ſpare my All!” he cried, but cried in vain.”

It is obſervable that Dr. Ogilvie has adopted the mode of writing the paſt tenſe of a verb, as well as the participle paſſive, at full length, even when thoſe parts of ſpeech are the concluding words in the line. This practice, we cannot avoid remarking, is extremely improper, as being repugnant to the preſervation both of the quantity and rhyme. It is neceſſary for the latter that the vowel be ſuppreſſed in the pronunciation: what reaſon is there then for rejeſting the common elipſe in orthography? Little peculiarities of this nature, however, are amply compensated by the animated representations, and the ſweetneſs of numbers, which diſtinguiſh the poem, and of which many more ſtriking examples might be produced.

What we have quoted may be sufficient to give our readers an idea of the execution of this elegant Poem, which is truly animated and descriptive. Considered as an epic composition, however, there seems to be ground for objecting, that the narrative of Basilius's adventures is rather too prolix, especially as they have no immediate relation to the subsequent events.—In the account of a work so replete with the marks of a strong and lively imagination, it is superfluous to add, that a map of the Hebrides is prefixed to the Poem, and that each of the seven books is adorned with an elegant engraving.

Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the fifteenth Century, the greatest Part now first published from the most authentic Copies, with an engraved Specimen of one of the MSS. To which are added, a Preface, an introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. 8vo. 5s. in boards. Payne.

Critical Review February 1777

A More curious and entertaining publication than this, is very rarely offered to the public. We had long ago heard of the poems discovered at Bristol, and ardently wished for a perusal of them; but without hope of ever seeing them ushered into the world with so many advantages as they derive from the experience and judgment of their present editor, who has given the following account of his undertaking in a Preface, &c. which we transcribe for the information and entertainment of our readers.

‘ The Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

‘ This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: “ The first discovery of certain MSS. having been deposited in Redcliff church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in Farley’s Weekly Journal, October

ber 1, 1768, containing an Account of the Ceremonies observed at the opening of the old Bridge, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered that the person who brought the copy, was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-street. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received this, together with many other MSS. from his father, who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redclift church."

' Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton *, and, partly as presents, partly as purchases,

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November, 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April, 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the Town and Country Magazine, for March, 1769, are two letters, probably from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS. "written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a monk," concerning dress in the age of Henry II. the other, "Ethelgar, a Saxon poem," in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May, 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. "Cerdrick, translated from the Saxon (in the same style with Ethelgar)" p. 233. "Observations upon Saxon heraldry, with drawings of Saxon achievements, &c." p. 245. "Elinoure and Juga, written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, a secular priest," p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770, there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April, 1770, he left Bristol, and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out as "not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit," the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was

chases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barret, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barret also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum *, which he asserted to be part of

so unlucky, as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works."

In a letter to his sister, dated May 30, he informs her, that he is to be employed "in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter." In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the lord mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The lord mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the Gospel Magazine, the Town and Country, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. Court and City, London, Political Register, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known) on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance, (as the editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a fac simile, by that ingenious artist Mr. Scrutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the Introductory Account. The fragments in prose, which are considerably

of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October, 1768, to April, 1770, besides the poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April, 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier, (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions, he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him; and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent reader. He had long been desirous that these poems should be printed, and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the poems be really ancient or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton, they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

In this collection the following poems are contained:

ably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the editor has the satisfaction to inform the public, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted "A Discourse on Bristowe," and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS. with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the antiquities of Bristol.

Eclogue

Eclogue the First.—Eclogue the Second.—Eclogue the Third.—Elinoure and Juga.—Verses to Lydgate.—Songe to Ælla.—Lygate's Answer.—The Tournament.—The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.—Epistle to Mafre Canynge on Ælla.—Letter to the dygne M. Canynge.—Entroducione.—Ælla; a Tragycal Enterlude.—Goddwyn; a Tragedie. (A Fragment.)—Englysh Metamorphosis, B. 1.—Balade of Charitie.—Battle of Hastings, No. 1.—Battle of Hastings, No. 2.—Onn oure Ladies Chyrche.—On the same.—Epitaph on Robert Canynge.—The Storie of William Canynge.—On Happiennesse, by William Canynge.—Onn Johne a Dalbenie, by the same.—The Gouler's Requiem, by the same.—The Accounte of W. Canynge's Feast.—Glossary.

As specimens of the poetical merit of these pieces, we have selected the *Second Eclogue*, and the beautiful *Balade on Charitie*. We heartily wish that the limits of our Review, and justice to the proprietor of the work, would have permitted us to borrow a few scenes from the *Tragycal Enterlude of Ælla*, which we strongly recommend to the perusal of our dramatic readers.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Sprytes (1) of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
 Pour owte yer pleasaunce (2) onn mie fadres hedde.
 Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uppone the brede (3) sea doe the banners gleme (4);
 The amenused (5) nationnes be aston (6),
 To ken (7) fyke (8) large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme (9).
 The barkis heafods (10) coupe (11) the lymed (12) streame;
 Oundes (13) synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake (14) riese;
 The water slughornes (15) wyth a swotye (16) cleme (17)
 Conteke (18) the dynnynge (19) ayre, and reche the skies.
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones (20) astede (21),
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.
 The gule (22) depeyncted (23) oares from the black tyde.
 Decorn (24) wyth fonnes (25) rare, doe shemrynge (26) ryse;
 Upswalynge (27) doe heie (28) shewe ynne drierie pride,
 Lyche gore-red estells (29) in the eve (30) -merk (31) skyes;

(1) Spirits, souls. (2) pleasure. (3) broad. (4) shine, glimmer.
 (5) diminished, lessened. (6) astonished, confounded. (7) see,
 discover, know. (8) such, so. (9) strong. (10) heads. (11) cut.
 (12) glassy, reflecting. (13) waves, billows. (14) oak. (15) a musical
 instrument, not unlike a hautboy. (16) sweet. (17) sound.
 (18) confuse, contend with. (19) sounding. (20) thrones.
 (21) seated. (22) red. (23) painted. (24) carved. (25) devices.
 (26) glimmering. (27) rising high, swelling up. (28) they.
 (29) a corruption of estoile, Fr. a star. (30) evening. (31) dark.

The nome-depeyncted (32) shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche (33) talle roshes on the water syde;
 Alenge (34) from bark to bark the bryghte sheene (35) flyes;
 Sweft-kerv'd (36) delyghts do on the water glyde.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydede,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
 That Englonde's brondeous (37) sonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth (38) here and there,
 Onknowlachynge (39) inne whatte place to obaie (40).
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie:
 The mittee (41) crosse Jerusalem ys feene;
 Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie (42);
 In balefull (43) dole their faces be ywreene (44).
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers (45) and cottes (45), soe swyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
 Fourthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
 Eftsoones (46) hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare (47);
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted (48) dynne;
 The reynyng (49) foemen (50), thynkekeynge gif (51) to dare,
 Boun (52) the merk (53) swerde, theie seche to fraie (54) theie
 blyn (55).
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarafyns to fyghte;
 Kyng Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel (56) of warre,
 Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie (57) gronfers (58),
 dyghte (59),
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and feene afarre.
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblett (60) ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
 Syke funnys waye (61) wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
 The blaunchie (63) mone or estells (64) to gev lyghte.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

(32) rebus'd shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. (33) like. (34) along. (35) shine. (36) short-lived. (37) furious. (38) runneth. (39) not knowing. (40) abide. (41) mighty. (42) affright. (43) woeful. (44) covered. (45) different kinds of boats. (46) full soon, presently. (47) glitter. (48) united, assembled. (49) running. (50) foes. (51) if. (52) make ready. (53) dark. (54) engage. (55) cease, stand still. (56) a young lion. (57) flaming. (58) a meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. (59) deckt. (60) small, insignificant. (61) carr. (62) enamelled. (63) white, silver. (64) stars.

Distraughte (63) affraie (66), wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
 Terroure, emburled (67) yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome (68) flie,
 Enchafynge (69) echone champyonne war to wage.
 Speeres bevylye (70) speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;
 Armoure on armoure dynn (71), shielde upon shielde;
 Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre assuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable (72) all the feelde.
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles (73) hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,
 And beereth meynthe (74) of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene (75);
 The waylynge (76) mone doth fade before hys sonne;
 Bie hym hys knightes bee formed to actions deene (77);
 Doeynge syke marvels (78), strongers be aston (79).
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Richarde master is;
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys (80),
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre (81);
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte (82) into lovyng armes, and feasted eft (83);
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere (84),
 Of all remembrance of past payne berefte.
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea
 The upswol (85) fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beechie dyd flee,
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
 Dette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge proove.

(65) distracting. (66) affright. (67) armed. (68) terribly.
 (69) encouraging, heating. (70) break, a herald term, signifying a
 spear broken in tilting. (71) sounds. (72) blacken. (73) waves.
 (74) many, great numbers. (75) slain. (76) decreasing.
 (77) glorious, worthy. (78) wonders. (79) astonished.
 (80) certainly. (81) brow. (82) plucked, pulled. (83) often.
 (84) grief, trouble. (85) swollen.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Rowley (1), 1464.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees (2) did caste his raie;
The apple rodded (3) from its pailie greene,
And the mole (4) peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri (5) fung the livelonge daie;
'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte (6) in its mose deste (7)
aumere (8).

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde stille the aire, and eke the welken (9) blue,
When from the sea arift (10) in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring (11) attenes (12) the sunnis fetive (13) face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up a pace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent (14) lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide.
Pore in his vewe, ungentle (15) in his weede,
Longe bretful (16) of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone could the almer (17) flie?
He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed (18) face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd (19), deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house (20), afshrewed (21) manne!
Haste to thie kieste (22), thie onlie dortoure (23) bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

(1) Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. (2) meads. (3) reddened, ripened. (4) soft. (5) pied goldfinch. (6) drest, arrayed. (7) neat, ornamental. (8) a loose robe or mantle. (9) the sky, the atmosphere. (10) arose. (11) hiding, shrouding. (12) at once. (13) beauteous. (14) It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this, was Ralph de Bellemont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. (15) beggarly. (16) filled with. (17) beggar. (18) clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. (19) dry, sapless. (20) the grave. (21) accursed, unfortunate. (22) coffin. (23) a sleeping room.

The gatherd storme is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;
 The forswat (24) meadowes smethe (25), and drenche (26) the
 raine ;
 The comyng ghastnes do the cattle pall (27),
 And the full flockes are dryvynge ore the plaine ;
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott (28) againe :
 The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne (29) flies ;
 And the hot ferie smothe (30) in the wide lowings (31) dies.

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge (32) found
 Cheves (33) flowlie on, and then embollen (34) clangs,
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard (35) eare of terroure hanges ;
 The windes are up : the lofty elmen swanges ;
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are braffe (36) attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreyng his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;
 His chapournette (37) was drented with the reine,
 And his penete (38) gyrdle met with mickle shame :
 He ayneward told his bederoll (39) at the same ;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist (40) almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope (41) was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne ;
 His autremete (42) was edged with golden twynne,
 And his shoone pyke a loverds (43) mighte have binne ;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no finne :
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte,
 For the horse-millanare (44) his head with roses dighte.

An almes, fir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ;
 Helples and ould am I alas ! and poor ;
 No house, ne friende, ne monie in my pouche ;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

(24) sun-burnt. (25) smoke. (26) drink. (27) *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. (28) fly. (29) lightning. (30) steam, or vapours. (31) flames. (32) noisy. (33) moves. (34) swelled, strengthened. (35) frightened. (36) burst. (37) a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers. (38) painted. (39) he told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify cursing. (40) poor, needy. (41) a cloke. (42) a loose white robe, worn by priests. (43) a lord. (44) I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give:
 Mie porter never lets a faitour (45) in;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did fryve,
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awai:
 Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
 His cope and jape (46) were graie, and eke were cleene;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene;
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.
 An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosened his pouche threde,
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline (47) shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe (48) thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete (49) of oure owne we bare,
 But ah! unhailie (50) pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my semecope (51), thou arte bare I see;
 Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure (52),
 Or give the mittee (53) will, or give the gode man power.

"The reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages are all copied from MSS. in the handwriting of Thomas Chatterton."———"But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy."

To conclude——We have not sufficient confidence to encounter difficulties which the Editor of this volume has expressed his solicitude to escape. He has executed his task in the most liberal and intelligent manner: He studiously disclaims all influence over the judgment of his readers, and at the same time displays the most minute and learned accuracy throughout his publication. We must, therefore, content

(45) a beggar, or vagabond: (46) a short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. (47) joy. (48) ease. (49) nought. (50) unhappy. (51) a short under-cloke. (52) glory. (53) mighty, rich.

ourselves at once to imitate his laudable modesty, and the secure neutrality of Sir Roger de Coverley; and finish our review of this article by observing, that as to the authenticity or spuriousness of the poems attributed to Rowley, *much may be said on both sides of the question.*

A General History of the Science and Practice of Music, by Sir John Hawkins. In Five Volumes. 4to. 6l. 6s. boards. (Continued from p. 44.) Payne.

TOWARDS the conclusion of our last review of this work, we related, upon the authority of Vossius, that Guido Aretinus was promoted to the place of a dignitary of the church, and a member of the sacred college; and it is true that those assertions are likewise affirmed by other writers. Sir John Hawkins, however, produces the testimony of M. Bayle in refutation of this supposed fact; according to which it appears, that Guitemond, not Guido, was the monk of Leufred, in the diocese of Evreux in Normandy, afterwards bishop of Aversa in Italy, and at length a cardinal.

The second volume of this interesting history commences with an account of the Use of Sarum. In order to explain the import of this expression it is necessary to observe, that about the middle of the eleventh century, a general mode of public worship not being positively prescribed, every cathedral church in England was allowed to establish a formulary for itself, which was afterwards distinguished by the appellation of its Use. Of those several rituals, however, that of Sarum, established in the year 1077, obtained the greatest number of followers; and hence arose the expression, 'Secundum usum Sarum.'

In respect to the origin of the Use of Sarum, generally ascribed to Osmund, bishop of that see, Sir John Hawkins quotes the different accounts that are delivered by Bale and Fox, for which we refer our readers to the work. He observes, at the same time, that Sir Henry Spelman has too implicitly adopted the representation of the latter of those writers, in the recital which he has given of the Use of Sarum in his glossary. For, according to the authority of our author, whose elaborate investigations are entitled to particular applause, the Use of Sarum not only regulated the form and order of celebrating the mass, but prescribed the rule and office for all the sacerdotal functions. The observance of it even extended almost throughout the province of Canterbury; and Sir John Hawkins likewise shews, from Lyndwood, that, in virtue of its superior prevalence, the bishop of Sarum claimed, by ancient custom, the right to execute the office of precentor, and to govern the choir,

The intention of the fifteenth discourse (from Heb. i. 1.) is to set forth the different periods and dispensations of religion from first to last; and to explain in what sense every dispensation, whether general or particular, must have something in it *fixed and invariable*, and in what sense also it may admit of *variety and alterations*.

The sixteenth sermon (from Proverbs xxii. 6) was preached before the Governors of the Charity-Schools in London. Dr. Tucker here strongly recommends the necessity of inculcating the saving truths of the gospel, and the duties of practical religion in the minds of children, especially the children of the poorer sort; and he endeavours to shew, that charity-schools, in conjunction with infirmaries, are almost the only means left, consistently with our present ideas of constitutional liberty, for instilling into the lower class of people the duties of living piously, righteously, and soberly in this present world.

The last discourse was preached on the 30th of January, from 1 Pet. ii. 17. And here the Dean attempts to prove that the foundation of all human governments, like that of the divine government, consists in power, wisdom, and goodness;—but each of these in a very finite and imperfect manner, even at the best, and often subject to great changes and revolutions for the worse: so that our obedience to such governments ought not to be absolute, or unlimited, without any reserves or exceptions. Nevertheless, as human governments there must be, notwithstanding all their faults and imperfections, he maintains that the *general* duty of the subject is certainly *obedience and non-resistance*; and that the *exceptive cases* of resistance must be left to the natural feelings of mankind, which are seldom or never wanting to advertise us in all dangerous cases of this nature. This sermon contains something of the scheme of Dr. Tucker's threatened attack upon Mr. Locke; at the prospect of which, no true friend of that great man feels the least concern. In the application of the sermon to the present times, Dr. Tucker asserts, that the same principles and maxims are now returning, which spread so much misery over these kingdoms once before;—that the same republican schemes are again in agitation;—that the same plans are now forming anew;—that the same engines of destruction are again at work to pull down and demolish our goodly fabrics both in church and state: in short, that there is a settled plan, and a premeditated design of overturning the constitution. This, he thinks, is the true *master-key*, which unlocks and lays open the latent designs of those who oppose the measures of administration. The Dean of Gloucester hath again and again repeated this base and groundless calumny in his political writings;

things; and he is now willing to sanctify his theology with it. We dare say he is not a little proud of his *master-key*; but, for our parts, we can scarcely help comparing it to the bungling workmanship of some country blacksmith, who finds it difficult to make a key that shall be able to turn a common lock.

Dr. Tucker's style is perspicuous and easy, without being mean; and, on that account, very proper for the pulpit.

Monthly Review April 1777

ART. VI. *Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and Others in the Fifteenth Century*; the greatest Part now first published from the most authentic Copies, with an engraved Specimen of One of the MSS. To which are added, a Preface, an introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. 8vo. 5 s. Boards. Payne. 1777.

Our first opening these Poems, the smooth style of the harmony, the easy march of the verse, the regular station of the cæsura, the structure of the phrase, and the cast and complexion of the thoughts, made us presently conclude that they were *Mock Ruins*.—If such they are, their merit is of no high estimation, it being as easy for a person accustomed to versification, and acquainted with obsolete terms, to fabricate an old poem as to write a new one: but if, on the contrary, they are really productions of the fifteenth century, they are the most extraordinary literary curiosities that this or any recent period has produced: for they would shew us that the graces of numbers, and the refinements of poetical melody, are of no modern date, but belonged to one of the first adventurers in English poesy. This curious question, then, it is our immediate office to investigate, and we enter upon it with the greater satisfaction, as we are in possession of some authentic documents, respecting the inquiry, which do not appear in the work before us.

In the first place it is necessary to adduce the Preface to this publication:

'The poems, which make the principal part of this collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

'This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection.

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His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS. having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very ancient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-street. The young man was at first unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received this, *together with many other MSS.* from his father, who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church."

' Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton *, and, partly as presents partly as purchases, procured

* ' The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1776.

' Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS. "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. *viz.* CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with *ETHELGAR*), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon Heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—*ELINOURE and JUCA, written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

' In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the book-sellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. ———, Mr. ———, Mr. ———, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

REV. APR. 1777.

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cured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

* In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

* The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his ori-

* In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter." In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord-Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his Lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord-Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

* Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Public, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ginal MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

‘It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really ancient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.’

Hitherto it appears that the personal evidence of the authenticity of these Poems rests entirely on the faith of Chatterton,—on the faith of a vagrant, living by expedients, and equally destitute of property and of principle. We have been credibly informed that this young man carried his MSS. to Mr. Horace Walpole, and that he met with no encouragement from that learned and ingenious gentleman, who suspected his veracity: a circumstance which, certainly, does not speak in favour of the originality of these productions. On the other hand, we have seen part of a letter from Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, in which he thus expresses himself: “The Poems are universally admired; but I lament the omission of the proofs, which would have established their authenticity with every one who is open to conviction. The names of the heroes in the Battle of Hasting, who enlisted under Duke William, correspond exactly with the roll of Battle Abbey.”

Some of the proofs to which the Dean here alludes are before us; but these, and the testimonies arising from the introductory part of this publication, together with our final sentiments concerning its ancient or modern birth, would swell this Article beyond the allowable limits, and must, therefore, be deferred to the ensuing month:—particularly as our Readers will look for a specimen, and wish to form their judgment from that internal evidence, which the Editor, in his Preface, holds out as the only proof.

From the Tragical Enterlude of ÆLLA.

CELMONDE, at BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
 Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites^a of goulde,
 Mee, happelofs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
 Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces chayne.

Ab! Birtha, whie didde Nature frame thee fayre?

Whie art thou all that poyntelle^b canne bewreene^c?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte then thie foughle woulde throw thy vyfage sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene^d,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whan bie the sonne made redde,

Orr scarlett, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene^e,

Syke^f would thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.

Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte

Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee from hys moſte parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee her wythe anere^g!

Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.

Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poſſonn ynn the beere,

And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes^h wyll ſlea.

Affyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylls rounde me tende,

To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtieⁱ friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieſte dyd make me knyghte,

Bleſſyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,

Howe bie mie honde the prevyd^k Dane ſhould blede,

Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

Notte, whann I fyrſte behelde thie beauteous hue,

Whyche ſtrooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie ſofter ſoule;

Nott, whann from the barbed horſe yn fyghte dyd view.

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,

Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,

Dydd I fele joie wyth ſyke reddoure^l as nowe,

Whann hallie preeſt, the lechemanne of the ſoule,

Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyſnede^m vowe:

Now hallie Ælla's ſelyneſſe ys grate;

Shapⁿ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate^o.

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, & huſbande, ſyke a joie ys mine;

Botte mayden modeſtie moſte ne ſoe ſaie,

Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,

Or ynn myne harte, wheré thou ſhalte be for aie;

Inn ſothe, I have botte meeded out thie ſaie^p;

For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente^q,

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,

And on the graſſe her lemes^r of ſilverr ſente,

^a robes, mantels. ^b a pen. ^c expreſs. ^d countenance. ^e covered.
^f ſuch. ^g another. ^h at once. ⁱ mighty. ^k hardy, valorous.
^l violence, ^m binding, enforcing, ⁿ fate. ^o leſſen, decreaſe. ^p faith.
^q blinded. ^r lights, rays.

Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie swete to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moſte faieſfullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte,
Whanne deysde bie thieſelfe, for want of pheeres^a,
Awghylſt thie merryemen dyde laughe and jeaſte,
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Aleſt a daygnous^t looke to thee be ſente,
And offrendres^u made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe ſcarpes^w of ſcarlette, & ſyne paramente^x;
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed^y to mee,
I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleneſſ doth corven them ſoe grete,
Lyche bawſyn^z olyphanntes^a mie gnattes doe ſhewe;
Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate^b.
Botte hann mie actyonns ſtraughte^c the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldſtole atte thie feete,
On ſmyle woulde be ſufficyll mede for mee.
I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower ſtylle, & thyne, mie ſwete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe nott rate your achevmentes^d ſoe ſmalle;
As I to you, ſyke love untoe mee beare;
For nothyng paſte wille Birtha ever call,
Ne en a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle fleſch wyll ſpere,
Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe ſlacke yn love, ne overdeare;
A ſmall fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis doe thie volunde^e kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meynſte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

C E L M O N D E.

Alle bleſſynges ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn ſylver ſheenyge lyghte,
Inn varied chaunges varied bleſſynges ſhedde,
Beſprengynge far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace,
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

^a fellows, equals.

^t diſdainful.

^u preſents, offerings.

^w ſcarfs.

^x robes of ſcarlet.

^y bounded.

^z large.

^a elephants.

^b deſtroy.

^c ſtretched.

^d ſervices.

^e memory, underſtanding.

Æ L L A.

When fopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale foe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepster^f swayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;

Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre^g, I wyll goe,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees^h,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelter yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the moss-growne daisy'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie monthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzleⁱ chaunts hys noate,
The chelandree^k, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie^l,
Tellynge lecturnyes^m to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daifies, kyng-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratchieⁿ.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

^f Shepherd.
^k Gold-finch.

^g deceiver.
^l loudly.

^h meadows.
^m lectures.

ⁱ The black-bird
ⁿ apparel.

M A N N E.

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
Rounde the popler twyste his sprae;
 Round the oake the greene ivie
 Florryscheth and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
 Come, and doe notte coyen bee;
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
 Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
 Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;
 I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
 Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,
 Thou ſhalt neere ſynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
 To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
 I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
 So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte that nowe
 Wee attenes °, thos honde yn honde,
 Unto divinittre ^p goe,
 And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
 Make us one, at Cothbertes ſhryne.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle ^a lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no eſtate;
 Everyche clocke moe love ſhall gyve;
Wee ynn godeneſſe wyll be greate.

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys ſonge, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer ſyngeynge now;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleſſynges telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleſſynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde r, wee have; and, gyff you pleaſe, wille ſynge,
 As well as owre chounge-voyces wyll permytte.

° At once,

p a divine.

a a cottage,

r Lord.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret^s, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'll frayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddyngge flourettes blushes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh^t yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheistlyng dynne ys brought,
The evenyngge comes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkyne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte all ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styll.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

So Adam thoughtene, whann, yn Paradyse,
All Heavenne and Erth dyd homage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleyn mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

T H Y R D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Whanne Autumpne blakeⁿ and sonne-brent doe appere,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleyn lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynter to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan all the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the fyghte;
Whann the fayre apple, ruddy as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Methynckes mie hartys joie ys steyned with somme care.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to be of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyn from chafe^w desyre bee free;
Dheere ys a somwhatt overe yn the wynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styll bee;
Ne feynste yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere^x,
Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne fayre:

^s Stretch. ^t tender. ^w naked. ^v hot. ^x health.

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttle fyre;
 Therefore thie seke the fyre of love, to hete
 The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
 Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,
 Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
 Go, take thee swythyn^y to thie bedd a wyfe,
 Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, *bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.*

*As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
 As from the sones here harried,
 She sayde, as herr whytte bondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
 Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!*

*Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
 As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
 Does no cherysauncys from Elynour boulde,
 I have ytt as soone as I aske ytt.*

*Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
 Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnyng,
 I styлле wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
 Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.*

*Eche mornynge I rsye, doe I sette mie maydennes,
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Than swythyne you fynde mee a teachynge.*

*Lorde Waltere, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeyng,
 Botte schulde I agen go to merrie Cloud dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redynge.*

*Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fat derkynnes was chacyng,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym went shee;
 So we leave hem bothe kyndelie embracyng.*

The Reader is to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages throughout the book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton; and that most of those obsolete words, which, in the foregoing extract, are not explained, may be illustrated by turning to the Glossary, at the end of the volume.

For the testimonies we shall produce in our next Review, we are obliged to some Gentlemen of character and ingenuity in and near Bristol.

ART. VII. *A Voyage round the World, in his Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, commanded by Capt. James Cook, during the Years 1772, 3, 4, and 5.* By George Forster, F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and of the Society for promoting Natural Knowledge at Berlin. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Boards. White, &c. 1777.

THOUGH we have had this work too short a time in our hands, to enable us yet to enter upon the narrative part of it; we take the earliest opportunity of explaining the nature and design of the undertaking, and of reciting the most material circumstances relative to the publication: especially as the speedy appearance of another account of the same Voyage, written by Capt. Cook, under the sanction of the Board of Admiralty, has been announced in the public papers. Accordingly, previous to an abstract of the Voyage itself, we shall endeavour to gratify the curiosity of our Readers, by giving an account of the circumstances and motives which induced the Author to undertake this work; so far, at least, as these are explained to us in his prefatory address, and, we may add, hinted at even in his title-page.—In the latter we are first struck with the following *quatrain*:

- ‘ On ne repousse point la *verité* sans bruit,
- ‘ Et de quelque façon qu’on l’arrête au passage,
- ‘ On verra tôt-ou-tard que c’étoit un outrage,
- ‘ Dont il falloit qu’au moins la *honte* fut le fruit.’

DE MISSY.

This motto seems to convey a meaning not very favourable to certain persons unknown. As yet it does not appear to us whether the never-failing prevalence of *truth*, held forth in it, relates only to the Author’s personal concerns, or dealings with those who have the direction of the Admiralty-account of the last circumnavigation; or whether it carries another and more general meaning, relative to matters of a more *public* nature*. Such lights as the Preface affords we shall endeavour to communicate, in the following analysis of it:

After

* Speaking of the intended publication, the Author hints his apprehensions that, in one particular, it may probably resemble Dr. Hawkesworth’s compilation, ‘ where many important observations, *thought obnoxious*, have been suppressed, as is customary in France.’ —‘ The same authority, he adds, which blew off M. de Bougainville from the island of Juan Fernandez, could hush to silence the British guns, whilst the Endeavour cannonaded the Portuguese fort at Madeira.’ —The two circumstances here alluded to, says the Author, are well-known facts, though suppressed in the published narratives. ‘ M. de Bougainville spent some time at Juan Fernandez, and completely refreshed

T H E

MONTHLY REVIEW,

For M A Y, 1777.



ART. I. Rowley's *Poems continued*. Vid. last Month's Review.

WE resume this Article with laying before our Readers such proofs of the authenticity of these poems, as have been communicated to us by our friends and correspondents; among the rest we are particularly obliged to Mr. George Catcott, a learned antiquary in Bristol, and to Dr. Thomas Smith, an eminent physician of Wrington in Somersetshire. The following account comes from the hands of Mr. Catcott:

‘The poetical compositions contained in this book were most of them written during the contentions between the houses of York and Lancaster: of course they may serve to convince posterity that the flames of civil discord did not entirely consume the genius of poetry; that this period (which almost every historian assures us was destitute of poetical productions) had its poets, and that this sublime and engaging part of literature was by no means at a stand, even in those disastrous times.

‘The progress of poetry may justly be considered as the progress of human nature from barbarity to refinement; and, surely, it must be a pleasing disquisition to trace the gradual advances of the human mind, from its infancy to a state of maturity. It is an observation of Lord Orrery, that no poet or historian of note was born in this calamitous period; but the fortunate discovery of these valuable works of genius affords a full refutation of his Lordship's opinion.

‘I think it necessary, for the information of the Public, to mention all I know of the discovery of Rowley's Poems, and what authority I have for believing them to have been really written in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and collected by Mr. *William Canynge* the sole founder of *St. Mary Redcliff church*, in the city of Bristol, and left by him in the said church at his decease.’

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Y

After

After mentioning what was quoted 'expressly from him in the preface to these poems (see our last Review) Mr. Catcott thus proceeds :

‘ It does not appear precisely at what time Chatterton’s father made this discovery ; but there are some reasons for thinking it was about the year 1748 ; and particularly it is said, that upon his applying to the vestry for paper to cover the boy’s copy books, the churchwardens, through a strange kind of inattention to things of this sort, told him, that he might make use of the old parchments which were in the chests before-mentioned, and which they supposed were valuable upon no other account. It is impossible to say what, or how many writings were destroyed in consequence of this permission ; but Mr. Chatterton, having, it seems, a taste for poetry, and meeting with several of Mr. Rowley’s compositions in that way, he copied many of them : however, during his life, none of them were made public. At his decease the remaining MSS. and copies fell into the hands of his son, a young man of very UNCOMMON ABILITIES, but BAD PRINCIPLES. His education was no other than what he received from a school on St. Augustin’s Back, in which nothing was taught but English, writing, and accounts. Yet, with these disadvantages, he discovered an UNCOMMON TASTE FOR POETRY, and I have now in my possession some good specimens of his abilities in that way. He was also a great PROFICIENT IN HERALDRY, and very soon made himself acquainted with the OLD CHARACTERS of the MSS. his father left behind him, and as quickly discover’d their value. He was not, however, of an OPEN OR INGENUOUS DISPOSITION, and, consequently, would never give any SATISFACTORY ACCOUNT of what he possessed ; but only from time to time, as HIS NECESSITIES obliged him, produced some transcripts from these originals, and it was with great difficulty, and some expence, I procured what I have. Knowing that Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon in Bristol, was then writing a treatise on the Antiquities of that city, I introduced young Chatterton to him, and of him Mr. B. purchased some of the originals. He has frequently confessed to me that he destroyed many others, and mentioned the titles of some at that time in his possession, which I could never get a sight of ; as, The Tragedy of the Apostate (of which Mr. Barrett above-mentioned has a short extract) the subject was, a person’s apostatising from the Christian to the Jewish religion. He also informed me that his father (who took great delight in musical compositions) had a book of that sort composed by Rowley ; but I do not recollect, whether his son ever had it in his possession. In transcribing these poems he seems never to have departed from the obsolete language in
which

which they were written, unless we suppose him to have done it in some instances in the *Bristow Tragedy*, which stands in less need of a Glossary than any of the others; in all the rest, at least, he appears to have adhered strictly to the original language, and, in order to make it intelligible, he has added a Glossary to some of them, which, though not complete in all respects, facilitates the reading. It is very observable, in many instances, that, where he could not make out the true original reading, HE HAS INSERTED WORDS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY UNINTELLIGIBLE, rather than supply others from the current stock. Many proofs of this may be seen in the Tragedy of *Ælla* (see an extract from this in our last Review) which seems to have been transcribed, from the beginning to the end, with the most scrupulous attention. The language of this tragedy is pathetic, and the situations are affecting. Prior to Rowley's time the plays were mostly taken from holy writ, and the church was the theatre where, sometimes, the most monstrous absurdities were exhibited. In his Epistle to Mr. Canynge, previous to this tragedy, he seems to have broken through the prejudice of the times in which he lived, and to have introduced a new kind of drama, almost upon the same plan on which our present theatrical compositions are formed: his words are these:

Plaies madde fromme hallie tales I holde unmete,
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
 Whanne as a manne wee Godde and Jesus treate,
 Ynne mie poore mynde wee doe the Godhedde wronge.

In 1770, Chatterton went to London, and carried all this treasure with him, in hopes, as we may very reasonably suppose, of disposing of it to his advantage; he accordingly applied, as I have been informed, to that learned antiquary, Mr. Horace Walpole, but met with little or no encouragement from him; soon after which, in a fit of despair, as it is supposed, he put an end to his unhappy life, having first cut to pieces and destroyed all the MSS. he had in his possession.

With respect to the antiquity of these poems, it needs only to be observed, that Mr. Canynge, the great friend and patron of Rowley, died in the year 1474, and by his will directed that these, together with a vast collection of other writings, sufficient to fill three or four large chests, should be deposited in *Redclift church*, in the room before-mentioned, requesting that the mayor and chief magistrates of the city, attended by the town-clerk, together with the minister and church-wardens of the parish would annually inspect the same, and see that every thing was carefully preserved; ordering, moreover, that AN ENTERTAINMENT SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD. Mr. Canynge indeed had used the utmost precaution for their security,

for before you entered the room where they were deposited, you had to pass through three doors, each of which has three different locks, Rowley says in a MS. of his own writing, now in Mr. William Barrett's possession, that the chest which contained the folio ledger was bound round with iron, and had on it six different locks, which were to be opened by the several trustees. This chest remains entire to this day, in the room before mentioned; from whence we may very reasonably conclude, that what was contained under these locks, was of no small value in the estimation of that great man, whom Rowley, in some MS. memoirs of himself, styles in very emphatical language, "The favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the sadre of hys natyve cittie, the grete and goode Wylliamm Canynge, &c."

• Mr. Canynge had likewise a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected at a very great expence; and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio Rowley says, "was a presente wordie of a grete kyng;" and the loss of it will be ever sincerely regretted by the friends of literature; as the writings might have thrown some light on the learning of those times. Mr. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius, and liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts.

• It happens very unfortunately that there remains no account of Mr. Rowley, except what we meet with in his own memoirs. From thence it appears that he lived in the greatest intimacy with Mr. Canynge, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generosity. Mr. Rowley's works indeed are a sufficient testimony of his wonderful genius as a poet; but if, besides this, we consider that extreme modesty (so inseparable from great minds) with which he speaks of himself, and what he calls his "unwordhie poems," that warmth of gratitude shewn upon all occasions to his illustrious friend; the perpetual delight he takes in dwelling upon his many amiable virtues, and the earnest desire which he so constantly manifests of transmitting his fame to posterity; all these things give us so high an idea of the goodness of his heart, that we cannot forbear loving the man, as much as we admire the poet.

Mr. Carcott, who appears to have written the above, about five years ago, has, upon later application and inquiry, formed a second memoir concerning Rowley's works, of which likewise he has favoured us with a copy. It is as follows:

• My acquaintance with Chatterton was accidental. Being one day, in 1768, at Redcliff church, with a friend of mine, he observed that some ancient pieces of poetry had been found there,

there, and that many specimens of it were in the possession of a youth whom he knew. I was soon after made acquainted with him, and he *readily*, and without reward, gave me the Bristow Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Mr. Canynge's Grandfather, and one or two other little pieces. In two or three days after he brought me two originals; I think the Yellow Roll, and the Ode to Ella, which I immediately put into Mr. Barrett's possession. At this time Chatterton could be little more than 15, just come from Mr. Collton's *charity school*; and I well recollect his mentioning the names of *most* of the poems which have since appeared, as being then in his possession. This fact, I think, may be considered as a full confutation of an opinion which has gained some ground, of his being the Author of these poems, and having forged these pretended originals; and I will venture to say, that if any of those gentlemen who affect to disbelieve the evidence brought in proof of the authenticity of Rowley's writings, will divest themselves of all prejudice, they will soon see the absurdity of supposing that a lad of 15, bred up at a *charity school*, without the advantages of a classical education, afterwards hackney-writer to an attorney, and kept confined to his master's business, could at once start from his obscurity, commence a judge of coins, become acquainted with heraldry, write whole sentences of Latin and Greek, for I can produce instances of both, and forge MSS. which discover the most evident marks, both by their characters and style, as well as the nature of the parchment itself, and the manner of the writing, of their being penned at least three centuries ago. To my certain knowledge he understood no language but his mother tongue, so that though he might copy Greek and Latin, he could not compose in those languages. I have already taken notice of the manner of writing. In the Ode to Ella, which is written upon vellum, the characters are, in general, very fair and legible; but what is very remarkable, and which I think may be considered as a strong, if not an undoubted proof of its authenticity, the lines are not kept distinct, but the whole is written in the manner of a prose composition, as was usual, when parchment was so very scarce.

‘ I shall conclude with laying before the candid Reader the following remarks :

‘ In a poem called the *Bristowe Tragedie*, or Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, King Edward the Fourth is represented as sitting in the Minster window to see Sir Charles pass to execution. St. Ewin's church was then the City Minster, and in the books of the church there is now to be seen a charge for fitting up the church for the reception of King Edward in the year 1461, and his being in Bristol that year, is confirmed by Howe in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle. From the Old Original

Ledger I have extracted verbatim (among several others) the following memorandums, being part of the *Accompte of Peirs*.

" Grenfelde & Wendryk Tayllor Procurators of the sayde chyrche of Seyncte Ewins of Brystowe frō the XX daye of March ynn the fyrstezere of Kynge Edwarde the 4th unto the fyrste daye of Averell, ynn the year yan next ymedyarly suing bye an hool zere and odde days.

Coste don onn the chyrche.

" Item to 1 labourer 7 days, every daye iij d.	s. d.
i. e. 3 d.	xxjd. 1 9
" Item for carrynge awaie the rubbel, j d.	0 1
" Item for washyng the chyrche pay ven ageyns Kynge Edwarde 4th is comynge iij d.	
ob.	0 4½

" Among the prose MSS. is an account of Bristol, in which Mr. Rowley mentions a church founded by a Johannes Lamynngtonn. In pulling down the school-house in 1762, which was the remains of a church or chapel, was found a stone coffin, on which was the name of Johannes Lamynngtonn at length, in very legible characters. The stone coffin is now preserved entire in Saint Mary Redcliff church, with his effigies at full length on the cover, habited like a priest, quite perfect, and large as life.

" The following circumstance may, I think, with great propriety, be considered as an additional proof of the authenticity of these valuable remains of ancient poetry, &c.

" The case is as follows: In digging a grave in March 1776, in the chapel at the north entrance into Redcliff church, between two and three feet under the surface of the ground was discovered a very large stone sarcophagus, probably upwards of 1000 years old, at least it is prior to the late St. Nicholas church, which is the oldest in Bristol, and built, as I have been credibly informed, about 900 years ago; and what greatly strengthens this opinion is, that it is made of a peculiar kind of stone, which is not found nearer Bristol than the Forest of Dean, or some parts of Glamorganshire. And as there was a great deal of Dundry stone used in the fabric of St. Nicholas, a considerable part of which is still preserved in the plinth, that, by way of ornament, entirely surrounds the lower part of the present edifice, I think this may very reasonably be urged in favour of its being prior to the late church; for certainly the builders would never have acted so very absurdly as to send so far as the Forest for stone, if they had known it might have been had equally as good and as large so near as Dundry, which is not more than four short miles distant; and this, in my humble opinion, may justly be considered as another strong proof of the authenticity of Rowley's History of Bristol, in which

which it is said there was a church on Redcliff Hill, prior to that built by Sir Simon de Bourton, being founded by Brightrikus or Bithric in 789, in which the before-mentioned sarcophagus was probably deposited, and indeed, whoever examines it attentively, may easily discover evident marks of remote antiquity.

‘ The subsequent proofs in favour of the authenticity of the before-mentioned MSS. were drawn up by an ingenious gentleman of the faculty.

‘ Supposing alterations accidentally happening from transcribing in the modern hands introduced by Chatterton, do these accidental circumstances conclude against the many claims these MSS. have, in general, to antiquity ?

‘ Supposing even that Chatterton had written some things in imitation of Rowley, which, from his abilities and character, it is possible he might have done, even these must have been *trifles*; for when he was first acquainted with Mr. Catcott, and little more than 15, he mentioned most of those pieces which have since appeared as then in his possession: such as the Interlude of the Tournament, the Battle of Hastyngs, Brytowe Tragedie, &c. &c. all very long poems.

‘ Many persons, qualified both as scholars and antiquarians, have fully and on the spot, *where only it can be properly done*, examined the evidences on which these MSS. ground their claim to antiquity; and I do not recollect a single instance of any one who did not appear convinced. Dr. Fry, the late learned President of St. John's, Oxford, particularly examined the whole with the greatest deliberation; was thoroughly convinced of their authenticity; copied most part with his own hand; went very far in making a glossary, and intended completing it.

‘ Mr. Hale, a gentleman near Bristol, and who formerly was in the law, has frequently, and very lately, assured me, that he had not the least doubt of the MSS. being original, both from the writing and the fabrication of the parchment. This gentleman is well qualified to decide on this point. He possesses great numbers of very ancient manuscripts, which were collected by Sir Matthew Hale, whose immediate descendant he is. Mr. Hale has likewise had very uncommon opportunities of information, having in his profession been employed to make abstracts of the old Deeds of many of the churches in Bristol, on account of his being so perfect a judge of old writing.

‘ The late Lord L—— thoroughly investigated this matter, and was convinced.

‘ I recollect that Mr. Barrett gave him a transcript of the Song to Ælla, written in the same manner as the original, like a prose composition.

‘ Lord C—— examined this affair with great attention, went through the whole evidence on the spot, and heard the objections made by the gentlemen of London from themselves, yet is he still convinced that the Poems are authentic.

‘ In 1771, Mr. Harris of Salisbury having a work in hand upon the rise and progress of English Poetry, desired Dr. —— to request Mr. Barrett to send him some specimens of Rowley's Poems, the original of which Mr. Barrett had in his hands, together with an account of the manner in which they were discovered, and the evidence of their originality. Mr. Barrett did so, and Mr. Harris expressed the pleasure he received from them in the highest terms, without even an hint as if he doubted their authenticity.

‘ The Dean of Clogher is likewise perfect master of the proofs, and is convinced that the Poems in general have a claim to antiquity.

‘ Dr. Fry at first very much doubted the authenticity of these Poems, &c. on account of “the elegance of the language, so very different from what one would have expected in such an age as that in which they were supposed to have been written.”

‘ Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Antiquarian Society, who is well acquainted with obsolete English, and perfect master of ancient characters, and, consequently, as capable as any one of detecting a forgery, had there been any, has minutely examined all the originals on the spot, and is fully convinced they are authentic.’

We have, from the same hands, a curious account of the Temple church in Bristol, copied verbatim from the original, in Rowley's hand-writing, and signed with his name. It begins thus: ‘ Tys uncouth whann this chyrche was fyrste ybuyldenn, nathless I rede ynn Bocharde of the revestrie, that ynn 1271 fyx wommenne ynn Easter weeke dydd doe penance for ewbrie, goeyng from Seyncte Paulle's Crosse to the new chyrche of the Templarres.’

From several circumstances now found in that church, corresponding with Rowley's account, Mr. Catcott seems to have no doubt of its authenticity.

We have likewise another memoir concerning a sermon said to be written by Rowley, ‘ On the Deitie of Holie Spryte.’ With respect to this Mr. Catcott observes, in a letter to Dr. Smith, ‘ there is a passage in it from Gregory Naz. not a letter of which Chatterton understood.’

We have now put our Readers in possession of all the testimonies, concerning the antiquity of these Poems, that we have been able to obtain. In our next Review we shall attend to the internal evidence, and give our final opinion.

because, however *true* a revelation may be in itself, i. e. with respect to the persons who have immediately received it, it cannot be *true*, with respect to you and me, or in other words, we cannot be persuaded of its truth, but by our conviction of the accuracy and fidelity of those who relate it; and this accuracy cannot be fully ascertained, but by such a superintendant inspiration, at least, as secures the historian against all *essential* error." Mr. J— makes other very unwarrantable concessions which our Author has sufficiently exposed.

His reply to another objection, founded in the incredibility of some of the scripture doctrines 'strikes at the foundation of all evidence whatever.' The doctrines which he specifies are those of the Trinity and atonement for sin by the sufferings of Christ; and of these, allowing them in the vulgar acceptation to be scripture truths, he says, that 'the one *contradicts* all the principles of human reason, and the other all our ideas of divine justice.' Upon which Dr. M— remarks, that, 'it is as impossible for us to believe them' (on his supposition) 'in our character of reasonable beings, as it is to believe, that twice two makes five, or that an action may be just and unjust at the same time, and in the same circumstances; for every proposition, that evidently *contradicts* the principles of reason, is equivalent to the two now mentioned.'

As the cause of rational Christianity has suffered more from the mistakes and undesigned misrepresentations of its friends than from the utmost powers of the criticism or calumny of its avowed adversaries, these letters cannot fail of being acceptable to the public. Mr. J—'s book, however laudable the design with which it was written, may, without a seasonable antidote of this kind, mislead the unwary reader, propagate erroneous and dishonourable notions of the doctrines and spirit and evidence of Christianity and ultimately disserve the cause which it was intended to promote. Considering the importance of the subject and the character of the writer, whose work has now passed under *review*, our Readers will not be displeased at the particular attention we have paid to it, and the length of the extracts which it has afforded.

ART. VIII. *Rowley's Poems*, concluded.

THE exterior evidence in favour of the authenticity of these Poems (see our Reviews of April and May) rests chiefly on the following circumstances:

The existence of Rowley is determined by Mr. Catcott's testimonies, beyond all dispute.

That he was an author is equally evident, and that he was a poet, there are competent proofs.

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The MSS. were brought to light in the year 1748, given up to Chatterton's father, a schoolmaster, to make covers for his boys copy-books. This man, it seems, had a turn for poetry. Of course, he saved, from the mere piety of his taste, such matters as he found of that kind.

The father dies, and the son (at an age when he could not entertain even the idea of fabrication) at the age of fifteen, meeting with Mr. Catcott, gives him readily, and without reward, the Bristow Tragedy, Rowley's epitaph on Mr. Canynge's grandfather, and one or two other little pieces.

At the same time Mr. Catcott 'well recollects' that he mentioned most of the poems, some of them large ones, which have since appeared, as being then in his possession.

The indistinct manner of writing the verses on the parchments, running in the ordinary way of prose, was peculiar to that age, and the MSS. produced by Chatterton were in the same form. These are strong testimonies, and such as it is not easy to invalidate. For what should induce, nay what should enable a boy of fifteen, ignorant of every language but his own, to write long poems in an obsolete style, which, though in poor circumstances, he *readily gave away*? And could he, at the same time, have preconceived the plans of the Interlude of the Tournament, the Battle of Hastings, &c. which he announced to Mr. Catcott on his first application?

That he was an adventurer, that he became an hackney-writer, that he had fancy and invention, that he had necessities without principles to stand in their way, are circumstances, indeed, of no promising aspect towards the originality of our Poems.— But these must all lose their force; for they are all of discovery subsequent to Chatterton's communicating the MSS. to Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett. The charity-school boy of Bristol, when enrolled in the register of Grubstreet, would become a different being. Of the papers which, in his former situation, he had *readily given away*, he would begin to find the value. He would think of mustering and enlarging his collection, and probably have recourse to expedients, as Swift says,

'To swell the volume's price a shilling.'

Here, we apprehend, lies the true state of the matter.

And now for the internal evidence. If our Readers will be pleased to turn to the Review for April, they will find some extracts from these Poems, in which are several verses, and one entire *song*, in Italics. What is so printed we conclude to be the manufacture of Chatterton.

The following stanza is in the *Song to Ælla*:

Oh thou, whereer (thie Bones att reste)
Thye spyte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whether

Whether upponne the blood embrewedd pleyne,
 Orr whare thou kennst from farre
 The dysmall crye of warre,
 Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne.

Those who can suppose that this stanza was written in the fifteenth century must be very little acquainted with the style and manners of our poetry in that period. Only change the orthography and it is perfectly modern:

O thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
 Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
 Whether upon the blood embrued plain,
 Or where thou ken'st from far
 The dismal cry of war,

Or seest some mountain made of corpse of slain.

Compare this with the odes of Gray and Collins, and the marks of imitation will be sufficiently evident. But then there are other passages in the same Poem that have all the appearance of originality.

We shall lay before our Readers a short extract from the *Battle of Hastings*:

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls beneathe the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
 Its fallen boddie tells you how it stoode.

When Edelward perceewd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground;
 And was demasing howe to take his life,
 When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
 Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
 The conquer'd maie claime victorie of you.

The Erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
 Han made his crymson bloude and spirits flew;
 And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
 He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
 And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
 And both together then did take their reste,
 Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
 And both together foughte the unknown shore,
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
 And hie alofe his temper'd swerd dyd welde,
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
 His proof steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
 And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;
 Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages floode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
 Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to fi,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renommed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 'The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styllie they thoghte mouch of the pile,
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
 'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede:
 O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldest such murderous acts as these eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine;
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
 The Sier Fitzbottleine did then advaunce,
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
 Who estfoons gored hym with his tyling launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of sodayne roushyng mouche lov'd pourple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that causd but little peine.
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
 But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The earlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyns in his noble mynde.

There

There is no doubt to be entertained concerning the originality of this. It wears the genuine, simple, strong-woven garb of antiquity, and could not be the production of a modern pen.

' Their souls from corpses *unaknell'd* depart,'
determines a word of Shakespeare's, about which there has been much puzzling criticism,

' Unhouse'd, unanointed, *unanneal'd*.'
Unknell'd, undoubtedly. The soul's departure unannounced by the sound of the bell, which was to give notice to the people to pray for its safe passage.

There is another expression of the same poet's,

' Th' unravell'd sleeve of Time.'

Something like which we find in Rowley :

So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who, stronglie plac'd, laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercing bange
That he the *sleeve unravels* all their fate.

This alludes to a kind of knitted doublet anciently in use, the texture of which terminating with the sleeve, when that was broke, the whole would ravel off.

Without further quotations, or extending this Article to a greater length, though tempted so to do by many curious circumstances, we do not hesitate to pronounce that these Poems are the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton.

ART. IX. *The History of America.* By William Robertson, D.D.
Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to
his Majesty for Scotland. 2 Vols. 4to. 11. 16 s. Boards.
Cadell. 1777.

FROM the close of the fifteenth century we date the most splendid era in the history of modern times. Discoveries were then made, the influence of which descended to posterity, and events happened that gave a new direction to the spirit of nations. At that period the powers of Europe assumed their political existence; arranged themselves in stations which they still continue to hold, and adopted the maxims of conduct by which their councils are still governed. Internal improvements kept pace with external advantages, and rising from the ruins of antiquity, literature and the arts began to appear. The invention of printing forwarded the revival of letters, by facilitating the study of the ancients. The reformation in religion set on foot a spirit of inquiry, which, extending itself to every thing, laid the foundation of future science. From the slumber of ages the human genius at last awoke, and, after a pause of many centuries, men began to think. To crown this brilliant period, an hardy and adventurous sailor wrought a new scene

scene of wonders. Conducted by the enthusiasm of genius, and assisted with the light of philosophy, Columbus made the boldest of human efforts; and venturing where man had never ventured, upon the unknown interminable ocean, he extended the boundaries of knowledge, discovered another hemisphere, and added, as it were, a new continent to the globe.

To the inhabitants of Europe, America was in every respect a new world. There the face of the earth changed its appearance. The plants, and trees, and animals, were strange; and nature seemed no longer the same. A continent opened that appeared to have come recently from the hands of the Creator, and which shewed lakes, rivers, and mountains on a grander scale, and the vegetable kingdom in greater magnificence, than in the other quarters of the globe; but the animal tribes in a state of degradation, few in number, degenerated in kind, imperfect, and unfinished. The human species in the earliest stage of its progress, vast and numerous nations, in the most rude form of the savage state which philosophers have contemplated, two great empires in the lowest degree of civilization, which any records have transmitted to our review, present to the philosophic eye the most fruitful subject of speculation that is to be found in the annals of history.

The discovery of the New World is not only a curious spectacle to the philosopher, but by the change which it effected, an interesting event to the human race. When Columbus set sail for unknown lands, he little expected or believed that he was to make a revolution in the system of human affairs, and to form the destiny of Europe for ages to come. The character of modern times, so very different from those of antiquity; the spirit of commerce which acts every where and moves the world; the civilization or corruption carried along with it; the strain of our virtues and of our vices; the direction of our talents and powers, the ideas, the manners of nations, all derive their origin from the intercourse of Europe with the East and West Indies.

The importance and celebrity of the subject, have, of late, attracted the attention of philosophers and historians. Views and sketches of the new world have been given by able writers, and splendid portions of the American story, have been adorned with all the beauties of eloquence. But hitherto no author has bestowed the mature and profound investigation which such a subject required, or has finished upon a regular plan, that complete narration and perfect whole, which it is the province of the historian to transmit to posterity.

That rage of theory, and passion for system, which is the disease of modern philosophy, has infected almost all the writings on this subject. Authors have delivered themselves up to their

their imagination, when they should have exercised their judgment, wild speculation has occupied the place of sober science, and the colours of poetry have dazzled where the light of philosophy should have shone. On these accounts we reckon it fortunate for the Republic of Letters that a subject of so much lustre and importance should, for these several years, have engrossed the studies of Dr. Robertson, whose industry to investigate historical truth, whose accuracy to examine particulars, and whose comprehension of mind to form decisions and judgments, have, on former occasions, been rewarded, with an high degree of public gratitude and applause.

The history of America is divided into eight books. In the first book the Author delineates the progress of navigation among the ancients, the Egyptians, the Phenicians, the Jews, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, and the Romans, as preparatory to those of the moderns, and describes its revival among them, favoured by their romantic expeditions to Asia, and promoted by the invention of the Mariners Compass.

In the second book he relates the voyage of Columbus, the discovery of the new world, and the settlement of the first Spanish colony in Hispaniola.

The third book contains an account of new discoveries and settlements, various measures for the treatment of the Indians, and preparations for the invasion of Mexico.

In the fourth the Author gives us a description of America when first discovered, and a philosophical inquiry into the manners and policy of its ancient inhabitants.

The fifth book gives us the history of the conquest of New Spain, by Cortes; and the sixth contains the conquest of Peru by Pizarro.

In the seventh book Dr. Robertson takes a view of the institutions and manners of the Mexicans and Peruvians, the only civilized states in America, and draws a comparison between Mexico and Peru.

In the eighth book, not the least curious and interesting of his work, he describes the Spanish system of colonization, and gives us the interior government and present state of Spanish America.

From this short account the Reader will observe, not only the unity but also the comprehensive range and beautiful gradation of the plan which the Author has pursued.

As Dr. Robertson, on many occasions, departs from former historians, and places characters and events in a new light, he acquaints us with the sources from which he derived his intelligence. The fame of his former writings facilitated the success with which he has conducted the research; and his name,
well

well known in Europe, procured him several manuscripts from Spain, and induced the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg to interest themselves in the cause of letters.

From several persons who had resided in most of the Spanish colonies, he received answers to a set of queries which he transmitted to them concerning the customs and policy of the native Americans, and the nature of the several institutions in the Spanish settlements. He applied for information to other quarters. M. le Chevalier de Pinto, the Minister from Portugal to the court of Great Britain, who commanded for several years at Matagrossa, a settlement of the Portuguese in the interior part of Brazil, where the Indians are numerous, and their original manners little altered by any intercourse with Europeans, sent very full answers to his queries, concerning the character and institutions of the natives of America.

M. Suard, the translator of his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* into French, procured him answers to the same queries from M. de Bougainville, who had opportunities of examining the Indians both of North and South America; and from M. Godin le Jeune, who resided fifteen years among Indians in Quito, and twenty years in Cayenne, which answers M. de la Condamine examined and enlarged a few weeks before his death.

His inquiries were not confined to one region in America. Governor Hutchinson recommended the consideration of his queries to Mr. Hawley and Mr. Brainerd, two Protestant missionaries employed among the Indians of the Five Nations. From the valuable nautical library, collected by Alexander Dalrymple, Esq; he received some very rare books, particularly two large volumes of memorials, partly manuscript, partly in print, which were presented to the court of Spain during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV. and which contain many curious particulars with respect to the interior state of the Spanish colonies, and the various schemes for their improvement.

He hath published a catalogue of the Spanish books and manuscripts which he hath consulted in the course of this work, consisting of twelve pages in quarto. To some this may seem the effect of ostentation, but to us it appears highly laudable, as we deem it the first object of an historian to authenticate what he relates. If certainty is any where to be sought after, it is in historical researches. Even at this distance of time it would not be difficult for us to point out defects with regard to information in the historians of Greece and Rome; defects not owing to their want of candour or veracity, but to their want of inquiry and attention. Religious and political prejudices blinded the historians of the past age. Extravagant theory has,

in some measure, perverted those of the present; at last history ceases to be a fable; truth begins to appear, and we rejoice at every effort to establish or continue her reign.

As a specimen of the work, we shall extract the description of America from the beginning of the fourth book.

‘ When we contemplate the New World, the first circumstance that strikes us is its immense extent. It was not a small portion of the earth, so inconsiderable that it might have escaped the observation or research of former ages, which Columbus discovered. He made known a new hemisphere, of greater extent than either Europe, or Asia, or Africa, the three noted divisions of the ancient continent, and not much inferior in dimensions to a third part of the habitable globe.

‘ America is remarkable not only for its magnitude, but for its position. It stretches from the northern polar circle to a high southern latitude, above fifteen hundred miles beyond the farthest extremity of the old continent on that side of the line. A country of such extent passes through all the climates capable of becoming the habitation of man, and fit for yielding the various productions peculiar either to the temperate or to the torrid regions of the earth.

‘ Next to the extent of the New World, the grandeur of the objects which it presents to view is most apt to strike the eye of an observer. Nature seems here to have carried on her operations with a bolder hand, and to have distinguished the features of this country by a peculiar magnificence. The mountains of America are much superior in height to those in the other divisions of the globe. Even the plain of Quito, which may be considered as the base of the Andes, is elevated farther above the sea than the top of the Pyrenees. This stupendous ridge of the Andes, no less remarkable for extent than elevation, rises in different places more than one-third above the Pike of Teneriffe, the highest land in the ancient hemisphere. The Andes may literally be said to hide their heads in the clouds; the storms often roll, and the thunder bursts below their summits, which, though exposed to the rays of the sun in the centre of the torrid zone, are covered with everlasting snows.

‘ From those lofty mountains descend rivers proportionally large, with which the streams in the ancient continent are not to be compared, either for length of course, or the vast body of water which they roll towards the ocean. The Maragnon, the Orinoco, the Plata, in South America, the Mississippi and St. Laurence, in North America, flow in such spacious channels, that, long before they feel the influence of the tide, they resemble arms of the sea rather than rivers of fresh water.

‘ The lakes of the New World are no less conspicuous for grandeur than its mountains and rivers. There is nothing in other parts of the globe which resembles the prodigious chain of lakes in North America. They may properly be termed inland seas of fresh water; and even those of the second or third class in magnitude, are of larger circuit than the greatest lake of the ancient continent.—

‘ But what most distinguishes America from other parts of the earth, is the peculiar temperature of its climate, and the different

laws

laws to which it is subject with respect to the distribution of heat and cold. We cannot determine precisely the portion of heat felt in any part of the globe, merely by measuring its distance from the equator. The climate of a country is affected, in some degree, by its elevation above the sea, by the extent of continent, by the nature of the soil, the height of adjacent mountains, and many other circumstances. The influence of these, however, is, from various causes, less considerable in the greater part of the ancient continent; and from knowing the position of any country there, we can pronounce with more certainty what will be the warmth of its climate, and the nature of its productions.

The maxims which are founded upon observation of our hemisphere will not apply to the other. There, cold predominates. The rigour of the frigid zone extends over half of that which should be temperate by its position. Countries where the grape and the fig should ripen, are buried under snow one half of the year; and lands situated in the same parallel with the most fertile and best cultivated provinces in Europe, are chilled with perpetual frosts, which almost destroy the power of vegetation. As we advance to those parts of America which lie in the same parallel with provinces of Asia and Africa, blessed with an uniform enjoyment of such genial warmth as is most friendly to life and vegetation, the dominion of cold continues to be felt, and winter, though during a short period, often reigns with extreme severity. If we proceed along the American continent into the torrid zone, we shall find the cold prevalent in the New World extending itself also to this region of the globe, and mitigating the excess of its fervour. While the negro on the coast of Africa is scorched with unremitting heat, the inhabitant of Peru breathes an air equally mild and temperate, and is perpetually shaded under a canopy of grey clouds, which intercepts the fierce beams of the sun, without obstructing his friendly influence. Along the eastern coast of America, the climate, though more similar to that of the torrid zone in other parts of the earth, is nevertheless considerably milder than in those countries of Asia and Africa which lie in the same latitude. If from the southern tropic we continue our progress to the extremity of the American continent, we meet with frozen seas, and countries horrid, barren, and scarcely habitable for cold, sooner than in the north.

Various causes combine in rendering the climate of America so extremely different from that of the ancient continent. Though the utmost extent of America toward the north be not yet discovered, we know that it advances nearer to the pole than either Europe or Asia. The latter have large seas to the north, which are open during part of the year; and even when covered with ice, the wind that blows over them is less intensely cold than that which blows over land in the same high latitudes. But in America the land stretches from the river St. Laurence towards the pole, and spreads out immensely to the west. A chain of enormous mountains, covered with snow and ice, runs through all this dreary region. The wind, in passing over such an extent of high and frozen land, becomes so impregnated with cold, that it acquires a piercing keenness, which it retains in its progress through warmer climates, and is not entirely mitigated

mitigated until it reach the Gulf of Mexico. Over all the continent of North America, a north-westerly wind and excessive cold are synonymous terms. Even in the most sultry weather, the moment that the wind veers to that quarter, its penetrating influence is felt in a transition from heat to cold, no less violent than sudden. To this powerful cause we may ascribe the extraordinary dominion of cold, and its violent inroads into the southern provinces in that part of the globe.

‘ Other causes, no less remarkable, diminish the active power of heat in those parts of the American continent which lie between the tropics. In all that portion of the globe, the wind blows in an invariable direction from east to west. As this wind holds its course across the ancient continent, it arrives at the countries which stretch along the western shore of Africa, inflamed with all the fiery particles which it hath collected from the sultry plains of Asia, and the burning sands in the African deserts. The coast of Africa is, accordingly, the region of the earth which feels the most fervent heat, and is exposed to the unmitigated ardour of the torrid zone. But this same wind which brings such an accession of warmth to the countries lying between the river of Senegal and Cafraria, traverses the Atlantic Ocean before it reaches the American shore. It is cooled in its passage over this vast body of water, and is felt as a refreshing gale along the coasts of Brasil, and Guiana, rendering these countries, though among the warmest in America, temperate, when compared with those which lie opposite to them in Africa. As this wind advances in its course across America, it meets with immense plains, covered with impenetrable forests, or occupied by large rivers, marshes, and stagnating waters, where it can recover no considerable degree of heat. At length it arrives at the Andes, which run from north to south through the whole continent. In passing over their elevated and frozen summits, it is so thoroughly cooled, that the greater part of the countries beyond them hardly feel the ardour to which they seem exposed by their situation. In the other provinces of America, from *Tierra Firme* westward to the Mexican empire, the heat of the climate is tempered, in some places, by the elevation of the land above the sea, in others, by their extraordinary humidity, and in all, by the enormous mountains scattered over this tract. The islands of America in the torrid zone are either small or mountainous, and are fanned alternately by refreshing sea and land breezes.’—

‘ After contemplating those permanent and characteristic qualities of the American continent, which arise from the peculiarity of its situation, and the disposition of its parts, the next object that merits attention is its condition when first discovered, as far as that depended upon the industry and operations of man. The effects of human ingenuity and labour are more extensive and considerable, than even our own vanity is apt at first to imagine. When we survey the face of the habitable globe, no small part of that fertility and beauty, which we ascribe to the hand of Nature, is the work of man. His efforts, when continued through a succession of ages, change the appearance and improve the qualities of the earth. As a great part of the ancient continent has long been occupied by nations far advanced in arts and industry, our eye is accustomed to view the earth

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in that form which it assumes when rendered fit to be the residence of a numerous race of men, and to supply them with nourishment.

“ But in the New World, the state of mankind was ruder, and the aspect of Nature extremely different. Throughout all its vast regions, there were only two monarchies remarkable for extent of territory, or distinguished by any progress in improvement. The rest of this continent was possessed by small independent tribes, destitute of arts and industry, and neither capable to correct the defects, nor desirous to meliorate the condition of that part of the earth allotted to them for their habitation. Countries, occupied by such people, were almost in the same state as if they had been without inhabitants. Immense forests covered a great part of the uncultivated earth; and as the hand of industry had not taught the rivers to run in a proper channel, or drained off the stagnating water, many of the most fertile plains were overflowed with inundations, or converted into marshes. In the southern provinces, where the warmth of the sun, the moisture of the climate, and the fertility of the soil, combine in calling forth the most vigorous powers of vegetation, the woods are so choked with its rank luxuriance, as to be almost impervious, and the surface of the ground is hid from the eye under a thick covering of shrubs and herbs and weeds. In this state of wild unassisted nature, a great part of the large provinces in South America, which extend from the bottom of the Andes to the sea, still remain. The European colonies have cleared and cultivated a few spots along the coast, but the original inhabitants, as rude and indolent as ever, have done nothing to open or improve a country, possessing almost every advantage of situation and climate. As we advance towards the northern provinces of America, Nature continues to wear the same uncultivated aspect, and in proportion as the rigour of the climate increases, appears more desolate and horrid. There, the forests, though not encumbered with the same exuberance of vegetation, are of equal extent; prodigious marshes overspread the plains, and few marks appear of human activity in any attempt to cultivate or embellish the earth. No wonder that the colonies sent from Europe were astonished at their first entrance into the New World. It appeared to them waste, solitary, and uninviting. When the English began to settle in America, they termed the countries of which they took possession, *The Wilderness*. Nothing but their eager expectation of finding mines of gold, could have induced the Spaniards to penetrate through the woods and marshes of America, where, at every step, they observed the extreme difference between the uncultivated face of Nature, and that which it acquires under the forming hand of industry and art.

From this extract the Public will be led to form an high idea of the history of America. Nor will it be disappointed. As the subject on which the Author enters is grand, his execution is masterly, and we observe in it the character of his former works, and recognize the well-known hand of Dr. Robertson. It is not necessary for us now to enter into any discussion concerning the merit of an historian, with whom the Public is well acquainted. His former productions have been
read

read with avidity, and received with uncommon admiration. When the History of Scotland was first published, and the Author altogether unknown, Lord Chesterfield pronounced it to be equal in elegance and beauty to the productions of Livy, the purest and most classical of all the Roman historians. His literary reputation has not been confined to his own country; the testimony of Europe hath been added to the voice of England. We will venture to mention it as the characteristic quality of his manner, that he possesses, in no common degree, that supported elevation which is suitable to compositions of the higher class. He displays in this, as in his former works, that happy union of strength and grace which becomes the majesty of the historic Muse.

But though we consider this testimony as due to Dr. Robertson, our impartiality will lead us in the progress of our attention to his work, to point out some censurable particulars. Wherever we differ from him in his conclusions, or think that either his plan or mode of execution might have been improved, we shall express ourselves with our usual freedom, and submit to the determination of the Public.

The success of some eminent historians has drawn many candidates to this field of fame, and made the writing of history very common of late years in England. Perhaps there is no kind of composition that lies so level to the capacity of both writers and readers, and in which authors of very different talents may be usefully employed. A poet without genius will always be reprobated; but if an historian possesses industry and fidelity, he will make no contemptible figure. There is even some merit in condensing fifty dull books into one. The Public indeed will learn to know the difference between a compilation and a history, and will distinguish between the laborious man who composes a mere chronicle of events, and the man of genius, who, to the elegance of a fine writer, adds the views of a politician, and the comprehension of a philosopher.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. X. *A Voyage round the World, in his Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, &c.* By George Forster, F. R. S. &c. [Continued from the Review for April last, p. 266.]

HAVING mentioned the Author's design in the publication of this performance, we shall proceed to extract such particulars from it as have most struck our attention in the perusal of it.

On the night preceding the arrival of the ships off the Cape of Good-Hope, our Philosophical Voyager availed himself of a good opportunity of inquiring into the cause of the *luminousness of the Sea*; which, according to his own words,

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appeared that night to be in a blaze. After having bestowed great attention on some of this illumined water, drawn up in a bucket, Mr. Forster was convinced that the appearance was occasioned by innumerable minute animals, of a round shape, moving through the water in all directions. One of these luminous sparks, which stuck to his finger while he was stirring the water with his hand, was examined by the common magnifier of Mr. Ramsden's improved microscope; and was found to be globular, transparent like a gelatinous substance, and somewhat brownish. By means of the greatest magnifier the orifice of a little tube was discovered, which entered the body of the animal; within which were four or five intestinal bags connected with the tube. He imagines that these animalcules may be the young fry of some species of *medusa* or blubber; and considers them as possessed of the power of shining, or withholding their light, at pleasure.—By a faculty somewhat analogous, we shall observe, though exerted *possibly* on a different object, the *Gymnotus* and *Torpedo*, even when swimming in a *conducting* fluid, are enabled to collect the electric matter, and to retain or emit it, in larger or smaller quantities, *ad libitum*.

In his account of the *Cape*, the Author vindicates the character of Kolben*, as a faithful and accurate observer, against the aspersions of the late Abbé de la Caille. It would be easy, he observes, to refute almost every criticism which the Abbé has passed on that intelligent and entertaining voyager. It seems that the Abbé lived with a family at the Cape, who were of a party directly opposite to that which had supported Kolben. * He daily heard invectives against him, and never failed to write them down, in order to give himself importance at the expence of the other.

Nul n'aura d'esprit,

*Hors nous & nos amis.**

Boileau.

In the run from the Cape to the Antarctic circle, they had very early notice of the superior cold of these southern regions. Even in so low a latitude as 50 degrees, and in the middle of summer (December 10, 1772) the thermometer was very near the freezing point; and they passed 'a large cubical mass of ice about 2000 feet long, 400 feet broad, and at least as high again as the main-top gallant-mast head, or 200 feet.'—From hydrostatic principles the Author calculates that this enormous icy mass sunk 1800 feet under water; so that its whole height was not less than 2000 feet.

After having reached 67 degrees 15 minutes South latitude, an immense field of solid ice, extending as far as the eye could reach from the mast head, presented itself; and made it impos-

* See our last Appendix, p. 545.

On ROWLIE'S Poems, lately discovered in an old Chest found in a Belfry at Bristol by the Parish-Clerk.

AFTER the late example of critical justice inflicted by Dr. Johnson, in laying the spirit of Ossian as effectually as if he had done so in the Buller of Buchan, I own I did not expect to have seen another poet of better times start up so soon: nor can I now account for his presuming to do so upon any other principle than that of the pretender to the crown of Russia, in Fontenelle's admirable Dialogues; who being asked how he dared to assert such a claim, after seeing two or three similar claimants expire in torture on the scaffold, replied, that it was upon that very circumstance that he grounded the probability of persuading the people that he was a true man and no impostor. As to parish-clerks, I have heard of their selling to a tinker, for a little ale, the brass labels from tombstones, &c. but never that they were the means of preserving or notifying to the learned world any valuable MSS. &c. Indeed, as to an old chest, I have long thought more highly of it for its invaluable productions, than even of a conjurer's bag, which so readily yields eggs, pigeons, brickbats*, &c.

But it may be said, at least by the bookseller, in the concluding words of the preface, that, "whether the Poems be really antient or modern, the composition of Rowlie, or the forgeries of Chatterton, they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity:" and, therefore, why not

* Some years ago, when a certain lady was neither a Countess nor a Duchess (whatever she may be now), the celebrated *sayer* of good things, G. A. S. Esq. in a morning-visit, took notice of her very fine diamonds. As the lady's resources were not then publicly known, some sort of explanation became necessary, and she said, Yes, they were very fine; that she had lately been very lucky; for that, in rummaging an old neglected trunk of her grandmother's, she had found at the bottom of it these jewels, and several other valuable articles. Just at that instant the gentleman heard a carriage stop at the door, and, after looking out of the window, said, "Here's the handsomest chariot and horses at your door that I ever saw; I wonder whose they are." "They are mine," replies the Lady. "I beg your pardon," says he; "I suppose they were part of your find at the bottom of the old chest."

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eat our pudding and hold our tongues? But the truth is, curiosities in literature, like those of Nature, are of very different kinds of value and importance, according to the certainty of their genuineness, and the consequences that may be established from them. Thus, if any body is disposed to believe that a poor boy, who had never learnt more than reading, writing, and accounts, at a charity-school, could be the author of a sizeable octavo volume of poetry, in a stile and manner the most remote from infantine compositions, "besides Fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, with a Discourse on Bristowe, and other historical pieces in prose, &c. &c. and die at the early age of 17 years and three quarters; not to mention that from 14 he was clerk to an attorney, in whose service there is generally employment enough in the mechanical part of writing to give a disgust to any thing that was more liberal: I say, if all this can be believed, it must be upon the presumption, that we do not know how far the powers of Nature can enable us to multiply the productions of the mind in the shortest time, any more than we know in how short a space the body can come to perfection, do all its functions, and die to all appearance of old-age, in the compass of as few months as most people take years to do all this in; many instances of which in all ages and countries are upon record and believed. These will certainly occasion admiration and surprize: and when that tribute is paid, no other consequences will follow: for we are never the nearer knowing how to retard this accelerated motion in the next subject in which it may be begun; or to communicate it at pleasure to others who are naturally free from this vicious constitution. But, surely, the case is widely different, whether we allow the work in question to belong to a modern forger old or young, or to a monk of the time of Edw. IV. *i. e.* between 1460 and 1480; as in the latter case we shall be obliged to entertain very different notions of our language from all we have hitherto had; and, upon the strength of this writer's diction (who lived near 100 years after Chaucer), reform all our glossaries, and admit into them a shoal of words, not only perfectly new, but perfectly unintelligible, whose origin and meaning are both equally unknown and inexplicable. The preface says, "The question

question concerning the authenticity of these poems must now be decided by an examination of the Fragments upon vellum, &c. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford." This proposal is perfectly fair: I shall, however, beg leave to decline meddling with the parchments, not only as I am probably at a distance from them, but also because I can conceive that a very young limb of the law might see, and copy in a small quantity, the hand-writing in use three centuries ago, and also give his parchments the colour of antiquity by smoke-drying them in the chimney (as some veterans have done by tittle-deeds to an estate), without my being obliged to give them credit for the age and author they pretend to. Those, however, that chuse to consider this argument, will probably think proper to determine, whether the writing be not rather such as commonly appears in law-deeds of that time, than that of monks and scholars, as these two hands were almost always different.

To come, then, to a slight examination of the arguments for or against their authenticity from internal marks:—In the first place the writing seems, from the specimen, so bad, or at least so difficult to be read, that I would by no means insist upon the spuriousness of the whole from one or fifty words that I could make nothing of; especially if, as in some instances seems to be the case, the change of a letter or so would set all to rights. Thus a person that startled at *ewbrice* and *ewbricious*, might have no objection to *lubrice* and *lubricious*, *e* and *i* in the specimen not being so distinct as in modern writing; thus *daise-eyed* may be for *daified*; *clinie* for *clindæuil*; but quære and compare with *declynie*, p. 217: *eletten*, p. 229, for *alighted*; *chapournette*, or *shapournette*, of the notes, for *chaperonette*; and *bailstone*, p. 204, for *bailstorm*. But after all that can be done this way, the words in the glossary, whose meaning is not pretended to be given, are so many, (and perhaps there ought to be as many more inserted,) that we may well wonder at our language being so unintelligible to us at less than one hundred years before Q. Elizabeth's time. P. 33, *couraciers* are explained *horse-courfers*: this should have been *coursers* *horses*; for *horse-coursers*, from the French word *courtier*, a broker, is the person who furnishes others with horses for hire, not rides or manages them himself; and is

a low employment, and no ways applicable to the Conqueror. But Chatterton might be a bad commentator, tho' Rowlie was a good Poet. This too must excuse what we are told, p. xxi. that the battle of Hastings was written by Turgot the monk, a saxon in the tenth century, &c. (see p. 214, verse 312;) that is, one hundred years before the event. Of this action I shall only say, that I wonder we learn from a contemporary writer no one circumstance that we did not know before; as the Normans being mistaken for priests, because they were shaved, their soberness, and the drunkenness of the English, are well-known incidents. See Dr. Henry, Strutt, &c. As to all the rest, it consists merely of knocking one another on the head, and would do for a battle of Greeks and Trojans just as well as for one of Normans and Saxons. This tedious dwelling on circumstances common to all battles, and keeping clear of particulars, is just what a forger would naturally do, as being unable to do otherwise, without giving too much hold to the critical examiner. P. 210, 211, 214, 249, 251, the Norman bows are often mentioned; yet the Conqueror uses a crossbow, and shoots an arrow: again, 213, 215, and 255. P. 251, "Hie in air the Conqueror's arrow wynged his waie." All that know any thing of these matters, know, that the execution is by shooting nearly point-blank; arrows, for want of weight, not being able to act in the direction of bombs. A picture of the Conqueror shooting up into the air in battle would be ridiculous. One must, too, suppose, that Algar held his shield over his head, to be pierced through by an arrow so shot. P. 228, an arrow's entering at the navel, and piercing the heart, is accounted for (perhaps not satisfactorily) from the shooter's being on foot, and the wounded person on horse-back: but at p. 251, a javelin lights on his greave (his leg-defence of metal, I presume), which pierces his heart, &c. P. 254, one is wounded thro' the shield into the breast, by which his *adventayle* (i.e. *beaume au ventaille*; see Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer) is all stained with blood; and (what was more likely to be so) his silver cuisses. P. 254, the blood from a wound can but faintly resemble the hygra of the tide. P. 215: if *bewer* means here the whole helmet, a man must know little of the matter, who could talk of its being split in twayn

twain by a spear darted at it, so as to make it fall to the ground in two pieces, whilst the warrior's head receives only a punie wound: I question whether the ablest armourer could accomplish this. Another helmet is split, p. 226. Since the total disuse of armour, we are as liable to make mistakes in speaking of the minuter parts, as it was impossible for those of the time (to whom the knowledge of it was so material and familiar) to do so. The visor, I reckon, was that part of the helmet that guarded the upper part of the warrior's face, and, either by being furnished with proper holes, or moving entirely up, allowed him to use his eye-sight. Bever, on the contrary, protected the lower part, and, by dropping down, allowed the hero to drink, or speak so as to be heard by his troops. These uses were very distinct, and could hardly be confounded by those of the time, though it has been done perpetually since, by Shakespeare, &c. I wonder, therefore, to hear Rowlie, p. 38, talk of the *beeveredd eyne*, i. e. the eye guarded by the chin or mouth piece. P. 214, 226, 227, the *reces*: the qualities of a modern race-horse and war-horse, are very distinct; but, perhaps, we shall be told, that the meaning here is *high-bred*, as the French say *cheval du race*. P. 212, *Dieu et mon droit* was first used by Richard I. after the victory at Gisors, in 1193. P. 216, 234, tilts and tournaments are mentioned as commonly in use prior to the battle of Hastings; and even in the Confessor's time, verse 143: whereas they are believed to have had their first rise in France only in 1066, and were not much practised till the 13th and 14th centuries. P. 225, 230: even after they were generally practised, I doubt much whether tilting-launces were ever used in real actions; their name seems to say otherwise; they were heavy to carry, yet tapered at the end, so as to break readily, upon being skilfully and stoutly directed. P. 251, v. 289, 290, 262, 266, crests and shields of arms seem common; yet the general use of them is not reckoned older than the time of the Croisades, when the vast concourse of different nations made all possible distinctions necessary. In Mr. Strutt's plate of Battel fight from old illuminations, there are five standards, three English, and two Norman; also two long octagonal shields, with a cross on both: but I lay less stress on his

plates than he doth on the Bayeux-tapestry; which was, probably, done much nearer the time of the action it represents, than most of his pictures. P. 260: Were Talbots, the dogs so named, called so at this time? Were they ever employed in guarding sheep from wolves? P. 204: Ballad of Charity, note 14: "It would have been charitable, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this ballad of Charity. The Abbot of S. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowlie was a Yorkist." Who wrote this note? Certainly not Rowlie: and How doth it appear, that there was ever an abbey and abbot of these names, and that he was a Lancastrian? If Rowlie was a Yorkist, he has represented Edward IV. very disadvantageously as a spectator of the gallant Sir Charles Bawdin's execution from the minister window; though, certainly a church might be swept against a King came to the town, without its being a proof that he put it to such an use. The shoes are said to have had long pikes from 1382 to 1467, when they were prohibited under a penalty of 20 shillings, and a cursing by the clergy. Our Abbot was, therefore, a bold man to retain this fashion to the last. As to the *horse-millanare*, a well-known name of a trade now, I question much whether Rowlie had ever heard the word; as, I think, the Italians had hardly begun to supply us with every kind of manufacture, though they certainly did so in less than one hundred years afterwards. P. 205, *church glebe house* for *grave* might pass, if *glebe* was not the well-known term in church-matters for a quite different thing. P. 137, the woman seems to dwell with pleasure on the shroud of her lover, whose loss she laments. P. 216, *Sieur de Bonoboe* seems by his name to be of the family of Boggle-boe: see Mr. Brand's edition of Bourn's Popular Antiquities, p. 116, 324. P. 225, "a squier of low degree;" and p. 214, "a full clothe yard or more." Who is the copyer, the ballad or epic maker? P. 239, v. 33: Whence is this dire clattering in people that come out to reconnoitre the enemy privately? What reflection of the moon can make a stream of blood look like rubies mixed with pearls? 239, v. 47: "That makes a valley." Why not a mountain?

tain? Sometimes there is an affectation of writing *Dherëby*, &c. but, though the Saxon letter may be properly thus resolved, yet I do not know that there ever was a time when it was so written. P. 213: the simile at bottom is a puerility indeed! See v. 67.

Without looking out narrowly for more questionable passages, the above may at least serve to shew, that there are more and stronger objections to the authenticity of these poems, than *Glum* and *Glam*, which is condescendingly replied to, as if the business was then done. The following seem to me to be two of the most unlikely thoughts to come from a boy;

P. 137,

"Herke! the dethe-owle loude dothe syng
To the night mares, as heio go."

P. 260,

"Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze
the thyng,
And travelling merchantes spredd hys
name so far."

Cæsar and Dr. Henry inform us, that there was a time when nobody travelled over these countries but merchants, and, consequently, that they only could spread a report. Much the same continues to be the case still in some parts of the East: but, if so, poetry must have only a confined circulation. After all, Is it harder to believe that a boy has done this forgery, than that Psalmanazzar composed the history and language of Formosa? I mean, before he acknowledged it himself.

MR. URBAN,

THE letter of Mr. G. S. of Southfleet, inserted in your Magazine for March, contains several misrepresentations: two or three of them I shall take notice of.

I never supposed, that the words of Bishop Pearce in dispute were the last words he ever spoke; I only supposed that they were spoken some time in the course of his last illness. G. S. has thought fit to repeat the Bishop's words, and to mutilate them. The anecdote, as it stands in your January Magazine, (for I never read any other account of the Bishop's life,) is as follows:—
"Being asked one day how he could live with so little nutriment? I live, said he, upon the recollection of an innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance." As the last clause of this sentence seems to exclude any other ground of confidence and con-

solation than a sense of his own merit, I own, I thought it exceptionable. G. S. towards the end of his letter, joins "*the testimony of a good conscience and a firm reliance on the merits of our Saviour*" together: to this I have no objection.

G. S. "is afraid, that, when I call Bp. Pearce a harmless good sort of a man, this expression insinuates the want of those virtues of which the good Bishop was known to be possessed." I answer, I always looked upon Bishop Pearce to be a virtuous and learned man, and never meant to insinuate the contrary. As for that sort of learning for which he was most distinguished, I own, I have not the idea of it that G. S. and others may have: I wish not, however, to disturb them in their admiration, and shall leave them to extol the genius of a commentator.

G. S. strangely misrepresents the dying behaviour of Father Paul and Archbishop Usher, in calling it *melancholy despondency*, and saying that they seemed to despair of forgiveness for their sins. He can see no difference between humility and despondency,---between praying for pardon of sin and despairing of pardon. I cannot give him eyes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. BOERHADEM.

MR. URBAN,

ON reading an answer to the enquiry of the author of *Observations in a Journey to Paris, in August, 1776*, published in your last Magazine, I was pleased to see, what I had long wished to see, an account of St. Nicholas, and a reason given why he was deemed the patron of children.

What excited this curiosity will appear from the following account:

Cardinal Kemp, in the year 1447, founded a school at the place of his nativity in Kent, and drew up in Latin statutes for it. Amongst other things he mentions---*consuetam Gallorum et denariorum Sancti Nicolai gratuitam oblationem*. This customary gratuitous offering of St. Nicholas's pence, over which Time had cast a veil of obscurity, now receives considerable light from the account which W. C. has given; and if he, or any other of your correspondents, would cast equal light upon the expression of *consuetam Gallorum oblationem*, it would oblige,

Your constant reader,

X. X.
Mr.

Dothe not the funne dazle the clearest eyes,
And melte the ice, and make the froste
Who can withstand a puissant King's
desire? tools:
The hardest stones are pierced thro' with
The wisest are with Princes made but
fools."

This volume also contains the score of *My time, O ye Muses*, set by Dr. Croft; *Bury delights my rowing eyes*, by Graham; *Since conjugal passion*, (in Rosamond,) by Clayton; *In vain is delay*, (in Thomyris,) by Bononcini; *Too lovely cruel fair*, (in Pyrrhus and Demetrius,) by Haym; *Ye that in waters glide*, (in the hymn of Adam and Eve,) by Galliard; an extract from Marcello's 42d Psalm; *Dea lascia o core de sospirar*, (in Astyanax,) never before printed, by Bononcini; *By the streams that ever flow*, (in Pope's Cecilia,) by Dr. Greene; and a solo of Corelli, written as Geminiani played it, &c. which greatly enhance both the value and expence of the work, as do a number of heads in each volume, most of them from original pictures, engraved by Grignion and Caldwell †.

From the above epitome of this most curious History the reader will see what a variety of entertainment he may expect; and we cannot dismiss it without expressing our surprise that the author should be able to collect so many flowers and so much harmony among the thorns of the law and the discord of Hicks's-Hall ‡.

† An inside view of the pontifical chapel built by Pope Sixtus IV. is also inserted, taken from an Italian work by Adami, of which an abstract is given.

‡ In a note on p. 400, Vol. II. (which we omitted to observe in its proper place) our historian supposes, that "the practice in writing country-dances of distinguishing the men and women by these

characters ○ ○ ○ ○ is evidently founded in the ideas of imperfection alluded to by Valerius Probus, the grammarian, in his interpretation of the Roman letters; the circle, which is a perfect figure, denoting the man, and the semicircle, which is imperfect, the woman." This we cannot help thinking a little too refined, as a solution much easier, and less derogatory to the fair sex, may be drawn from every almanack, where the above figures constantly represent the Sun and Moon, which being supposed of different sexes (*Sol et Luna*) may well distinguish men and women, and, as in the *Rehearsal*, may thus dance together.

37. POEMS, supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the Fifteenth Century, the greatest Part now first published from the most authentic Copies, with an engraved Specimen of one of the MSS. To which are added, a Preface, an introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. 8vo. pp. 396. 5s. Payne.

THESE pieces, like the ghost in Hamlet, come to us in such a questionable shape, that their authenticity seems to many as problematical as that of Fingal, and like that has for some time engaged the attention and divided the opinions of the literary world. All that we can collect of them and their author, from the preface, notes, and other information*, is briefly as follows:—"Thomas Rowley was born at Norton-Mal-reward in Somersetshire, was educated at the convent of St. Kenna at Keynsham, became parish-priest of St. John's in Bristol, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire (the precise year seems not ascertained) in the reign of Edward IV. to whom, as appears by his writings, he was a zealous adherent. In October, 1768, about the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, Thomas Chatterton, a youth of 15 or 16 years of age, of uncommon abilities, but bad principles, published, in Farley's Weekly Journal, *An Account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge*, taken, he said, from a very ancient MS. which he had received, with many others, from his father, (then dead,) who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel on the North side of Redcliff church, of which his family had been sextons near 150 years. Soon after this, Mr. George Catcott, to whose laudable zeal great part of this collection is owing, commenced an acquaintance with young Chatterton, and partly as presents, partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were obtained by Mr. Wm. Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing a treatise on the antiquities of that city, in which they will be inserted. Mr. Barrett also purchased of him several fragments, written upon vellum, (one of them here engraved as a *fac simile*,) which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In April, 1770, this young man, who had

* Published by Mr. Catcott in the last Monthly Review.

been

been educated at a charity-school, and articled clerk to an attorney, went to London, and there, after writing incessantly in various periodical publications, which brought him in so little profit that he was reduced to real indigence, he in a fit of despair put an end to his existence in August following, when he wanted near three months of his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance of any writings on parchment or vellum.

"The secret being thus solely lodged with him, we cannot now with certainty discover whether he was the author, or only the copier, (as he constantly asserted,) of all these productions; and therefore by the internal evidence which they afford, and the fragments upon vellum, the question of their authenticity can now alone be decided. Tho' the fragments should be deemed genuine, yet the other pieces, of which we have only copies, may be forged; and, on the other hand, tho' the writing of the fragments should be thought counterfeit, it will not follow that Chatterton also forged the matter of them, and still less that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence."

On this important question the Editor has declined giving any opinion of his own. Of four pieces only, and those short, Chatterton gave Mr. Catcott the originals on vellum. One of these, as least suspicious, we will first submit to our readers.

"SONGE to ÆLLA, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe, ynne Daies of Tore*.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage
be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of
bloude-redde hue,
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng (1) wythe
the morning due,

* When Chatterton brought me this Ode, fairly and legibly written on vellum, he was little more than 15. The lines are not kept distinct, but the whole is written in the manner of a prose composition, as was common when parchment was scarce—a strong proof of its authenticity.

Mr. Catcott.

(1) bursting.

Arraung'd ynne dread arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchet's
shore;

Than dyddst thou furiose stande,
And bie thie valyant hande
Beesprengedd all the mees (2) wythe gore.

Drawne bie thynne anlace (3) felle,
Downe to the depihe of helle
Thoufands of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie syghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, where'er (thie bones att reste)
Thie spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloud-embrewedd
pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse
of sleynne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunce, nge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenge† the poyntedd
speeres;

Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe arduous onn the Castle
steeres (4);

Orr sierve round the Mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;
Guarde ytt from foe-menne (5) and con-
sumynge fyre; [rounde,

Lyche Avone's streame ensyrke (6) ytte
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde
expyre.

"ANSWER, by JOHN LIDGATE, a
Priest, in London.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn
redde

What you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the verses mouche I dydd,
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A poett mouche renownde,
Among the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of poetts founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne (7)
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Aled (8) to the Saxon menne
Dydd fynge with elocation.

Ynn Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Now Rowlie, ynne these mokie (9) dayes,
Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes."

(2) meadows. (3) an ancient sword.
† among.

(4) stairs. (5) foes. (6) encircle.
(7) had. (8) Alfred. (9) black.

In

In these sentiments all readers of taste, even in these days, must agree with Master Lidgate, when they peruse these truly classic poems, especially those capital performances "The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin," (probably Sir Baldwin Fulford, a zealous Lancastrian, executed at Bristol, 1461*, 1 Edw. IV.) "Ælla, a tragycal enterlude; Goddwyn, a tragedie; and the Battle of Hastings;" all which, for pure poetry, simplicity, and solid sense, as well as harmony, may vie with the most elegant and harmonious of the moderns. And this last is certainly the most suspicious circumstance, as, with all their merit, all our other old bards, from Chaucer down to Donne, are in that particular so defective, that many of their verses are mere prose, and others hardly legible. Scarce one such line occurs in Rowley; scarce one but what Pope or Dryden, bating the old words, might have written and owned.

Notwithstanding what has been advanced by one of our correspondents, (p. 205.) we can by no means suppose that one so young, so dissipated, so distressed as Chatterton, and acquainted only with his mother-tongue, was equal to the composition of such finished pieces, could have acquired and displayed such knowledge of former times and transactions, would so strictly have adhered to the manners, customs, and religion, of that age, and would so totally have avoided all anachronisms of that and every other kind.

In these poems, it has been observed, many words occur which are not elsewhere to be found. For this perhaps we may account, by supposing some of them provincial and peculiar to Bristol or Somerset: some, we know, Chatterton substituted at random, when he could not decypher the original reading, rather than supply others from the common stock; some are left unexplained; and others he has interpreted by guess, and has sometimes mistaken. "Knopped," for instance, in this line,

* K. Edward IV. is represented in this poem as sitting in the Minster window to see Sir Charles executed. St. Ewin's church was then the City Minster, and in the books of the church there is now to be seen a charge for fitting up the church for the reception of King Edward in the year 1461, and his being in Bristol that year is confirmed in the Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, Mr. Garcott.

"Theyre myghte ys knopped ynn the frost of fyre,"

English Metamorphosis, 14.

he has rendered "fastened, chained, congealed," whereas it seems to be the reverse, (viz. "snapped," or "broken,") by the same expression in the Psalms, "He *knappeth* the spear in sunder." *Addaw'd* (H. 2. 110.) is *aw'd*, though not here explained. *Askaunce*, which he interprets *disdainfully*, (E. 3. 52.) is rather *awry*. *Bobight*, (H. 2. 365.) is *name*, *bestadde* is *overthrown*, and are so used by Spenser. In the *Battle of Hastings*, 1. 199, we find the same idea that is so much admired by Mr. Addison, in his critique on Chevy-Chase, as what "was never touched by any other poet, and such a one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil †," viz.

"The grey-goose pynion, that thereon
was sett,
Estfoons wyth smokyng crymson bloude
was wett."

In this same "Battle" the picturesque variety in the deaths, descriptions, similes, &c. we cannot help observing, will not suffer by a comparison with the like imagery in the Greek or Roman Epic, any more than Ælla and Goddwyn, with their sublime chorusses, (especially the Fragment to Freedom,) will be degraded by being classed with the most perfect models of the ancient or modern drama. For a proof of this we need only produce some specimens of each. In the first, from the tragedy of Ælla, we have made a few trivial alterations, little more (as the references will shew) than modernizing the words and spelling †.

"*Minstrel's Song. From ÆLLA.*

"O SING to me a (1) roundelay,
Drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be.

My love lies (2) dead
In death's cold (3) bed
All under the willow-tree.

† Spectator, 1. No. 74.

"The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet."

The old "ballad of Otterburn," must probably have been known to Rowley, being written in Henry VI.'s reign.

‡ Another Chorus may be seen in our Poetical Article.

ORIG.

(1) unto mie. (2) ys. (3) gon to hys death.

"Black

"Black his *hair* (4) as winter's night,
White his *skin* (5) as new-fall'n snow,
Ruddy (6) his face as morning light,
Cold (7) he lies in the grave below.
My love lies dead, &c.

"Sweet his tongue as thrush's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Sweet (8) his tabor, cudgel stout,
O he lies by the willow-tree.
My love lies dead, &c.

"Hark, the raven flaps his wing
In the *briery* (9) dell below,
Hark, the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go.
My love lies dead, &c.

"See the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love lies dead, &c.

"Here upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flow'rs be laid,
Not one holy saint to save,
To shield a *sad*, a *hapless* (a) maid.
My love lies dead, &c.

"With my hands I'll *plant* (b) the briars
Round his holy corse to *blow* (c);
Elves and (d) fairies, light your fires,
Here my body still shall *grow* (e).
My love lies dead, &c.

"Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my *heart's warm* (f) blood away,
Life and all its goods I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My love lies dead, &c.

"Water-witches, *bear me straight* (g),
Bear me to the *fatal* (h) tide;
Yonder see (i) my true-love wait.
Thus the damsel spake and died."

From the Battle of HASTINGS.

Description of KENELWALCHA.

"WHITE as the chalkie clyffes of Brit-
taine's isle,
Red as the highest-colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all Nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her
lippes combine:

Her lippes more redde than summer-
evenynge skyne,

Or Phœbus ryfinge in a frostie morne:
Her breste more white than snow in
feeldes that lyene, [thorne,

Or lillie lambes that never have been
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge well,
Or new-braft brooklettes gentlywhispringe
in the delle.

"Browne as the fylberte droppynge from
the shelle [game,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde
So browne the crokyd rynges that featlie
fell

Over the neck of the all-beauteous
dame."

SIMILE. From the same.

"As when the erthe, torne by convul-
syons dyre, [man fyghte,
In reaulmes of darknes hid from hu-
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft (k) from the regions of eternal
nyghte, [of lyght;
Thro' the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes
Some lofty mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete af-
fryght; [the bourne,
Now here, now there, majestic nods
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the al-
mighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ry-
vers change theyr course.

"So did the men of war at once ad-
vaunce, [die lyght;
Linkd man to man, ensemd one bod-
Above a wood, yformd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge
to fyght."

The above passages are selected, not as the best, but indiscriminately. That some such mistakes as are noticed by our correspondent, most of them relating to armour and its use, should occur in a poem written by a monk, might reasonably be expected, and we only wonder that there are not more: nor would it be strange if there were also some anatomical errors, as Homer and Virgil are not exempt from them. But little stress can be laid on the arguments of a critic who in one place (p. 205) explodes the supposition of these poems being the production of a poor boy, and in another place (p. 208) asks if it "is harder to believe that a boy has done this forgery, than that Psalmanazar" [a man and a scholar] "composed the history and language of Formosa?" It remains to be added, that Mr. William Canynge*, who died in 1474, the great friend and patron of Rowley, and "the fadre" (as he styles him) "of hys natyve citty," directed by his will that these and many

(k) Burst.

* Of this "grete and goode man, the favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the compayonne of kynges," &c. as Rowley also, in some MS. Memoirs of himself, emphatically styles him, an account shall be given in our next Magazine.

other

- (4) cryne. (5) rode. (6) Rodde.
(7) Gale. (8) Destie. (9) briersd.
(a) All the celtness of a. (b) deut.
(c) gre. (d) Ouphant. (e) be. (f) bartys.
(g) crownd with* reytes. (h) yer leitballe.
(i) I die, I come.

* Water-flags.

other writings should be deposited in chests, in the room before-mentioned, in Redcliff church, the largest of which was secured by six different locks, to be opened only by the Mayor and chief magistrates, the Minister, and churchwardens, who were annually to inspect them. The chest remains entire to this day: though so strangely was the trust neglected, and such was the inattention of the churchwardens, that, in the year 1748, they permitted Chatterton's father to make use of the old parchments to cover his scholars copy-books: a permission fatal, no doubt, to many valuable remains, though the poetical taste of a *poor boy* preserved the rest. Another confutation of the opinion of forgery arises from Chatterton's mentioning to Mr. Catcott, as soon as he knew him, when he was but 15, the names of most of the poems which have since appeared, as being *then* in his possession.

On the whole, if Rowley was the author of these poems, (and what modern, who had such a talent, would have buried it in the rubbish of obsolete words?) poetry arrived at maturity near two centuries sooner than has been hitherto apprehended, and even *inter arma plussquam civilia*, when generally *silent Musæ* as well as *leges*, this single star illumined (as it were) that dark and calamitous period, when, Lord Orrery observes, "no poet or historian of note was born." If we err in the opinion we have formed, we have at least the satisfaction of erring *cum philosophis*, with many persons, qualified both as scholars and antiquaries †, who, having fully, and on the spot, *where only it can be properly done*, examined the evidence on which these MSS. ground their claim to antiquity, are thoroughly convinced that it is well founded.

38. *A Year's Journey through France and a Part of Spain*, by Philip Thicknesse, continued from p. 237.

NISMES, with its Roman remains, and two entertaining acquaintance, particularly M. Seguiet, an old virtuoso, of fourscore, our traveller left reluctantly, but at Arles found ten times more matter of amusement for an

antiquary, viz. the ruins of its amphitheatre, which would contain 30,000 persons, its crowded cemetery, where Pagans and Christians are mixed together, proving that it was once almost a second Rome. Some curious inscriptions are inserted. Aix and Marseilles were his next stages; the latter, exclusive of its fine harbour and commercial advantages, has little, we are told, to recommend it, but riot, mob, and confusion. Repassing through Aix, a well-built city, abounding with good company from all parts of Europe, from Orange he ferried over to the Pope's territories, and was landed five miles from Avignon, a pretty little city, of which he gives a very favourable idea, independent of the hospitality of Lord Mountgarret, the tomb of Laura, and King Rene's picture of his worm-eaten mis-tress. After a month's stay there, by Orange, Vienne, &c. Mr. Thicknesse went to Lyons; and here mentioning the civility of the French, so different from our wanton rudeness, we have the following curious description, illustrated by a print of his equipage, &c. prefixed: "My monkey, with a pair of French jack-boots, and his hair *en queue*, rode postilion upon my sturdy horse some hours every day: such a sight, you may be sure, brought forth old and young, sick and lame, to look at him and his master. *Jocko* put whole towns in motion, but never brought any affront on his master; they came to look and to laugh, but not to deride or insult. The post-boys, it is true, did not like to see their fraternity *taken off* in my little theatre; but they seldom discovered it, but by a grave salutation; and sometimes a good-humoured fellow called him comrade, and made *Jocko* a bow; they could not laugh at his bad seat, for not one of them rode with more ease, or had a handsomer laced jacket. M. Buffon says, the monkey, or *maggot*, (and mine is the latter, for he has no tail,) make their grimace, or chattering, equally to shew their anger, or to make known their appetite. With all due deference to this great naturalist, I must beg leave to say, that his observation is not quite just: there is as much difference between the grimace of my *Jocko*, when he is angry or hungry, and when he grins to shew delight, as there is in man, when he gnashes his teeth in wrath, or laughs from mirth.

"Between

† Viz. Dean Milles, President of the Antiquarian Society, Mr. Hale, a descendant of Sir Matthew, Lord C——, Dean Woodward, the late Lord Lyttelton, Dr. Fry, late President of St. John's, Oxford, &c.

"Between Avignon and Lyons I met a dancing bear, mounted by a *maggot*: as it was upon the high-road, I desired to present *Jocko* to his grandfather, for so he appeared both in age and size; the interview, though they were both males, was very affecting; never did a father receive a long-lost child with more seeming affection than the *old gentleman* did my *Jocko*; he embraced him with every degree of tenderness imaginable, while the *young gentleman* (like other young gentlemen of the present age) betrayed a perfect indifference. In my conscience I believe it, there was some consanguinity between them, or the reception would have proved more natural. Between you and me, I fear, were I to return to England, I might find myself a sad party in such an interview.* It is a sad reflection; but perhaps Providence may wisely ordain such things, in order, as men grow older, to wean them from the objects of their worldly affections, that they may resign more readily to the decrees of fate. That good man, Dr. Arbuthnot, did not seem to dread the approach of death on his own account, so much as from the grievous affliction HE had reason to fear it would bring upon his children and family." "More (doubtless) is meant here than meets the ear"—but domestic afflictions we can only lament, and wish not to develope.

The famous harangue of the Emperor Claudius to the Senate, is here copied from the original bronze plate in the *Hôtel de Ville* of Lyons; and an ancient altar, the *Taurobolium*, dug up in 1704, with its inscription, is engraved. For farther particulars of this city we must refer to the work, and hasten with our traveller, by Macon, Challons, Sens, &c. to Fontainebleau and Paris. On the road meeting two English chaises, and a lady curtained up, an English servant at Bonne told him, "he was sure *as how* it was either the Dutcheß of Kingston or Mrs. Rudd, for that he *seed* her very plain:" for which tho' at Hyde-park-corner our adventurer would have knock'd him down, yet 500 miles off, being a countryman, he could not help treating him with a bottle of *vin du pais*. Near Auxerre

Mr. T. left his two daughters at a royal convent, to perfect themselves in French. From Paris, he took the well-known *tour Anglois* for Calais, thro' Chantilly, Amiens, and Boulogne, having then twice crossed that mighty kingdom. The last letter is dated "Calais. Nov. 4, 1776;" and referring to the volume for the Marquis of Grimaldi's Spanish testimonial, the elegant French poetry and prose of Madame des Jardins, the *Fandangos é les Giganzes*, in score, and "general hints to strangers who travel in France" (a very useful *Vade-Mecum*), we will close our account of this entertaining tour, with our author's account of his horse, a much more extraordinary and valuable animal than his *maggot*.

"I told you, when I set out, that I had bought a handsome-looking English horse for seven guineas, but a little touched in his wind: I can now inform you, that when I left this town (Calais) he was rather thin, and had a sore back and shoulder; both which, by care and caution, were soon healed; and that he is returned fair and fat, and not a hair out of its place, though he drew two grown persons, two children, (one of thirteen, the other of ten years old,) a very heavy French cabriolet, and all our baggage, nay, almost all my goods, chattels, and worldly property whatever, outward and homeward, except between Cette and Barcelona, *going*†, and Lyons and this town, *returning*! I will point out to you one of his days work, by which you will be able to judge of his general power of working. At Perpignan I had, to save him, hired post-horses to the first town in Spain, as I thought it might be too much for him to ascend and descend the Pyrenées in one day; besides sixteen miles to the foot of them, on this side, and three to Jonquire on the other: but after the horses were put to, the post-master required me to take two men to Boulon, in order to hold the chaise, and to prevent its overturning in crossing the river near that village. Such a flagrant attempt to impose, determined me to take neither horses nor men; and at seven o'clock I set off with *Caillé* (that is my houynhnm's name), and arrived in three hours at Boulon, a paltry

* Mr. T. relates a similar incident at the fair of Arnay le Duc, and makes a like reflection, suspecting the young one had really met his father.

† Should not "between Lyons and Pont St. Esprit" have also been excepted? See p. 236.

village, but in a situation fit for the palace of Augustus.

“So far from wanting men from Perpignan to conduct my chaise over the river, the whole village were, upon our arrival, in motion after the job. We, however, passed it without any assistance but our own weight to keep the wheels down, and the horse's strength and sturdiness to drag us through it. In about three hours more we passed over the summit of this great chain of the universe; and in two more arrived at Jonquire, near which village my horse had a little bait of fresh mown hay, the first and last he eat in that kingdom. And when I tell you that this faithful, and (for a great part of my journey) only servant I had, never made a *jaux pas*, never was so tired, but that upon a pinch he could have gone a league or two farther; nor ever was ill, lame, physicked, or bled, since he was mine; you will agree, that either he is an uncommon good horse, or that his master is a good groom. Indeed, I will say, that, however fatigued, wet, hungry, or droughthy I was, I never partook of any refreshment, till my horse had every comfort the inn could afford. I carried a wooden bowl to give him water, and never passed a brook without asking him to drink.—And as he has been my faithful servant, I am now his: for he lives under the same roof with me, and does nothing but eat, drink, and sleep.—As he never sees me, nor hears my voice, without taking some notice of me, I ventured to ask him *tenderly*, whether he thought he should be able to draw two of the same party next year to Rome? No tongue could more plainly express his willingness. He answered me, in French indeed; *we-we-we-we-we*, said he; so perhaps he might not be sincere, though he never yet deceived me. If, however, he should not go, or should outlive me, which is very probable, my dying request to you will be, to procure him a peaceful walk for the remainder of his days, within the park-walls of some humane private gentleman; though I flatter myself the following petition will save you that trouble, and me the concern of leaving him without that comfort which his faithful services merit.” This is followed by “the humble petition to Sir James Tylney Long, Bart.” of a faithful servant, “who had

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never been upon his knees before to any man;” but that we shall omit, as honest *Callée*, we have been lately informed, instead of travelling to Rome, and returning to end his days in Sir James Long's park, was carried off last winter by a distemper that was fatal to many of his species at Calais. Baron (alias Sir James) Shortall and his lady, daughter of the Prince of Monaco, two adventurers, are well known as such in England, as well as in France, and in one of our towns were sent to the cage for a riot.

“A *deadly* fine piece of wax-work,” as our author expresses it, representing a present said to be *served up* to a late unfortunate Queen, viz. the head and right hand of Count Struensee, as they were taken off after the execution, lying upon a silver dish, with the blood and blood-vessels too, well executed, Mr. Thicknesse had copied by the man who made the original in the Prince of Condé's cabinet, and exhibits them at Mr. Hughes's, in Norris-street, to any of his subscribers.

Amusing as these travels undoubtedly are, and to travellers instructive, we cannot help wishing, as Mr. Thicknesse, with others, can see the faults of that *misanthrope* Dr. Smollet, he had taken more care to avoid them, by omitting his wranglings, impositions, and childish revenge upon his *aubergistes*; though great allowance, in both cases, is to be made for persons, of a *certain age*, sowered by losses and disappointments. To such, a Sierra Morena, or Montserrat, has more charms than a crowded *auberge* or a drawing-room.

39. *An Address to the Inhabitants of the Parish of St. Anne, Westminster.* By the Rev. Thomas Martyn. 8vo. pp. 59. 1s. Corral.

TO see “brother going to law with brother,” and pastors of the same flock thus, like wolves, *biting and devouring one another*, must give pain to every serious and thinking man, as well as to the good people of St. Anne's, who are more immediately interested in this unclerical, unchristian contest. The case is as follows:

The Rev. Dr. Hind, Rector of St. Anne's, on February 13, 1769, appointed Thomas Martyn, Clerk, his curate, promising to allow him the yearly sum of fifty guineas, and engaging “to continue him to officiate in his said church, until he should be otherwise provided of some ecclesiastical

fistical preferment, unless by fault by him committed he should be lawfully removed from the same." On this title Mr. Martyn was ordained [Priest, we suppose,] by the late Bp. of London. He was afterwards appointed *Reader* by the inhabitants. On Nov. 26, 1774, Dr. H. gave him a written notice to quit the curacy in three months, for which, though repeatedly urged, he would assign no reason but his pleasure. Mr. M. therefore, relying on his title, persisted in keeping possession, and in performing, or attending to perform, the parochial duty. His Diocesan, the Bishop of London, to whom the Doctor reported his contumacy, required him to withdraw; but in vain. His salary for the subsequent quarter being demanded and refused, Mr. M. brought an action. The cause came to a hearing in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Mansfield, and a Jury of Middlesex, when his Lordship was of opinion, that "the title (written and subscribed by the defendant) was not only expressed in words of legal obligation, but strengthened likewise by a solemn declaration of his intentions to fulfil the engagement therein expressed: that no admissible reason had been offered to invalidate this obligation, and therefore a verdict must be given for the plaintiff;" which his Lordship recommended to be reserved for the opinion of the Court. The questions arising from the case were fully argued in the following term. The defence was grounded by the Doctor's advocates on three points: "1. Mr. M.'s incompetency to sue, because the title related only to the Bishop, either as an *agreement* or a *security*. 2. That the obligation, if it ever extended to Mr. M. was become void by his acceptance of a readership, which they contended to be an *ecclesiastical preferment*. And 3. That he wanted the indispensable qualification of a curate, *the Bishop's license*." From either of these objections it was inferred that the Doctor was entitled to a verdict. Lord Mansfield, after stating the proceedings at the trial, &c. concluded with the sentiments of the Court, upon the reserved points, in substance as follows: "Left the indigence of ministers should bring discredit upon the church, it is provided by the 33d canon, *That, if any Bishop shall admit any person into the ministry who hath no title, then he shall keep and maintain him with all things necessary,*

till he do prefer him to some ecclesiastical living. Titles are, therefore, necessarily required at ordinations, to indemnify the Bishop, and likewise to secure a maintenance to the person ordained. And, if such title be exhibited, as required by the canon, the Bishop can incur no penalty, nor be otherwise affected by any subsequent event. And, therefore, though a title be literally an agreement with the Bishop, he transfers it by ordination to the curate, and its future operation applies *only* to him." Upon this opinion Mr. M.'s competency to sue was indisputably admitted. Proceeding to the next objection, his Lordship observed, "That no acquisition but *ecclesiastical preferment* could discharge the obligation of a title; that the *readership* did not, in its nature, fall under that description, and was, besides, a precarious employment, and the want of permanency would prevent its effect upon the title, even if admitted to be an ecclesiastical-office." In his observation upon the 3d objection, his Lordship "admitted the necessity of a *Bishop's license*; but considered it, in the present case, to be fully implied, tho' not formally expressed in Mr. M.'s letters of orders; for licenses and letters of orders being granted upon the same qualifications, and for the same purpose, an ordination to a curacy conveys the true spirit of a license, and invests the person ordained with the same privileges." It was therefore the unanimous opinion of the Court that the verdict should be confirmed.

The curate, upon this, resumed his functions: and here, one would have thought and hoped, the dispute would have ended; that the rector would have made a virtue of necessity, and harmony, in appearance at least, have been restored. But no such matter. Dr. H. immediately renewed hostilities in two other courts, the Chancery and the Commons; and though, by the mediation of a common friend*, the suit in the latter was withdrawn, and Mr. M. suspended his answer to the bill in Chancery, in the instant of negotiation Dr. H. caused an attachment to be issued against him, the treaty was thereby broken, and the parties are now again embarked on a troubled ocean, at the same time associating, and compelled to associate, in the most solemn offices of religion,

* Mr. Bromfield.

O'erlooks all vulgar arts and sober rules,
And leaves the world to knaves and thriving
fools :

By all admir'd, rewarded, and carest,
No future cares perplex his anxious breast ;
No gloomy wants the smiling hours o'ercast,
He paints each year propitious as the last ;
Whilst his warm heart, for ever unconfin'd,
Expands for all the wants of all mankind.
Hence private griefs from virtuous weakness
flow ;

Hence social pleasures prove domestic woe.

Off' on this spot the Muse, with solemn
mien,

And artful sadness, fills the tragic scene ;
The well-feign'd sorrows your attention gain,
Whilst the prompt tear attests the pleasing
pain :

But our sad story needs no poet's art
To tutor grief, and heave the swelling heart.

To you the deep distress is not unknown,
And, Britons, you have made the cause your
own.

—O may your gentle bosoms never prove
Th' untimely loss of those you dearly love !
Since thus your feeling hearts the aid supply
To sooth the widow's pangs, and orphan's
sigh.

PROLOGUE

On the Opening of the Theatre-Royal in the
Haymarket, May 15, 1777.

Written by G. COLMAN, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

PRIDE by a thousand arts vain honours
claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And every playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancy'd heights howe'er mock Monarchs
soar,

A Manager's a Trader—nothing more—
You (whom they court) their customers—
and then [men.]

We players—poor devils!—are the journey-
While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months huge bales of merchandise pro-
duce,

Out with the swallow comes our summer Bayes
To shew his taffata and lutestring plays ;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.

In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector,
—A mighty schemer, like our new Director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one,
Sirs !

To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers !
So whilst less vent'rous Managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.

A playhouse Quidnunc—and no Quidnunc's
wifer—

Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries "Hey ! what's here ? In th' Haymarket
a play,

To sweat the public in the midst of May ?
Give me fresh air !" then goes and pouts alone
In country lodgings—by the two-mile stone :

There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.

"Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
To th' Haymarket to-night, and see the show !"
"Psha, woman," cries old Inkle, "you're
a fool ;

We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife,
Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife ;
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming
weather !"

Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd Cits their turtle-feast begin,
And plunge full knuckle-deep thro' thick }
and thin ;

Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard,
jelly,

And make a salmagundy of their belly :
"More Chian-pepper!—Punch, another rum-
mer !

So cool and pleasant—eating in the summer !"

To ancient geographers it was not known
Mortals could live beneath the Torrid Zone :
But We, tho' toiling underneath the Line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's
fine.

Your good old haymaker, long here employed,
The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoyed,
The fields which long he mow'd will not for-
fake, [rake,

Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and
But take the field, ev'n in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

PROLOGUE to A TRIP TO SCARBO-
ROUGH. (Altered from Vanburgh's Re-
lapse, or Virtue in Danger.) Spoken by
Mr. King.

WHAT various transformations we re-
mark, [Park !

From East Whitechapel, to the West Hyde-
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and
fashions, [passions ;

State, stage, trade, taste, the humours, and the
Th' Exchange, 'Change-alley, wherefo'er
you're ranging, [ging :

Court, city, country, all are chang'd or chan-
The streets, some time ago, were pay'd with
stones, [your bones

Which, aided by a hackney coach, half broke
The purest lovers then indulg'd no bliss ;
They run great hazard, if they stole a kiss.

One chaste salute—the damsel cry'd—O fie ! }
As they approach'd—flap went the coach
awry [black eye.]

—Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a }
But now weak nerves in hackney coaches
roam, [home ;

And the cram'd glutton snores, unjolted,
Of former times, that polish'd thing, a beau,
Is metamorphos'd now, from top to toe ;

Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the
shoulders, [ers !

Conceal'd the shallow head from the behold-
But now the whole's revers'd—each fop ap-
pears, [ears :

Cropp'd, and trimm'd up—exposing head and
The

The buckle then its modest limits knew,
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up
the shoe ;

The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,
Is almost lost, th' incumbrance is so great.
Ladies may smile—are *they* not in the plot ?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot ?
Were they design'd to be, when put together,
Made up, like shuttle-cocks, of cork and

feather ? [grace,
Their pale-fac'd grand-mamas appear'd with
When dawning blushes rose upon the face ;
No blushes now their once-lov'd station seek ;
The foe is in possession of the cheek !
No heads, of old, too high in feather'd state,
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate ;
A church to enter now, they must be bent,
If ever they should try th' experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the
nation,

Some plays may justly call for alteration ;
At least to draw some tender cov'ring o'er
That *graceless wit** which was too bare before :
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
Who turn our wantons into Magdalens ;
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
We hope to find in you their stage asylum.

Gentle Magd. June 1777
C H O R U S,

From *ÆLLA*, a TRAGEDY,
Written by Rowley, a Monk of the 15th Century.
With some trivial Alterations.

ROBIN.

ALYCE, gentle Alyce, stay,
Turn thee to thy shepherd swain,
Tell me why so quick away,
Turn thee, Alyce, back again.

ALYCE. No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the leas,
Like the silver-footed doe,
Seeking shelter 'mongst the trees.

ROBIN. See the moss-grown daisy'd bank
Glistening in the stream below ;
Here we'll sit on verdure dank,
Turn thee, Alyce, do not go.

ALYCE. Oft I've heard my grandam say,
Pretty damsels ne'er should be,
In the blithsome month of May,
With young men by the greenwood-tree.

ROBIN. Sit thee, Alyce, sit and hark,
How the blackbird chants his notes,
The goldfinch and the matin lark
Warbling from their little throats.

ALYCE. From each greenwood-tree I hear,
Ah to me the songsters cry,
Sweetly whisp'ring in my ear
Mischief is when you are nigh.

ROBIN. See along the meads so green
Sweetly do the daisies creep ;
All we see, by none we're seen,
None but by the harmless sheep.

* And Van wants grace, who never wanted
wit. POPE.

ALYCE. You tear my gown, you boist'
rous lout,

Out upon you, let me go ;
Leave me quick, or I'll cry out ;
Robin, this your dame shall know.

ROBIN. Round the lofty poplar joins,
Sweetly joins the brier his spray,
Round the oak green ivy twines,
Sweetly twines, and twines for aye.
Let us, laid beneath this tree,
Laugh and sing to loving airs ;
Come, and do not prudish be,
Nature made all things by pairs.
Squalling cats will after kind,
Gentle doves will kiss and coo.

ALYCE. But man such pleasure must not
find,

Till the Priest make one of two.
Tempt me ne to the foule thing,
I wyl ne man's Lemann be,
Till St. Priest his songe doth sing,
Thou shalt ne'er find ought of mee.

ROBIN. Early on to-morrow morn
(Truth, and nought but truth I say)
I'll make thee wife, nor be forsworn ;
So tide me life, or death, for aye !

ALYCE. What doth lett, but that e'en now
We at once, thus hand in hand,
To the holy Parson go,
And be link'd in wedlock's band ?

ROBIN. I agree, and thus I plight
Hand and heart, and all that's mine :
Good Sir Roger, do us right,
Make us one at Cuthbert's shrine.

BOTH. We will in a cottage live,
Happy, though of no estate ;
Every hour more love shall give,
And in goodness we'll be great.

The LADIES DRESS. A Receipt.

GIVE Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum, a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays
Be those ribbands which hang on her head,
Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze,
And about the whole work be they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind, for a yard at the least,
Let her curls meet just under her chin,
Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest,
With an hundred, instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tuck'd up to the hip on each
side ;

Shoes too high or to walk or to jump ;
And to deck the sweet creature compleat for
a bride,

Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finish'd in taste, while on Chloe you gaze,
You may take the dear charmer for life ;
But never undress her—for, out of her stays,
You'll find you have lost half your wife.

M.
From

Mr. URBAN,

I HAVE read your ingenious review of Rowley's Poems, and am happy to find your sentiments consonant with my own so far as concerns the intrinsic merit of the composition, but I am by no means satisfied as to its antiquity.

I always strongly suspected that Chatterton composed at least the whole verification of the Poems; and several circumstances to which I have lately adverted, much increase my suspicion.

Your correspondent, page 205, remarks, that in one of Chatterton's notes [Poems, p. 204] it is said that Rowley was a Yorkist, and as such satirized the Abbot of St. Godwyn's, who was a Lancastrian. But if Rowley was a Yorkist, it is very odd he should represent Edward IV. as a revengeful and inflexible tyrant, and his brother Gloucester as a yet more unrelenting character. A partizan of the house of York, if he had chosen for a subject the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, would not have described Sir Charles as a hero "greater than a King," but rather have styled him, in the common language of courtiers, a traitor or a rebel. Contradictions of this kind could not occur in a true history, though they might easily escape the caution of a writer of a work of fiction. Among other extraordinary peculiarities of these Poems, this is one, That in an age when men were not fighting for liberty, but only to determine which tyrant they should serve, a Popish priest should write a number of fine verses animated with the *Attic* or *Spartan* spirit of freedom.

That Rowley might write two poems on one subject, viz. the Battle of Hastings, contradictory in sentiment, and different in incident, is indeed possible, but not likely: our old writers were not accustomed to these ambidexterous proceedings; but Chatterton, in his private correspondence, betrays at once a consciousness of literary abilities and an immorality of character well adapted to such purposes. "The Lord-Mayor," says he, "received me as politely as a citizen could: but the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side the question.— But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." This, however, is only probability; but we have positive proof: a most remarkable circumstance is related by the Editor, in his Introductory Account, which seems most strangely to have escaped the no-

tice of all who have thought this matter worthy a serious investigation.

"It should be observed (says he) that the Poem marked No. I. was given to Mr. Barret by Chatterton with the following title; Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth Century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, Parish Priest of St. John in the City of Bristol, in the Year 1465.— The remainder of the Poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards pressed by Mr. Barret to produce any part of this Poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that *he wrote* this Poem *HIMSELF for a friend*; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other Poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barret the Poem marked No. II. as far as ver. 530 inclusive, with the following title, Battle of Hastings, by Turgotus, translated by Rowlie for W. Canynge, Esq." Here is a forgery acknowledged by the party concerned, whose acknowledgment renders the origin of the whole affair sufficiently obvious. He who could forge in one instance could forge in others; he who was capable of writing one piece was capable of writing the rest. The words are too positive to admit of evasion, "HE WROTE IT FOR A FRIEND." One should have thought a hint of this kind from Chatterton would have effectually prevented any person from placing future dependence on his veracity: but from what daily passes in the world, it seems as if people were really desirous of being deceived. When Chatterton told Mr. Barret that he had a copy of an original by Rowley, if he had really had one, what occasion was there for that considerable interval of time which elapsed before he produced it? As your correspondent, p. 205, remarks, here is an evident anachronism: Turgot is said to have written in the tenth century, which is more than half a century before the battle of Hastings. Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, mentions a number of Saxon poets who wrote in Latin previous to the Conquest, but neither there, nor any where else in the course of my reading, have I met with any mention of this Turgot: he may have escaped my notice, but I shrewdly suspect he is a non-entity, or rather an existence of Chatterton's creation.

The few pieces in this Vol. said to have been written by Canynge are written precisely in the same manner with those attributed to Rowley; but if Rowley possessed a talent of writing melodiously unknown to his contemporaries, it is not easy to conceive how he could communicate that talent to his friend.

Much stress has been laid on the testimony of antiquaries, but I must own it weighs little with me: it is but matter of opinion; and, with all deference to the respectable gentlemen whose names have been mentioned on the occasion, it is well known that antiquaries are of all men most liable to deception: they conceive a favourite system, and find reasons to establish it where nobody else can discern any. The antique appearance of the writing and fabrication of the parchment are evidences which I think no person possessed of better would have produced: the appearance of antiquity may be given to writing just written; and Chatterton, who was a lawyer's clerk, had opportunity enough to procure old parchment, and must have been a fool indeed if he had written on new.

Much stress has been laid on Chatterton's youth as an insuperable objection to his capability of imposition. But youth does not always preclude the exertion of genius. Psalmanaazar, the pretended Formosan, by his own confession, when little more than sixteen, had formed the plan of his unparalleled imposture, and actually taken steps for carrying it into execution. Barratier, at nine years of age, was master of five languages, and in his eleventh year published a translation of a Hebrew book into French, with notes written by himself, of which it is said, that "they contain so many curious remarks and inquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to those studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous by long practice in the use of books*."

The Admirable Critchton had hardly attained the 20th year of his age "when he had run through the whole circle of sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different lan-

guages; but this was not all, for he had likewise improved himself to the utmost degree in riding, dancing, singing, and playing on all sorts of instruments†."—These are all instances of premature excellence, whose existence cannot be disputed; and what hinders but Chatterton might be such another?

Much stress is laid on Chatterton's having mentioned to Mr. Catcott the names of some pieces which he afterwards produced as Rowley's, viz. the *Tournament*, *Battle of Hastings*, &c. This is easily accounted for; Chatterton might have fixed on these as subjects on which he proposed to write, (as was evidently the case in the *Battle of Hastings*, No. I.) or he might have really found some rude plans or fragments of some old writer, of which he designed to make his own use.

Much stress is also laid on Canynge's will, which ordered such particular care of Rowley's MSS. But we are not told where this will exists, whether only among the papers discovered by Chatterton, or in some authentic record. By this will it was directed that "the mayor and chief magistrates of the city, attended by the town-clerk, with the minister and church-wardens of the parish, were annually to inspect these MSS. and see that every thing was carefully preserved; ordering, moreover, that AN ENTERTAINMENT SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD‡."

This is, indeed, a very pompous affair: it is not very common for such honours to be conferred on the works of poets.—We are not informed whether this visitation was ever made, or, if ever, how often. It is natural to suppose that the good cheer on free-cost should sometimes induce the good people to attend; and, if they did attend, it is really something odd that so many magistrates and ministers should be illiterate or inattentive enough not to discover the value of these choice remains, but that the discovery should be reserved for the schoolboy Chatterton, after the schoolmaster his father had made covers for his scholars copy-books of the greater part of them.

But supposing Canynge's will to be genuine, and that certain MSS. of Rowley's were once in existence, there

† Pennant's Tour, Part I. p. 296.

‡ Monthly Review for May, p. 323.

* See his Life, by Dr. Sam. Johnson.

is no proof that the verses produced by Chatterton were transcribed from these MSS; on the contrary, it is highly probable they only gave him a hint for his imposture.

Mr. Catcott's two accounts of Chatterton in the Monthly Review of May last are not clear of inconsistency: "Chatterton," says he, in one place, "would never give any satisfactory account of what he possessed, but only from time to time, as his necessities obliged him, produced some transcripts from these originals; and it was with great difficulty, and some expence, I procured what I have." In another place he observes, that Chatterton, soon after he was acquainted with him, gave him readily and without reward the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Mr. Canynge's Grandfather, and one or two more little pieces. In one place he allows that Chatterton had uncommon abilities and an uncommon taste for poetry, was a great proficient in heraldry, and very soon made himself acquainted with the old characters of the MSS. his father had left behind him, and as soon discovered their value. In another place he affects to think it absurd to suppose that "a lad of 15, bred at a charity-school, without the advantages of a classical education, afterwards hackney-writer to an attorney, and kept confined to his master's business, could at once start from his obscurity, commence a judge of coins, become acquainted with heraldry, &c."—which is neither more nor less than first positively asserting what he afterwards thinks it absurd even to suppose.

It has been repeatedly asserted that examination of the evidence in favour of the authenticity of the MSS. can only be made properly on the spot. I cannot conceive any reason for these obtrusive unrequested assertions, unless they were meant as dexterous precautionary manœuvres to preclude such kind of inquiries and observations as I have now been making.—As I before hinted, I have no wish to detract from the reputation of the Poems; on the contrary, I admire them greatly, but I believe them spurious, and am anxious to convince the public that they owe their existence to an imposture.

* * * *The Observations above will be further confirmed by various quotations from the Poems themselves, illustrated with such internal evidence as will render their forgery incontestible.*

The TRIAL of Mr. JOHN HORNE, July 4, before Lord Chief Justice MANSFIELD, for a Libel.

THERE were certain circumstances attending the conduct of this trial, which, by their singularity, render it memorable.

The special jury not attending, the plaintiff prayed a tales; and the officer of the court preparing, as usual, to draw the common jurors out of the box, was stopt by the defendant, (who pleaded his own cause,) till the box was shut, and the names in it thoroughly shaken and mixed. This done, the business went on.

Mr. Buller opened the information, stating that it was an information filed by the Attorney General, against John Horne, clerk, for maliciously intending to stir up discontent among the King's subjects, by writing and publishing a seditious libel, charging the King's troops with inhumanly murdering our American fellow-subjects, at or near Lexington and Concord, in the province of Massachusetts-bay, on the 19th of April, 1775, &c. This charge was repeated in two advertisements, one soliciting subscriptions for the widows and orphans of the slain; the other acknowledging the receipt and payment of certain monies for that purpose, inserted by order of Mr. Horne in the public papers.

Those advertisements being read in court, and Mr. Buller having concluded his opening speech, Mr. Horne addressed himself to the Judge, requesting his Lordship's decision concerning a point of practice in the proceedings of trials of this sort; and then turning to the jury, was beginning to speak, when the Judge acquainted him, that, with respect to the regularity of proceedings, the appeal should properly be to him.

Mr. Horne.] I was not going to address my argument or my objection to the jury. What I meant to say, with your Lordship's permission, was only to request their attention. I have observed, in all cases, when reference has been made to the Judge, as a matter for him to decide, the jury have been supposed out of court, though it might be proper for them particularly to attend to the reason of it. I therefore apply to the jury to engage their attention. Then addressing himself to the Judge, he proceeded:

My Lord, I understand it is the usual

usual practice of the court, and I think I see the reason of it, that unless the defendant examines witnesses in his defence, the defendant's answer closes the pleadings, and the counsel for the prosecution makes no reply; but in the late trials of the printers, I observed, that Mr. Attorney-General claimed and exercised the direct contrary. It is, therefore, to submit my reasons against this claim and this exercise, that I now rise to entreat your Lordship's indulgence.

Ld. Mansfield. You are too early. Your objection should come, properly, when the Attorney-General rises to make a reply.

Mr. H. I did, indeed, expect some such answer from *him*. He, it is likely, may think it a part of the duty of his office to baffle me in every matter, and to take all the advantages he can, *whether fair or unfair*, to obtain a verdict against me; and therefore I was prepared. But, my Lord, with great submission—

Ld. Mansf. I will do thus far for you, Mr. Horne: if the defence you mean to make may in any manner depend on the knowledge of the point in question, whether the Attorney-General has or has not a right to reply, with Mr. Attorney's leave, I will hear you now, that you may know whether he has that right or no.

Mr. H. Your Lordship has in part suggested the reason of my request; but the justice of it remains for me to explain. It is not the mere acquiescence of the Attorney-General for which I contend, but it is for the reasonableness of the practice, and the certain and invariable establishment of it for the benefit of those for whom I am much more concerned than for my own safety. It is to his *right of replying* that I object.

Ld. Mansf. You may proceed.

Mr. H. The situation I am in being new to me, if I err I hope to be excused; but, my Lord, I do aver, and am certain not to be contradicted by your Lordship, that it is the established rule of the court, in trials of this kind, where the Attorney-General does *not* prosecute, if the evidence for the prosecution is not controverted by other evidence on the part of the defendant, the defendant's answer, by his counsel, closes the pleadings. This being invariably the practice, it must have obtained for some end, and that end must be supposed to have been the

best method of obtaining justice; if this is admitted, and I think it cannot *fairly* be denied, then, my Lord, I humbly hope your Lordship will allow, a contrary method must be intended for some other end, and that end must be *unjust*, or the conviction of the person accused by any means. Now, my Lord, as this practice, and the Attorney-General's exemption from it, are evidently contradictory, I humbly presume they cannot both stand. The privilege now contended for should, therefore, in reason be given up; for it would be injurious to suggest that the King, in whose name the Attorney-General prosecutes, should have any other end in the prosecution of his subject, than that of obtaining impartial justice, or, if it were possible to suppose any bias in the royal mind, it must be, that his subject should rather be found innocent than guilty; the very opposite to which is the case, if the best method of obtaining justice is rejected, and the very worst method adopted.

My Lord, I have heard your Lordship say, *in other cases*, that the rules and methods of proceeding are parts of the law of the land: and I have learnt from greater authority than any that now lives, that the methods and forms of justice are essential to justice itself; they are, my Lord, the tender parts of the law, calculated, solely, for the protection of the weak against the oppressions of the mighty, and against the encroachments now contended for by the Attorney-General.

My Lord, I am aware that the exemption from the established practice in all other similar cases, I am now combating, is not a new claim. James the Second, my Lord, claimed the power of dispensing with the laws, and Ld. Chief Justice Herbert, and other Judges of that time, decided in his favour.—Judges are never wanting for state purposes—thank God for the glorious Revolution, which, for a season, put a check to that unconstitutional power, which, however, seems only to have lain dormant, and is now again revived under a different form. An exemption from the essential forms of law, is a departure from the law itself; and this is the power which the Attorney-General now claims. A thousand arguments might be adduced, my Lord, in support of the established practice of the court in ordinary cases, and I could spend the day

WISHING this question to be thoroughly canvassed, and much more diffident than tenacious of our own opinion, we cannot better evince our impartiality than by inserting the following observations, which evidently bespeak the hand of a master, subjoining only one or two remarks.

Mr. URBAN,

A BOOK lately published, intitled "Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and others," (see our Magazines for May, June, and July,) have afforded me uncommon entertainment, and considerably engaged my attention. These Poems are said to have been written in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. That they were written at that period may, indeed, be possible; but I do not think it probable. No positive external evidence of their origin has yet been produced*; and the internal evidence appears to me sufficiently decisive against their antiquity. That writer must, surely, have possessed an unparalleled portion of genius, who, at a time when the structure of no one species of versification now in use was so much as formed, could compose several of those species in the greatest perfection. Perhaps more beautiful and melodious specimens of the Heroic Tetrastich, or verse of ten syllables, with alternate rhyme, than the following, cannot be any-where pointed out:

"Swythe lette the offrendes to the goddes begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte;
Potte the blodde-steined sword and payves ynne;

Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte." *Ælla*, p. 107.

"O Truth! immortal daughter of the skies!

Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,

Teach me, fayre sainte! thy passynge worthe to pryze;

To blame a friend, and give a foeman prayse".

Battle of Hastings, p. 237.

In the Couplet and Alexandrine the author has been equally successful:

"Haste, haste, O Ælla! to the byker sie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die."

* That Rowley wrote many pieces both in prose and verse, which Mr. Canynge highly esteemed and valued, appears from the care which he is said to have taken for their preservation. A correspondent, however, in this Magazine, p. 365, seems to question the authority of the will.—*Edit.*

GENT. MAG. Aug. 1777.

In the Trochaic of seven syllables he is not inferior:

MANNE.

"Tourne thee to thie shepster-swayne,
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alycé, backe agayne!"

Ælla, p. 82.

He seems to have been equally acquainted with the Anapaestic, the common measure of our modern songs:

"As Elynour bie the green-lessele was fyttynge,

As from the sone's hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte honds whyte hosen was knyttynge,

Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!"

Ibid. p. 91.

But it is not only in the modulation of his verse that this writer resembles the moderns; among other rhetorical ornaments he frequently uses the Anaphora, a figure of which some of our best writers are remarkably fond:

"Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees hee rydes,

The flemed owlette flaps herr eve-speekte wynges,

The lordynge toad ynn all his passles bides;
The berten nederis att hymm dart the stynges."

P. 32.

"Lyche a rodde gronfer shall mie anlase sheene,

Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle be ynne fyghte,

Lyche falling leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee fleene,

Lyche a loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte."

P. 121.

There is, perhaps, nothing more difficult than positively to distinguish accidental coincidence from designed imitation. The following exquisite lines, however, bear a very strong resemblance to a justly-admired stanza of Gray: viz.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn," &c.

"No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,

The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie,

No moe the amblyngge palfrie and the horne

Shall from the lessell rouze the fox awaie."

P. 20.

"I sie; newewynges doe from mie schoulders sprynges,"

p. 144,

bears no small analogy to Milton's

— "They feel
Divinity within them, breeding wings."

The first eclogue, in which one character is represented as having lost his father, and the other as having lost his

son, in battle in the Barons wars, must remind the readers of Shakespeare of the horrid incident in Henry VI. of the father who kills his son, and the son who kills his father.

The following lines are evidently of modern manufacture :

"Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode"— P. 5.

"One me thou seemest all eyne, to mee all cares"— P. 79.

"Sad keepynge of their leader's natal daie, This even in drinke, to-morrow with the dead"— P. 238.

"The wodeland ground and water-mantled mede"—

"The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love"— P. 199.

"So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white, Blown in the mornynge, and mowd down at night"—

"So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne

It felte the furie of the Danish menne"— P. 213.

"Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,

Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode,

Where Druids, auncient preests, did ryghtes ordaine,

And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;

Where auncient bardi dyd their verses synge,

Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,

And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,

Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Britnish coaste,

And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,

Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity." P. 224.

It is a doubt with me, whether the antiquaries of Rowley's days had any idea of Stonehenge having been a temple of Thor: be this as it may, the style of these verses plainly betrays their origin. The reader may also observe, that the orthography here, as in most other parts of the book, is not uniformly ancient or modern, but sometimes one and sometimes the other: the writer seems often to forget those supernumerary consonants which give his words in general so antique an air†.

I have now shewn in what respects these poems resemble the works of our present writers; I shall next proceed to shew in what respects they do not

† Any person, who, for experiment-sake, will take the pains to divest a few lines of these poems of their superfluous letters, will be astonished at the difference that single circumstance will make.

resemble the works of the writers of the age in which they are supposed to have been written.

The productions of our old poets were diffuse and unequal; among heaps of prosaic rubbish, they had, now and then, a fine sentiment, a pleasing image, and a melodious line: on the contrary, the poems in question are almost every where animated, and almost every where musical. Our old poets abound with unnatural thoughts, and absurdly-ornamented expressions; but the general characteristics of these poems are nature and simplicity. Our old poets were fond of allegory in their sense, and alliteration in their language; these poems have nothing of allegory, and little of alliteration. Our old poets, as far as I can recollect, were unacquainted with the compound epithet; in these poems it frequently occurs: among many other instances we have the following, — "gule - depeynted, nome-depeynted, blodde-steined, sweetherv'd, gore-red, and super-hallie." Our old poets constantly pronounced the *e* final; but the cadence of these poems very rarely requires its pronunciation. Our old poets were not remarkable for sentiments of humanity and chastity; on the contrary, they applauded barbarous ferocity, and were delighted with merry jokes and lascivious stories: our author's sentiments are almost uniformly humane, chaste, and moral. In the *Minstrells Song* in the *Tournament*, the following beautiful lines are repeated as a burden:

"Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted denue:

Lett thie fies drenche the blodde of anie thyng but menne."

"Forslagenn att thie feete let wolvynns bee, Let thie fies drenche theyre blodde, but do ne bredrenn flea." P. 32.

In the *Pastoral Dialogue*, the woman replies to the man, who is soliciting her to incontinence, in a strain equally simple and spirited:

"Tempe mee ne to the foule thyng;

I wylle no mannes lemanne be:

Tyll Syr* Preeſte hys songe doethe synge, Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee."

P. 85.

The language of these poems is different from any language I ever met with. In Mr. Warton's *History of English Poetry* are specimens of the composition of different periods from Hen. II. to Longland and Chaucer;

* Misprinted *St.* in our transcript of this chorus, p. 288.

and in Mr. Cooper's *Muse's Library* are specimens of the composition of different periods from Chaucer to Spenser and Shakespeare; but in neither of these books is any thing that at all resembles it. The writer very frequently uses the words *lethal*, *anlace*, *oundes*, *ægrated*, though no poet, as I can remember, uses them; and yet, it must be acknowledged, that they are to be found in some old dictionaries. He has other words which I have not been able to find any where †, and which were probably of his own invention or adoption: some of these are obviously of Latin etymology, as *fructile*, *durested*, *dys-regate*, &c. and some are pure Latin, as *difficile*, &c.

There is a manifest dissimilarity in the language of the different pieces contained in this collection. The following, from the second eclogue, is of the kind above mentioned:

“ Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,

Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,

The amenuded nationnes be ahton,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fine, syke breme: [streame,

The barkis heafods coupe the lymed
Oundes synkeyne oundes upon the hard ake rief;

The water slughornes wyth a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnyng aire and reche the skies.—

The gule-depeynted oares from the black tyde

Decorn wyth fonnes rare doe shemrynge ryse,

Upfwalyng do heie shew ynne drierie pryde
Lyche gore-red estells in the eve-merk skyes.” Pp. 6 and 7.

The following, from the *Death of Sir Charles Barwin*, is simple old English, the stanza and the style of *Chewy Chace*, and of Sternhold and Hopkins:

“ But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

With brinie tears dyd wett the floore

For good Syr Charles's lyfe.— P. 45.

—Thenne Maisterr Cannynge saughte the Kynge,

And felle down onne his knee;

“ I'm come,” quod he, “ unto your Grace

To move your clemencye.” P. 46.

Now, supposing (which, by the way, is rather unlikely) that Rowley, in the first case, formed a new style different

from the style of his predecessors and contemporaries; he could not possibly, in the second case, imitate a style which did not exist till near a century after his decease.

At the time when Rowley is supposed to have written, scarcely the rudest attempts at the drama (none, indeed, but those scriptural interludes termed *Mysteries*) had been made; but in the present collection there is a regular tragedy, wanting little alteration to adapt it to the modern stage. Rowley's disapprobation of the *Mysteries* has been adduced as an evidence of his having conceived a better idea of dramatic poetry, and consequently of his capability of producing such a performance as the *Ælla*.

“ Playes made from hallie tales, I holde unmeete;

Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe:

Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,

In mie pore myade we doe the God-hedde wronge.” P. 70.

I have hinted, that it is often impossible to distinguish between coincidence and imitation; nevertheless, I should suppose the foregoing lines much more likely to have been written by one who had seen the following passage of Vossius, than by one who had not: “ I am of opinion,” says he, “ that it is better to chuse another argument than sacred: for it agrees not with the majesty of sacred things to be made a play and a fable. It is also a work of very dangerous consequence to mingle human inventions with things sacred; because the poet adds uncertainties of his own, sometimes falsities: which is not only to play with holy things, but also to graft in mens minds opinions now and then false. *These things have place especially, when we bring in God or Christ speaking or treating of the mysteries of religion.*” Now, Rowley could not have seen Vossius; for Vossius was contemporary with Grotius, who was born in 1583. It may be thought very unlikely that Chatterton, the youth who is said to have produced these poems as the composition of Rowley, should have seen any work of Vossius: it is, however, not unlikely that he had seen this passage in the place from whence I have quoted it, viz. *Gibber's Lives of the Poets**; a book of which a young

† This, probably, is owing to Chatterton's substituting words at random when he could not decypher the original. *Edit.*

* 12mo. Vol. ii. p. 14, *Life of Francis Goldsmith.*

reader might very probably be possessed.

That Rowley composed these poems in their present state, appears to me, as I have already hinted, little less than impossible: and whether they are the joint effort of an ancient and a modern author; whether Chatterton actually found some old MS. which he extended and modulated, or, in his own words,

"Where he kenn'd somme ishad floures
besprente,
Dyd take them, & from ould rousle dyd
them clene;" P. 73.

or whether his own astonishing genius produced the whole; is a secret which probably now will never be discovered. That a boy, under eighteen, should possess such powers of invention and judgment, and have acquired such a variety of knowledge as these pieces discover, and in the short space of less than two years have been able to compose the contents of a large octavo volume, seems very extraordinary, indeed almost incredible. Surely, there cannot be any third person in reserve, whose mature age was better proportioned to the abilities and time necessary for such an undertaking. The authors of literary imposition, who, for their own caprice, contrive to perplex the curiosity of mankind, and with a vicious self-denial reject a just title to honest praise, in order to indulge the secret pride of being able to deceive their fellow-creatures, certainly merit severe censure. They may, indeed, assert, that they do not in reality forego applause; for that the present rage for antiquities is such, that the dullest performance of an old writer will please, while the best of a living one will be neglected. There is, perhaps, too much truth in the assertion; but that the Public want taste or impartiality, is surely no exculpation of such insidious conduct.

But, supposing the poems ascribed to Rowley to be a literary imposition, (as I really believe them to be,) whatever may be thought of the *author*, I cannot see any reason to depreciate the work. "If the pieces are modern," it has been hinted, "they are of little value." I must own, I am of a contrary opinion. Whether a poem was written three centuries ago, by a Romish priest, in real old English, or seven years ago, in fictitious old English, by a lawyer's clerk, surely, cannot either enhance or diminish its merit,

considered merely as a poem. The *furor entheus* is common to all ages, and wherever it exists it produces poetry. The constituents of a poem are, bold images, pathetic sentiment, natural description, and musical language; and with that *furor entheus*, and these constituents, the work in question abounds in an unusual proportion. The *Protopoiea*, or personification of abstract ideas, is a most sublime animating figure; and there occur instances of it in these poems equal to any I have met with:

"Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-keyned
veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sung;
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were
spredde,
A gorie anlace bye her honge." P. 194.

"Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto
the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame and his sheelde a
starre;
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls
hys eyes,
Chafes with hys yronne feete, and foundes
to warre." Ibid.

A finer picture than the following of *Hope* was, perhaps, never drawn:

"Hope, hallie suffer, sweepeyng through
the skie,
In crowne of goulde and robe of lillie
whyte,
Whyche far abroad ynn gentle ayre doe
flie,
Meetyng from dystaunce the enjoyous
fyghte." P. 104.
"Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
Fromm hys * vyfage wash'd the bloude,
Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne." P. 42.

—"derneAutumne wyth hys fallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed
trees." P. 265.

The *Death of Sir Charles Barodin*, and the *Tragedy of Ælla*, afford numerous examples of the pathos; and the little eclogue of *Elinoure and Juga*, though not free from faults, is the most beautiful elegiac colloquy I ever read. I have given one quotation from it, and cannot dismiss it without one or two more:

"O gentle Juga, heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in
stele, [peynete,
O maie ne sanguene steine the whyte rose
Maie good St. Cuthbert watch Syr Robert
wele! [feele:
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I

* Viz. the visage of *Battayle*, who is personified in a preceding stanza.

(ee!

See! see! upon the ground he bleedyng
lies!

Inhild some juice of lyfe, or else mie deare
love dies." P. 19.

"Soe sayinge—

Lyche twayne of cloudes that holdeth stor-
mie rayne,

Their moved gentle o'er the dewie mees
To where St. Albion's holie shrynes re-
mayne;

There dyd theye fynde that bothe their
knyghtes were slayne:

Distraughte they wander'd to swoln Rud-
bornes fyde,

Yelled their lethale knelle, sonk ynn the
waves, and dyde." P. 22.

The simile in the above, I think,
has peculiar merit. The second ec-
logue opens with a fine apostrophe:

"Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle
sed,

Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadre's
hedde!" P. 6.

The conclusion of the same eclogue
is a most beautiful picture:

"Syke Nygelle sed, whan from the bluie
sea

The upswol fayle dyd daunce before his
eyne;

Sweete as the wishe hee toe the beech dyd
see,

And found his fadre steppynge from the
bryne:

Let thyssen menne, who haveth sprite
of loove,

Bethynke unto themselves how mote the
meetyng prove." P. 11.

The beauty which some critics have
thought imaginary, that of accommo-
dating the sound as an echo to the
sense, was, perhaps, never more strongly
exemplified than in the following line:
the frequent recurrence of the vowel *i*
produces a sound strongly resembling
the uniform hum of music "heard re-
mote:"

"The swote *rihible dynnyng* in the dell."

But I will not multiply quotations:
those who can relish the above, un-
doubtedly either have seen, or will see,
the book; a book which, to the mul-
titude, will be *Caviare*, and be turned
from with disgust; while personal sa-
tire, and low obscenity, a *Diaboliad*,
and an *Electrical Eel*, are purchased
and perused with avidity.

If Chatterton was sole, or indeed
only partial author of these poems, it
is greatly to be lamented, that, with
such uncommon powers, he should
possess a disposition untractable and
disingenuous: yet more is it to be la-
mented, that, in an opulent nation,

pretending to encourage genius, such
a person, with all his faults, should
have been suffered to become a hack-
ney-writer in the lowest literary drud-
gery, and, at last, to STARVE.

Yours, &c.

*A Detester of Literary Imposition,
but a Lover of good Poetry.*

London, June 19.

P.S. Though the writer in your Ma-
gazine for May (whose essay, being
absent from town, I did not see till
mine was nearly finished) and I a-
gree in some points, we differ in
others. In fact, he has considered
the poems as an antiquary; I have
considered them as a poet.

Mr. URBAN,

THE Gent. Mag. for July now ly-
ing before me, I will beg leave to
mention a few things that have oc-
curred to me on its perusal.

Page 306. Canning left an estate to
Redcliffe-church, or to some other pi-
ous purpose; and it was to provide
against the abuse of this charity that
an annual visitation was ordered by his
will, (which I believe is now extant
amongst the Bristol archives,) not for
the inspection of any literary MSS.
This visitation, probably, ceased at the
Reformation, when, perhaps, also, the
charitable donation was diverted into
another channel.

P. 312. The coin of Maximin is a
very common one, more particularly
the reverse, which appears on those of
many other Roman Emperors before
and after him. The inscription should
undoubtedly be POP. ROM.

P. 321. To the instances of the
Crafsis may be added, An adder—a ne-
der: why not, also, *house of office—
house of ease* †?

P. 328. It is now above a fortnight
that advice has been received at the
India-house, that the persons discover-
ed on Sable Island have been brought
off by a French ship, sent thither on
purpose by the Governor of St. Mau-
ritius. They prove to be seven black
women, part of a cargo of slaves,
which, with the crew of a French
ship, were wrecked here above 16 years
ago. The greater part of the persons
shipwrecked made a raft, and got safe
away. These poor women subsisted
here on shell-fish and vegetables; and
probably would have ended their days
here, if the Aurora had not been lost.

† This Crafsis was long ago remarked by
Dr. Samuel Moreland, master of St Paul's
school. Edit.

A short account of this affair I saw last week, in a morning paper; but I wonder that a more particular one has not as yet been given to the public.

Aug. 2, 1777.

THERON.

[The person alluded to in p. 322 begins already to be marked. His real name is well known, and so are his connections; but 'tis pity that the Sacred Order should suffer by producing to the world a second impostor. Edit.]

Mr. URBAN,

I Send you here, as a curiosity, the following MS. plan, by Mr. Hughes, author of the Siege of Damascus, on the same subject with Mr. Mason's Elfrida, but drawn, it need not be added, before that writer was born. The late Aaron Hill had one on the same story.

J. D.

A Plan for a Tragedy, on the Subject of ATHELWOLD.

EDGAR,

ATHELWOLD,

ELFRIDA,

ELRICK, } *two courtiers, enemies*
DUNWOLD, } *to Edgar.*

Argument.

ATHELWOLD is represented as highly in favour with Edgar, and hated and envied by the other nobles. He is absent from court, having been sent by Edgar, some time before, to make proposals of marriage from the King to Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, if he found her to answer the report spread of her beauty and accomplishments. But he had dissuaded the King, by letters, from his purpose, and married her himself. He returns, is fearful of seeing the King, relates to his brother Edward what he had done, and is graciously received by Edgar, who invites himself to a marriage dinner at Athelwold's house: Athelwold endeavours by all manner of pretences to avoid it, but in vain; and the dinner is appointed the next day. [Here may end the 1st act.] Athelwold prepares his wife to receive the King, and expresses his fear and jealousy; tells her a crown has great temptations, and gives privilege to many vices. She resents the suspicion of her virtue, till he explains the reason of it, and confesses the cheat he had put on the King. Some of the courtiers arrive with notice of the King's approach. Edgar arrives, and, on the first sight of Elfrida, perceives the abuse put on him, but conceals his resentment. Elfrida and the King fall in love with each other. The King,

pretending to retire at his usual hour of repose, in the afternoon, finds means to get to Elfrida's apartment, and addresses her; she discovers tenderness for him, but resolves to maintain her virtue; the King is charmed, and, applauding her goodness, resolves to be revenged on her husband; she pleads with him, and urges the laws of hospitality, begs him not to stain his royal character with dissolving a knot, which ought always to be sacred, but to wait the events of time, and intimates, that she should joyfully marry him, if Athelwold died without violence; reminds him of all the glories of his reign; and that she can only love him, if he takes care to keep up the character of his justice and magnanimity. The King, full of admiration of her discourse, retires. Athelwold, in the mean time, is left with the nobles, entertaining them, but expresses the utmost uneasiness at the King's absence, and afterwards sees him coming from the apartment of his wife. The King and he look at each other with concern and confusion; the King afterwards condemns his own design against him, which he generously says (in a soliloquy) had almost balanced the injury done him by Athelwold, and therefore resolves to forgive him. They are reconciled, and agree on a hunting the next morning, in the King's way home; and the King stays that night at Athelwold's house. Athelwold, believing the King had corrupted his wife, attempts to kill her, and is hardly prevented, she protesting her innocence, and telling him she had saved his life, by making the King promise to take no revenge. He afterwards, in a soliloquy, supposes the condition of that promise from the King to be a consent to live privately in adultery with each other, as they could find opportunity. He therefore plots with the discontented courtiers to take away the King's life at the hunting. Dunwold, one of them, undertakes to keep close to the King, while Athelwold and Elrick are to be separated from the rest of the company, and wait in an appointed place, into which the King is to be decoyed. Dunwold reveals the plot; and Athelwold having taken a signal given by Dunwold, while Elrick is gone on the other side of a bush to watch the King's arrival, shoots his arrow through the bush, and mortally wounds Elrick, who coming up to him lets him see his mistake. The King and Dunwold coming to

MR. URBAN,

THE late publication of a volume of poems, said to have been written by Thomas Rowlie, in the 15th century, having given rise to some ingenious criticisms in your useful Magazine, respecting their authenticity, I beg leave to send you the following fragment of a sermon by the same author. It was given to me some time since by Mr. George Catcott, whose name has been so often mentioned on the present occasion, and to whose inquisitive disposition, and very commendable zeal, the public is principally indebted for the preservation and appearance of these valuable productions of antiquity. It may be necessary to inform you, that, when Chatterton gave this fragment to his friend, he was utterly (and ever after continued) unacquainted with any language but his mother-tongue; and that the citations in these languages, from two antient authors, have been fully authenticated. The poetical talents of our bard are established by the publication of his poems; but the following fragment of a sermon on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, displays him in the more illustrious character of an orthodox divine. Every circumstance which tends to throw light on the history of Rowlie should be given to the public, and his sentiments on so essential a point of the Christian religion by no means suppressed, notwithstanding they may not have the sanction of an age unhappily overgrown with arianism and infidelity. Chatterton himself, although he totally disbelieved the subject of the fragment, had, however, the ingenuity to produce it; and I am sorry that the ingenuous editors had not thought it (and some others of Rowlie's prose productions in their possession) worthy of being published together with his poetical compositions. Yours, &c. A. B.

I have been favoured with the perusal of some prose MSS. now in Mr. Catcott's possession, that prove Rowlie's existence beyond the possibility of a doubt.

FRAGMENT.

"Havynge whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche

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bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communion bee wythe you*. Lette us dhere desyerr of hymm toe ayde us, I ynn unplyteynge and you ynn understandynge hys deite: lette us saye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cælius; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum*. Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyn bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne prooffe of the personne and glorie of the thyrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorie, and deitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee provedd fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peterr sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde moovedd upponn the waterr att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the foughle of hys decyple; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyn the personalltie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonn and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast keepe yese good thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges, and bie hys obeisauce dheie mote alleyn bee helde. I maie notte bee doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte to forsake our evyllé waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd foughles. Nete bee a greater prooffe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggenn hymm, hee agayne rayf-edd mann fromm the duste, and havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; hee rayf-edd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, ande

bee

hee schalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte
bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the
posessyng of the Spryte dothe make
a manne sayedd toe bee borne of
Godde? Ytt requyareth the powerr of
Godde toe make a manne a new crea-
tyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte.
Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz,
of the Spryte and hys wurchys, "Γεν-
νᾶται Χριστός προτρέχει Βαπτίζεται μαρ-
τυρεῖ Πιστεύεται ἀναγῆ Δυναμῆς ἐπιτελεῖ
συμπαραμαρτυρεῖ Ἀνέσχεται."

Mr. URBAN,

THE abstract, which you inserted in
your last Magazine, of some dis-
sertations contained in the 4th volume
of Archæologia, induced me to pro-
cure this work; which intirely an-
swered to my preconceptions of it.
I found it filled with such supposi-
tions and minute observations, as pro-
ceed from itching fingers to write
down all one's thoughts, although one
lose thereby all sight of the main ques-
tion, and argue as often in favour of
an adversary as against him, or ram-
ble into subjects totally foreign to the
purpose; as might be easily shewn, not
only in regard to Mr. Combes's Dis-
sertation, but also Mr. Barrington's,
and some part of Dr. Mills's like-
wise: nay, even Mr. Bryant himself
has sometimes framed suppositions in
direct contradiction to the purport of
his own argument; of which these
gentlemen have taken advantage. All
this proceeds from a desire of display-
ing one's own skill at logomachy, ra-
ther than of discovering truth. As
you have not room for probing any
errors to the bottom, but only for
skimming slightly over the surface of
things, I shall confine myself to a
few remarks.

Mr. Combes has prefaced the Dis-
sertation of Abbé Barthelemy with
this remark of his own concerning me:
"The anonymous objector to Mr.
Bryant's Vindication of the Apamean
Medal, appears little acquainted either
with medals or Greek; for if we re-
tain his reading, this portion of the
legend ΟΥ. Β. ΑΡΧΙ. becomes inex-
plicable."—He may have guessed right
that I have no knowledge of Greek;
conjecture is the chief argument of
antiquarians; it is not only their *ul-
tima*, but their *prima ratio**, I mean
not by this designation those who so-

* Alluding to the inscription on can-
non, *ultima ratio regum*.

berly and cautiously search into sub-
jects of antiquity, but those dabblers
who are so fond of the parade of be-
ing thought *amateurs*, as to conceive
that all knowledge is centered in rus-
ty inscriptions, and a school-boy's
skill in Greek; which are in fact no
higher attainments than to be still at
one's primer. To be able to reason
justly is the only mark of a scholar;
and the conclusions which follow from
this habit form the man of judgment;
the true amateur, a lover of reason,
the characteristic of man: what falls
short of this is no better than the art
of trifling with an air of importance.
Now, how does it appear true, that
those Greek abbreviations would be in-
explicable? Are they not subject to as
many different senses and even differ-
ent readings as ΑΡΕΤΗ and ΝΩΣ have
been before the Abbé cleared up these
words? Cannot an antiquarian just as
easily make those abbreviations speak
sense, as Mr. Barrington prove ΝΩΣ to
be good Greek for Ovid's conun-
dum, "*Nos duo turba sumus*:" Me-
tam. l. 1. vid. Dissert. 21. We need
only, like Mr. Barrington, change I
into Ε, and presto, be gone, ΝΩΣ will be-
come similar to σφωε in an instant. Mr.
Barrington calls Mr. Bryant *a gen-
tleman eminently distinguished for his
learning and abilities*, and Dr. Mills
says *he is a treasure of learning*; yet
Mr. Bryant has proved already, that
αρχι and αρετι have the very same mean-
ing; what is αρχι in one medal, may
therefore be αρετι in another: and ac-
cordingly Dr. Mills confesses, "that
the words ΝΕΩ and ΝΩΣ, under the con-
duct of Mr. Bryant's able pen, may
be taught to speak the very same lan-
guage." And he might have said the
same of most amateurs in medals.
Dr. Mills only doubts whether the ad-
dition of a final Κ in ΝΕΩΚ might not
be such a choaky consonant as to stick
in Mr. Bryant's throat. How then
could Mr. Combes pronounce those
abbreviated Greek words inexplicable
by me? especially if it be moreover
considered, that the reading of them
is still subject to as many doubts as
the sense: for Mr. Barrington affirms,
"that the Florentine medal has no Β
after ΟΥ; nor any character which
could ever have been so, as it is rather
a Roman S— with a stroke added to
it." And this is in part confirmed by
Dr. Mills's plate of the same medal;
excepting, only, that the stroke is in
his plate a perpendicular one, instead
of

Memoirs of Sir William Canynge, chiefly collected from Rowley's Poems.

SIR William Canynge, whom Rowley justly styles "a grete and goode man, the favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the fadre of hys natyve citty," was a younger son of a citizen of Bristol. In his youth he gave early dawns of wisdom and learning;

"As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne."

Story of Mr. William Canynge, p. 283.

He was also of a comely person, but married, it seems, for love, without a fortune. Soon after, however, his father and elder brother, who both loved money as much as he despised it, died, and left him large estates in land and money, with his brother John * dependent upon him; on which he founded a chantry for their souls,

"And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he Lorde Mayre of Londonne
towne was made," *Ibid. p. 284.*

in the year 1456. But soon this dawning was overcast by the death of his wife, his second self. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and, besides several other charities, founded an alms-house or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliff-hill, and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliff, the finest parish-church in England,

"The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Brystowe and the Westerne
lande." *On our Ladies Chyrche.*

When Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed at Bristol for treason in 1461, Edward IV. Canynge, being then mayor, made great intercession for him to the King †, who heard him graciously, having been much his friend, though he would not grant his request. When he was knighted does not appear. Rowley has dedicated to him his tragedy of *Ælla*, in two epistles. To that of Godwyn Canynge wrote the prologue, and in it acted the part of

* Called *Thomas* by Stow, in his list of Mayors.

† Then Maister Canynge soughte the Kinge,

And felle downe onne hys knee;

"I'm come," quod he, "unto your Grace,

To move your clemencye."

The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,

King Edward the Confessor. Four poems of his are also printed with Rowley's. In 1467, a 2d match being proposed by the King between him and a lady of the Wideville (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into orders purposely to avoid it, being ordained acolythe, by his friend Bishop Carpenter ‡ of Worcester, 19 Sept. and receiving the higher orders of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest, 12 March, 1467, the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively. Being then made Dean of the collegiate church of Westbury, Wilts, with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college. Soon after his taking orders, he gave, by a deed of trust, dated 20 October, 1467, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to St. Mary Redcliff church, "*certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges* ||, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory, one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest, cut in white marble. Besides his many other charitable donations, he settled lands to pay 44l. per annum to the Sheriffs, in lieu of toll demanded by them at the city gates. For an account of the chests deposited by him in Redcliff church, see pp. 272-3.

Sir W. Canynge had also a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected with very great expence, and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio, Rowley says, "was a presente wordie of a grete Kynge;" and the loss of it will be sincerely regretted by the friends of literature, as the writings might have thrown some

‡ Rowley, in his dedication of *Ælla*, says,

"Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,

He wysche you healthe and feliness (1)
for aie." (1) Happiness.

|| Sir Theobald Gorges was a Knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's *Itin.* Vol. vii. p. 98.) He was an actor in both Rowley's tragedies, and wrote one of the *Mynstrelles Songes* in *Ælla*, p. 91. "Rowley, *Iscomm* and *Tyb. Gorges*," are mentioned by Canynge as three of his friends, in his "Accounte of his Feast."

light

light on the learning of those times. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius and a liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts. Rowley, it appears by his writings, lived in the greatest intimacy with him, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generosity. On all occasions he shews his gratitude to his illustrious friend, takes perpetual delight in dwelling on his many amiable virtues, and constantly manifests an earnest desire of transmitting his fame to posterity. This appears not only in many of his poems, but also in the following prose work, preserved by Chatterton, and printed in the Town-and-Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, which, as a literary curiosity, our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to see re-published here, with several corrections. For other particulars of this Mæcenas of the Bristol Virgil, they must wait till Mr. Barrett favours the world with his history of that city.

Some farther Account of this extraordinary Person, written by Rowley the Priest.

“ I WAS fadre confessor to masteres Roberte and mastre William Cannings. Mastre Roberte was a man after his fadre’s own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces’d master Roberte, and by master William’s desyre bequeathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of my selfe to him.---Fadre, quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so farr distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learnd priest; if you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it shall be mickle to your profits.

“ I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyngs, if of anie account, at any price. Consented I to the same, and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the minster of our ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a steeple, contrived for the belles when runge to swaie out of the fyde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Sy-

mon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesome rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

“ Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyngs.---The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form of a crosse, the end standing in the ground; a long manuscript was annexd. Master Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.---The tale of the drawers deserveth relation.---Thomas de Blunderville, a preefte, although the preefte had no allows, lov’d a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years.---His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lov’d by Thomas, son of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the Minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instantly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asyde and disclofd to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre.---Yoyng Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

“ He drew manie fine drawyngs on glafs.

“ The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargaynd 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badihan Y’allyanne, who did lyve in the rayne of kyng Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havynge been tendred fyx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventree. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyngs, all the works of mickle cunning.---Master William culd the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawyng in Durham church hee did send me.

“ Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatills are more worth then you gave; take this for your paynes: so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.---The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put

put up, and somme houses neer the old church erased; it was drawn by Aslema, preest of St. Cutchburts, and offered as a drawing for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.---I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hyll, often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.---In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings send for me to avoid a marriage which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he neer had seen, of the familie of the Winddivilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.---Mr. Cannings instantly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was repaire and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyns withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 markes, which made him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more then I did think my self did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett my self diligently to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performd and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire, of Ashley, for another.---Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advysd me to tender it to no man, beyng the menn whose name were therein mentiond would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn, to speake by a figure, would have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to gett away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advysd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.---Master William offered me a Cannon's place in Westbury-Collige, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to staie at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaire since Robert Confull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house, and brynging my chattles from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repaying lease for 99 years, he thinking it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

Mr. URBAN,

IT will be quite consistent with that liberality of sentiment which distinguishes your *Review of Books*, if you will point out to the ingenious Translator of "Pieces from M. Falconet" (see *Gent. Mag.* p. 331) two errors (most probably of the press) which at present materially affect his sense.

P. 11, l. 5, read "totally *unmoved*."

P. 26, l. ult. read "cut *out*."

The latter of these is the more unlucky, as the word *renforcement* in the note is likewise wrong.—If this little volume had not been in other respects a correct performance, I should have deemed these remarks superfluous.

EUGENIO.

* * In *Gent. Mag.* p. 338, col. 1, last line of the note, for "buried," &c. read "burned like a heathen."

Mr.

Mr. URBAN,
IN your Magazine for June, 1775, you have given Sir John Ayloffe's description of an ancient picture in Windsor castle. Looking over, the other day, Dr. Ducarel's Anglo-Norman Antiquities, I found in the Appendix a particular account of the persons appointed for the procession, (which I have here inclosed). If you think it will in any ways illustrate the picture, by inserting of it you will oblige your constant reader,

SAM. JAMES.

"The Appointment for the Kinge and the Quene to Canterbury and so to Callais and Gwisnes, to the meeting of the Frenche King, A. 1520.
"Copied from a manuscript of that time, remaining in the Lambeth Library, and marked No. 285.

Legate of the Pope.

Cardinal Wolfey, The Lord Legate

Chap-
lains 12
Gentle-
men 50
Servants
238
Horses
150

Archish. of Cantor.

Will. Warkham, The Archbishop
of Cantor.

Chapl. 5
Gen le-
men 10
Serv. 55
Horses
30

Dukes 2.

(Edward Stafford) The Dukes of
Buckingham
and
(Charles Brandon) Suffolk

Chapl. 5
Gent. 10
Serv. 55
Horses
30
to eche

Earls 10.

Geo. Talbot, Com. Shreusbury
Will. Courtenay, Com. Devon.
Ralph Nevill, Com. Westmoreland
Henry Stafford, Com. Stafford
Richard Grey, Com. Kent.
Henry Percy, Com. Northub.
Henry Stafford, second son of
Duke of Bucks. Com. Wilton
Chas. Somerlet, Com. Wigorn
Joh. de Vere, Com. Oxon.
Henry Bouchier, Com. Essex.

Chap-
lains 3
Gentle-
men 6
Serv. 33
Hors. 20
to eche
of them

Tho. Howard, } Erle Marshall
(Earl of Surry,)

30 men
more
than any
other
Erle be-
cause of
his of-
fice, but
horses as
the rest.

Marquis 1.

Thomas Grey, the Marquis of
Dorset

Bish. of Duresm.

Thomas Ruthall, the Bish. of
Duresm.

Chapl. 4
Gentl. 8
Serv. 44
Hors. 26
to eche

Bishops 4, besides Cantor. and Duresme.

Nicholas Wett, Epus Elye
Joh. Kite, Archiep. Armacen
Geoffrey Blythe, Ep. Chester
Joh. Voyse, Ep. Exon

Chapl. 4
Gentl. 6
Serv. 23
Hors. 20
to eche

Barons 21.

Com. Kildare
Lo Sir John
Lo. Roos
Lo. Maltravas
Lo. Fitzwater
Lo. Aburgavenye
Lo. Mountecute
Lo. Hastings
Lo. Ferras
Lo. Barney's
Lo. Darcey
Lo. Laware
Lo. Brooke
Lo. Lombey
Lo. Harbert
Lo. Jo. Grey
Lo. Rich. Grey
Lo. Leon Grey
Lo. Daubney
Lo. Edm. Haward
Lo. Curson

Chap-
lains 2

Gentle-
men 2

Servants
18

Horses
12
to eche

Knights of the Garter 3.

Sir Edw. Poyninge
Sir Henry Marney
Sir William Sands

Chapl. 2
Gent. 2
Serv. 18
Hors. 12
to eche

Counsellors Spiritual 4.

The Secretary
The Master of the Rolls
The Dean of the Chaple
The Almoner

Chapl. 1
Serv. 11
Horses 8
to eche

Knights Bachelers 83.

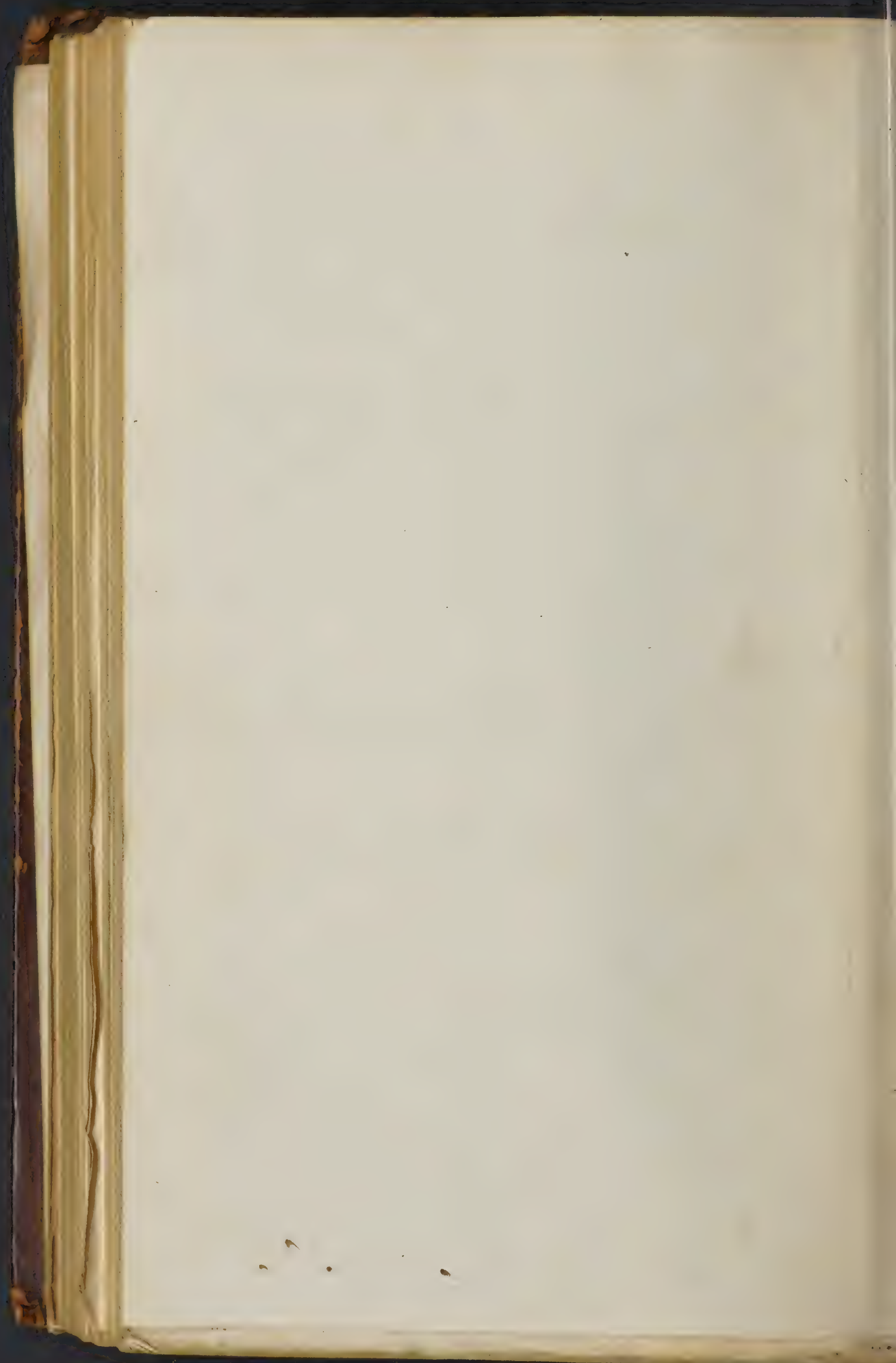
Sir Nich. Vaux
Sir Tho. Balleyne
Sir Jo. Cutts
Sir Jo. Wyndham
Sir Andr. Wynfor
Sir Mor. Barkley
Sir Tho. Nevill
Sir Jo. Husey
Sir Jo. Heron
Sir Rich. Weston
Sir Joh. Dauncye
Sir Hen. Gyldford
Sir William Kingston
Sir Nic. Wadham
Sir G. Chamblain
Sir W. Parre
Sir Edw. Nevill
Sir Pierce Edgcombe
Sir Will. Morgan
Sir John Cornwall
Sir Jo. Hungerford
Sir Edw. Wadham
Sir Will. Askue

Chap-
lain 1

Servants
11

Horses 8
to eche

Sir



The following curious Account of the
present Temple Church, is copied & taken
from a Manuscript of the Original in
Somers's writings now in Mr. William
Barratts Possession.

Knyghtes Temple Church

Thys uncouth. whanne thys Chyrche was
furste. ybwyldenn. Mathielesse. Inde
ynn the Recheard of the Reverend
Bishopp. ynn 1274. Six Monenn ynn Astore.
Wich Gud doe. Pynnaunce. for Ewre. aring.
Lond. Luncle Pauls. grete. the new
Chyrche. of the Temple. Certys as
the Event knownn howgates ytt became.
crunched. Gremedie. a Lombard.
dutte make grote waste. That he.
woulde. ybwyldenn a Chyrch mo. fure
thanne. anie ynn. Pynstowe. The
Knyghtes Temple. ytt. arns. dadd
Lynn. amptie. an offing. to. the. same
the. Regent. of. Chynges. a. Bishopp. a
Bryton. Mann. barne. who. the. same.
woulde. have. ybwyldenn. on. the. stile.
chedd. Cennell. Ylle. and. substance.
Cyle. Hyer. alledgyng. the. Core. that.

the Ryverr hann formiclie ranno.
Myne Syncte Cawles. Breate, and a
Lane near whysom was clehed.
Thistreate yn the Seconne Tonge the
Breate of the Ryverr, the reasonne
wherof the Pottomme mote bee moddie
and no able to beare a Church.
Mathew. 24. hallie, worke was begonne
yn the verrie Lane of Phidrate,
the tyme eftsoons shewed y^e trouthe;
for y^e towern me hyghe now heavy,
for to awaie to y^e buthe, bearynge
a large gaffe from y^e Church's
Poddie, a Mann was kylienn, and
three moe well myghe sleyn. Soe
obseruynge yne the whole Enderr
of the church. ys wronge, & seemyng
as tho' shooke by an Earthquake.
The Kinghtes Emplars to the y^eth
be unconsecrated, untill the sixtene
Ages, whann for Gremordie ageyne
despyryng. John a Boniatore, y^eth
was cranell'd at tofte, goeynge
no higher thanne fote, alazunge.
the Wyndows, and synnyng the wynde.

Lette the pygmye of the Temples
dynged, and her dydde summe succede
whoe dydde sende for John a Brixtre
ande employedd hymme. The thann
begann to stai the same by Tyles,
And rayseedd the Tower, makynge
yt stronge & lastable, leavynge the
old Battlements to therie. here by
he dydde raise utter. He dydd
ynne 1296, and Tho. Ruggill added
the 3rd m. Chappell for drilic
Chauntrie, one of whiche was graunted
to the Weavers by Kyng Edward.
That the 1st gotten for Maister
Cannynge by mee.

Thos. Courtey

In an Interlude exhibited before Mr.
Lannynge on the dedicating of the
Church of St. Mary Redcliff, are the
following Lines relative to the Church
of the Knights Templars supposed
to be spoken by them

" Merdydd was tillt our Rythes an thylle lie,
" Rolle dydd ubuyd y Temple Church so fyne,
" The whyche ys wroughte about so bysmarlie,
" Ytt seeme the leamoise to y' wondrynge lyne,
" Ande ever Hanon whann Belle Tyngedd
" No, hacc too faw ytt move the ytt hygh hede

As an undoubted proof of the veracity
of the preceding Account, it may be proper
to observe, that in the Year 1774 y^e old
Gates leading from Temple Churchyard
being greatly decay'd, they were necessitated
to supply their places by new ones,
and in digging up the old Door Posts
about 3 feet under the surface of the
ground, many persons had frequently
ocular Demonstration of y^e foundation
Wall that supported y^e Tower. Both
the Carpenter & Mason assured me

it was with the utmost difficulty they
broke thro' it; their Intention was to have
gone considerably lower, but y^e Water
rush'd in upon them in such Quantities
as entirely frustrated their design -
otherwise they w^o. doubtless have had
a sight of the Piles that supported it.
It appeared several Feet in length
till it was at last obscured from
view, by a House very contiguous to
the Tower, built about 40 Years ago
and I have been very credibly inform'd
that when the Ground was laid open
at that time, the foundations of
several transverse Wall^s w^h supported
that Edifice, were visible quite thro'
into the street at the distance of 40
or 50 feet

The Reason of being so particular in
reciting these Circumstances is, because
some few Gentlemen well known in
the Literary World, have even gone so
far as to doubt whether such a

Person as Rowley ever existed, alleging
as a proof of their Opinion, y^e Poems
attributed to him are much superior
to the Poetry of the Age in which
he lived, w^{ch} was in the Reign of Edw.
the 1st, but the preceding Account
entirely confutes those idle surmises,
and proves his Existence, even beyond
the possibility of a doubt.

The Aperture mentioned by y^e Author
in the south part of the Church, is
still very visible, as also, the
Battlements of the Tower, and it is
very observable that the upper part
of the Tower has no inclination,
but is quite strait, and of a very
different Architecture from y^e rest.

The circumstances of the Tower being
built on loose & movable Ground was never
known till read in Rowley's Papers
& Facts are obstinate. Arguments can
not be invalidated by y^e Sophistry
or conjectures of the greatest
Antiquarians Geo Catcott Jan^y 1 1776

The two underwritten Poems viz. The
Song of St. Werburgh & St. Baldwin, were
never in Print, but copied Verbatim
from an Antient MS of Cowley's
own writing & were sung in Procession
at opening of the late Bristol Bridge
w^h was compleated A.D 1247 —

Song of Syncke Werburgh

Whenne Kinge Rynghilde ynn hys horde
Hilde the Shepherde of this Londe
Shennynge Barn of Chrutes Lyghter
The merkie mystes of Pagan myghte
Gann too scatter far and wyde
Then syncke Werburgh hee arose
Doffd hys Honours & fyne Cloathes
Teachynge hys Lorde Iesus Name
To the Londe of Wyke he came
Where blake Severne rolls hys tyde

2

Tronge ynn faythfulness hee trodde
Over the Waters lyke a Godde
Tyll hee gaynedd the disfaunte Niche
Ynn whiche Canctes hys last dyd & lye
Witnes be the Myraile.

Henne hee preachedd night & daie
Ande sette manie ynn righte waie
Thys good staffe orde wonders wroughte
Thoe thanne queste be mortale thoughte
1. Ever thann mortale longe can telle

3
Then the Towkes a Brydge dyd make
Cover the streame unto the sticke
Alle of Mode eche longe & wyde
Rude and glorie of the tyde
Whiche ynn tyme dydd fall awaie
Henne the Leof hee bishpedde
Thys orde River fromme hys bedde
Rounde hys Castle forr to runne
Was ynn trouthe ann auncyant one
" Botte Marre & tyme will all decaie

4
Nowe ageyne wylhe bremie force
Burne ynn hys auncyant towre
Rolls hys rabydd streame alonge
Wylth a sable wyfte ande stronge
A Morcynge manie an Okie Mode
Whe the Menne of Brystowe Towne
Have the yncared thys Brydge of tone
Wylthynge eche one ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be paste
A Bondynge wherof od how stode

Longe of Seyncte Baldwynn
Whenn Nowers hys Menn of myghte
Upon thys Brydge daiedd all to fyghte
Of a forslaggenn manie Warriours daie
Ande Dacyonns welle myghe won y^e Daie
Whenn doughty Baldwynnus arose
Ande scatterd Deth amongste hys foes
From out thys Brydge y^e purlyng floude
Embolled hys the runnyng floude
Deth dydd upon hys Anlace hange
Ande alle hus Arms were houtes desange
Thys doughtynel wrote thilk Diemais
The Foreyn Warriours rann awaie
Like Baldwynnus regarded Melce
Howe manie menn forslagen felle
For Heavenn lyft up hys holys eyes
And thanked Godd for Victorie
Thenn threwe hys Anlace ynn y^e fyde
Lyvedd ynn a felle an Hermyt dydd

a Slayne. Ang. Sax: bewelld baile up
e Faulcon. A Drops of Blood

A. Manuscript in Mr. Barnatts
Collection, furnishes us with y^e
following description of Mr.
Cannynge's Person

He is talle, ande statelie; hys eyes
and Mayre are jette blacke; hys
Aspecte sweete, and skynn blaunche.
hann hee notte soe muche sweetnesse
proude & dy. courtouse ynne looke;
hys Lippes are redde; and hys
Lymbs all beyte large, are longe
ne lycke a stronge. (Per. Maistore)
Cannynge's Chylde renn doe grece
lyke hymselfe.

The fragment of the Sermon on the
Divinity of the holy Spirit (vid.)
Gentleman's Magazine September
1777 Page 13) being the only thing
of the kind w^h remains, affords
a good Specimen of Rowley's
Theological Abilities, & therefore
deserves a place in this collection.
It is a genuine & faithful
Transcript from Rowley's own MS.
It is much to be regretted,
that it is not entire, & that more
of the Author's Composition of
this sort, have not descended to
these Times; but even this fragment
must be allowed to be a valuable
Literary Curiosity; and affords a
convincing proof that Rowley's
Sentiments respecting a

fundamental Doctrine of the
Christian Religion (w^{ch} I am
sorry to say is too much exploded
in this Age of refinement and
infidelity) were truly orthodox &
the Arguments in its defence
appear to be drawn up wth great
Judgment, Accuracy, & Precision
and in every respect well worthy
their great Author; and had the
Editor as earnestly requested, inserted
them in the last Volume of his
Works, they might possibly have
been of use in confuting some of
our modern Authors, who have
unhappily for themselves & the
World in general imbibed Sentim^{ents}
differing widely from those of our

Antient Bard. Chatterton who furnished
me with the Fragment, assured me to
the best of my recollection, that he
was in Possession of the whole Sermon
but tho' I frequently importuned him,
I could not prevail w. him, either to
give or sell me the Copy. However
we may from the Fragment before
alluded to, be enabled to enlarge
our Ideas of the Autho's Acquirements,
and add to the Character of the Poet,
that of a learned, and for the Times
an Orthodox Divine.

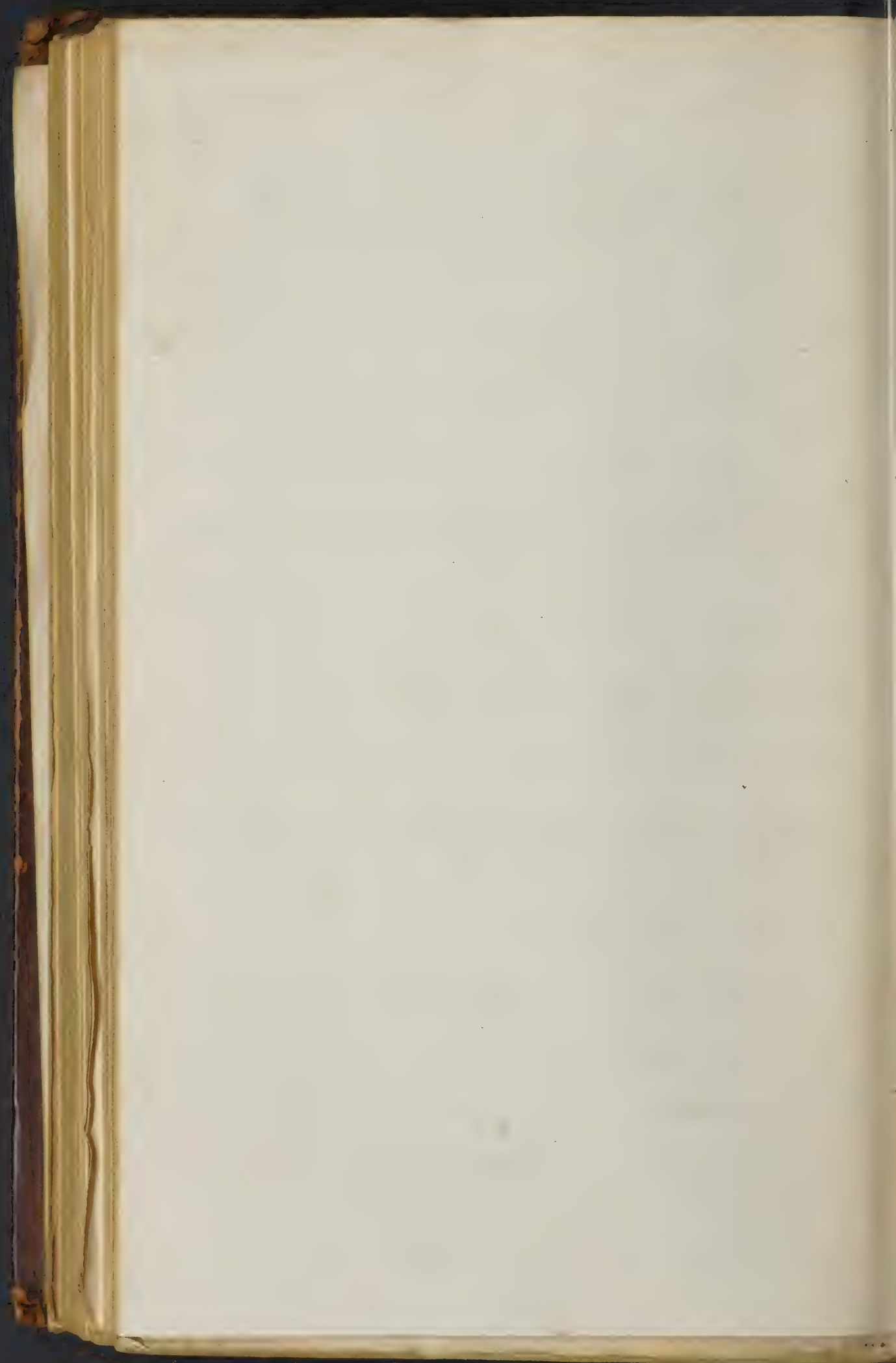
The Latin Passage from St. Hieron
(vid: Gentleman's Magazine Page)
may be thus translated.

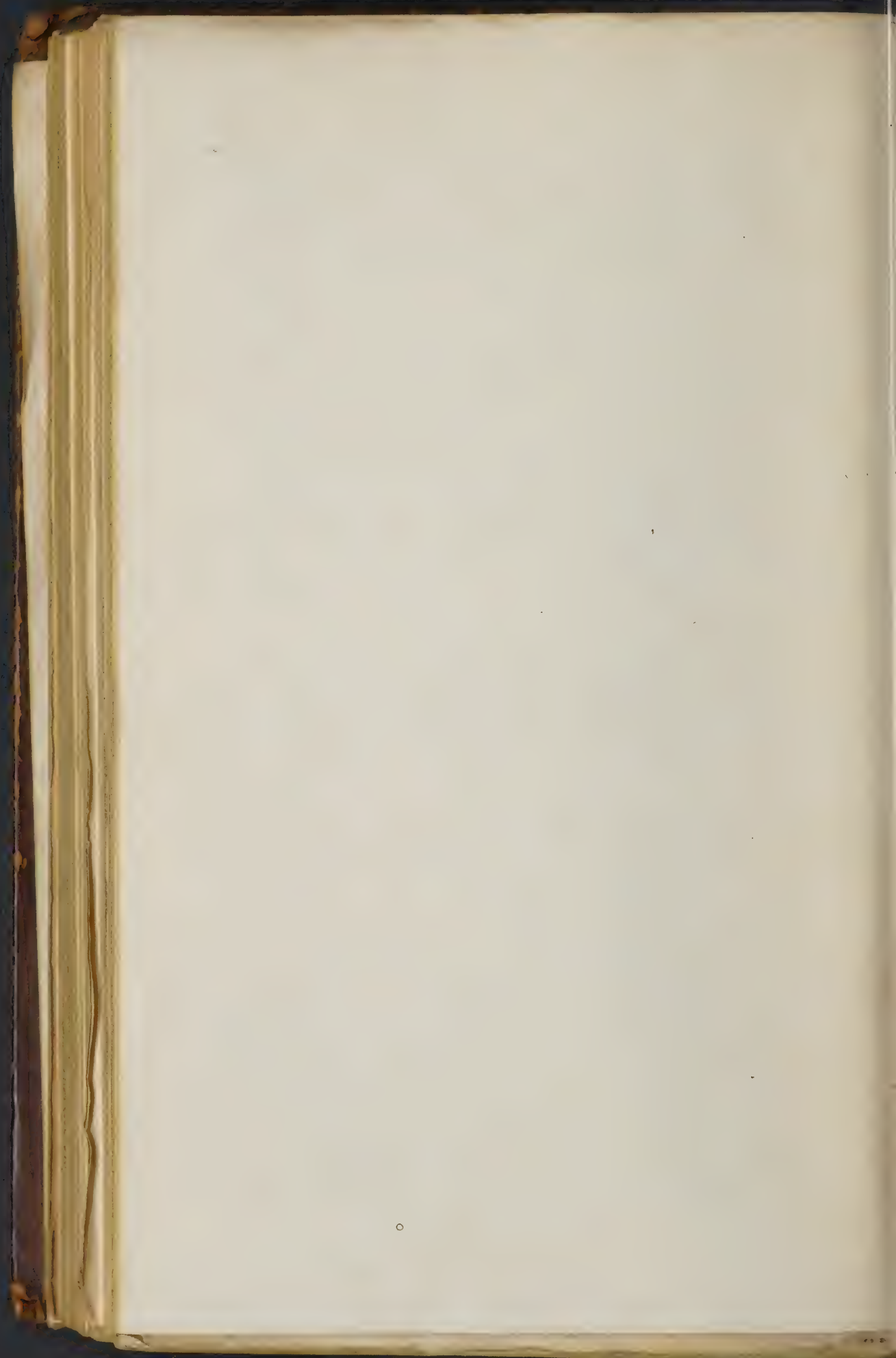
Descend O holy Spirit from Heaven
and pour thy Comfort into the Hearts
of those who wait for it: Sanctify

Wth Geo. Catcott
Sir

It being your request that I should
give you my Opinion of the Authenticity
of Cowley's H^{tt}. I can only say, that
I have frequently heard Chatterton
make mention of such Writings being
in his Possession, shortly after
his leaving School, when he could
not be more than 15 Years of Age;
and that he had given Mr. Barrow
and Mr. Catcott part of them. Not
having any Taste myself for Ancient
Poetry, I do not recollect his having
ever shown them to me; but that
he often mentioned them at an
Age, when great as his Capacity
was, I am convinced he was incapable
of writing on himself. I am very
sensible, I must confess it is to me.

astonishing, how any Person, knowing those
Circumstances, can entertain even a
shadow of a doubt of their being the
Works of Cowley; of this I am very
certain, that if they are not Cowley's
they are not Pattertons, this I think
I am warranted in asserting, as
from my intimacy with, & had it in
my Power to & did observe & observe
his Genius from its Infancy,
to its fatal Dissolution. His
Abilities for his Age were
undoubtedly very great, but by no
means equal to the Works of Cowley,
particularly at the Age he first
produced them to light. I think
I need say no more to convince
my rational Friend of their being
Genuine, in a 2^d Persuasion I do not
Presume. Wth most affectionate
Respects
August 14. 1776 Thos. Cary





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